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THE DEMOCRATIC PREDICAMENT

BY EDWARD STANWOOD

In three successive national political campaigns the Republican party has won a signal victory. Such a circumstance is by no means unprecedented. To say nothing of the first three elections under the Constitution, the Republicans of that early time were successful six times consecutively over a gradually decreasing opposition, until the substantially unanimous second election of Monroe. Their successors, the modern Democratic party, carried the country thrice in succession under the leadership of Jackson and Van Buren. Finally, Republican presidents occupied the White House during the whole period from 1861 to 1885, six terms. Nevertheless, the situation during the last eight years, which is to continue for two years longer, at least, is exceptional. Both the Jackson - Van Buren and the Lincoln-Arthur periods of prolonged party supremacy were half interrupted by occasional adverse majorities in one branch or both branches of Congress, whereas the Republicans have held complete control of Congress since 1897, when McKinley began his first term. Moreover, the recent third successive victory of the Republicans was the greatest of that series. On the other hand, the overwhelming triumphs of General Jackson were followed by a comparatively narrow majority for Van Buren, — on the popular vote, 27,000 only in a total poll of a million and a half. One need only refer to the abnormal conditions that prevailed in the elections of 1864 and 1868, and to the disputed result in 1876, to show that the 1861–85 period furnishes no parallel or likeness to the recent and the present situation.

Every national political contest from 1856 to the present time has been waged between two great parties, which have had a continuous existence; yet, strange as is the fact, neither party is in its general character and tendencies what it was before the Civil War. They have, indeed, exchanged places, although most of the survivors of the Frémont and Lincoln campaign still adhere to the party of their early choice, and although the accessions to each party have in large part been young men whose political proclivities and sentiments were like those of the older men with whom they associated themselves. A rapid historical review of the whole period is necessary to justify a statement which seems paradoxical, to show by what steps, without a general change of *personnel*, the Republican party has become conservative, while the Democratic party has shifted itself to radical ground, and thus to gain a point of view that will enable us to understand the existing political situation.

No student of political history is unaware of the wide difference between the Democratic national platform in 1896 and every preceding platform of the party. From 1828 until 1860 the Democrats were almost constantly in power in the national government. The two occasions when they suffered defeat produced no change in the tone in which they announced the principles upon which they proposed to govern the country. They were at all times the conservative party. The National Republicans and their successors, the Whigs, the American or Know-Nothing party, and the new Re-

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publican party, were in turn the liberal, the progressive, at times the radical element in politics. In the earlier period the Whigs favored a free interpretation of the Constitution; an extension of the functions of government, as in the construction of national roads and other internal improvements; a liberal policy in the disposal of the public lands; and a tariff system which they believed would develop new industries in the country. The Democrats interposed constitutional objections to all their measures. Agriculture was conservatively held to be the mainstay of American prosperity, and attempts to extend the sphere of government, and to foster any class of industry, were regarded as artificial interference with the order of nature.

When the slavery question became pressing the Democrats were still the conservatives. Even in the demand that slavery should be admitted to the territories, they really stood for the existing order, for that demand rested upon the principle that the right to property was not extinguished by removing one's possessions from place to place. Then occurred, under the stress of a new issue, the great radical secession from the Democratic party to the newly formed Republican party. The Whigs, disunited upon the slavery question, went down in overwhelming defeat, and in distributing themselves between the two parties followed each his natural bent. Thus in the final conflict before the Civil War there was a broad and deep line of separation between parties. There was a truly conservative party which could not coalesce completely because there were diverse views as to what conservatism demanded. There was a radical party, united and aggressive.

The radical party came into power. In the conduct of the war which ensued, in financial legislation, in the land policy, in granting aid to railways, in the reconstruction of the insurgent states, in the enfranchisement of the negro, in scores of ways and measures that need not be enumerated, the tendency was distinctly radical. History may pronounce the acts of that period to have been wise or unwise; it will not hesitate in characterizing them as progressive, nor question the boldness and the thoroughness with which they were performed.

But as the Republican policies were successively established, a gradual change came over both parties, and it became distinctly perceptible when the programme of the party had been virtually carried into execution. It may be said that the Republicans became conservative, from the necessity they were under of defending their measures, before the Democrats were conscious of having become radical. There was an interim when, save that the Democrats were united on the question of the negro and the treatment of the South, no great principle was at issue between the parties. Bryce, writing during this period, said,[1] "Neither party has any principles, any distinctive tenets. Both have traditions." And much more to the same effect. The most striking illustration of the political stagnation of the time of transition is afforded by the Liberal Republican movement of 1872, when the Democrats declared that they accepted the Republican settlement, and when they had no other purpose in the canvass of that year than the defeat of General Grant.

Meanwhile they had already made one essay in radicalism, in 1868, when they advocated the payment of the five-twenty bonds with greenbacks, but not even their own candidate for president was in favor of that policy. Thenceforward they were to be surveying the whole field of politics for an issue upon which to attack the party so long intrenched in power. This is the essential characteristic of radicalism, — to seek to disturb and overthrow the existing order, in one of its parts or in many. Conservatism is not necessarily unprogressive; true conservatism is never so, but is slow and cautious.

[1] *American Commonwealth*, vol. ii, p. 20.

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During most of the intervening period until the canvass of 1896, the political situation was unlike that at any other time in American political history. The Republican party was upon the whole conservative, although it contained a considerable radical element in its membership. The Democratic party was chiefly radical, yet it not only had a strong contingent of conservatives, but was to a great extent restrained and controlled by them. These facts explain many anomalies in recent politics. When the Greenbackers developed a new issue, it was notorious that the radicals in the Democratic party were with difficulty prevented from making common cause with them; and that there were so many in the Republican ranks who were carried away with the idea of a volume of currency "equal to the demands of business" that plain and unmistakable opposition to it in the party platforms was deemed inexpedient. Hence one of many "straddles" by each party, — one Democratic foot touching the ground on one side of the fence, one Republican foot touching it on the other side. Republican voters in the ranks and in the two Houses of Congress, in a vast majority, were opposed to the greenback movement and to inflation of the currency. On the Democratic side the voters and their congressional representatives were by a large majority for paper money. Yet so cautious were those who drafted and adopted platforms that a stranger to American politics would find it difficult to decide which party yielded more to the Greenbackers, or, indeed, if either party held a decided opinion on the currency question. But no candid person can doubt that the Republican party at this time furnished the most of the conservative votes, and exercised the greater restraint upon the movement.

In 1880 Democratic radicalism took the form of an assault upon the protective tariff, — at least, so the Republicans interpreted, as they had a right to do, the demand for "a tariff for revenue only." It came to nothing. The conservatives made light of the phrase, and suppressed so far as they were able the discussion of the tariff.

Again for a few years there was no distinctive difference between the two parties upon any important issue, until Mr. Cleveland, by his bold and essentially radical tariff message in December, 1887, summoned the Democrats to the task of carrying out the principle on which, more than on any other, they were united, — the overthrow of the protective system. On this question the ordinarily conservative wing of the party was decidedly radical. It is composed largely of intelligent, thoroughly educated, and thinking men, — a class of which any party might well be proud. It may be doubted if those who constitute the rank and file of the Democratic party are at heart opposed to protection, but they joined in the movement. We know how it ended. Those who were conservative on this issue joined with the Republicans to defeat the anti-protection measure, and compelled their Democratic associates to pass a bill so moderate in its provisions that the President would not affix his signature to it.

Meantime the silver question, first heard of in 1877, temporarily disposed of by the so-called "Bland-Allison" Act of 1878, became so troublesome to the politicians of the Republican party that many even of the national leaders were seized with something like a panic. They fancied that the sentiment in favor of the free coinage of silver was growing so rapidly and becoming so deep that unless they were to "do something for silver" the movement would sweep all before it, and would bring into power the Democratic party, which already was coquetting with the silver advocates in the mining states. Republican timidity led to the passage of the Silver Purchase Act of 1890, the least harmful measure the leaders of the party could devise for taking care of the vast oversupply of the white metal. Injurious enough it proved to be in operation, and when a Democratic president,

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carrying out a principle declared in a Democratic platform, asked Congress to repeal the purchase clauses of the act, it was the Republicans who saved the administration measure from defeat. For in the Senate a considerable majority of the Democrats voted against the passage of the bill; and although a majority of Democrats in the House of Representatives finally voted for the measure, a still larger majority of them voted again and again for free coinage, at various ratios, on proposed amendments offered by radical free silver members.

Radicalism had by this time completely permeated the Democratic party, but the radical element had not yet gained full control of it. The People's party, or Populists, which originated from the "Farmers' Alliance," and which had great success as an independent organization in 1890, was a true radical party. It so far recognized a congenial spirit, not fully developed, in the Democratic party, that in 1892 it "fused" with the Democrats in many states of the West. In five states the Democrats nominated no electors of president and vice president, but voted for the Populist candidates; and in two states the electoral ticket was made up of candidates divided between the two parties. Conservatism held sway in the Eastern and Northern states. The Democrats of the Northwest were strongly radical, as were also those of the South.

The action of Congress on the silver purchase clauses of the Act of 1890 was the chief cause of the revolutionary movements in both the Republican and the Democratic parties, which culminated in the canvass of 1896. To the aggressive radical Democrats of the West the course of President Cleveland on the silver question was an act of treachery. They had nothing in common with him or with the wing of the party which he represented. Sure of the support of the Southern contingent, they were resolved no longer to be ruled by the minority of the party which had its strongholds in states that gave no electoral votes to Democratic candidates, and sent but a handful of members to the lower House of Congress. By a gigantic effort they wrested the control of the party from the hands of the conservatives, made common cause with the Populists in a comprehensive radical policy, and for the first time since 1860 presented to the country the spectacle of a bold, united opposition party, offering a full programme of measures, every one of which was the direct opposite of those that commended themselves to the party in power. It may sound paradoxical to speak of the Democrats as constituting an opposition party in 1896, since Mr. Cleveland was still President. But Congress was Republican. Moreover, the Democratic convention formally refused to "endorse" Mr. Cleveland, and to those who controlled that body he was as much a political enemy as was Major McKinley.

The votes in Congress on the repealing Act of 1893, the act which "struck down silver," had also a great effect upon the Republican party. They exposed the weakness of the pro-silver sentiment among the members of the party everywhere except in the mining states, and inspired the advocates of the gold standard with courage to resist the silver propaganda. They showed plainly to the silver wing of the party in the West that the great body of Republicans would no longer yield timidly to them. Thenceforward the policy of the party was to be a virtual advocacy of the gold standard, modified, it is humiliating to say, — with a view to give silver men still a chance to remain in the ranks, — by a declaration in favor of international bimetallism, which they all knew to be an impossibility. Nevertheless, no one was deceived. There was not an intelligent voter in the country who doubted that if the Democrats were successful at the election of 1896 they would enter upon a general policy of radicalism on the lines of Populist platforms. No one hoped or feared that in the event of Republican success any change would be made in the policy of

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that party, — in particular that any concession whatever would be made to the pro-silver sentiment, or that any step would be taken adverse to the maintenance of the gold standard. The decided stand taken by the Democrats forced the Republicans to meet the issue fairly, and, although courage came to them slowly, the adoption of the national platform in 1896 marked the end of the attempts to placate the silver advocates in their ranks.

It has already been remarked that each party has maintained a continuous existence, and has retained to a large extent its membership during the entire period of transition. The South has continued to support the Democratic party with something like unanimity. The North, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is Republican, as it was in 1868. The voters of Irish birth or descent are as firmly attached to the Democratic party as they were before the Civil War. Nevertheless, it would not be true to assert that conservative men and conservative communities have become radical, and radicals conservative, to such an extent as the general statement would imply, nor to intimate that there have not been many and great movements from one party to the other. A large secession from the Republican party took place during the presidency of Mr. Johnson, and another midway in the term of General Grant, before the progressive and radical policy of the party had been fully enacted into law. Other important secessions occurred: in 1884, partly in consequence of the nomination of Mr. Blaine, partly because of the tariff policy of the Republicans; before that time, as a result of the greenback movement; after it, on account of the disinclination of the Republicans to accede to the demand for the free coinage of silver. If it were not for such shiftings of party allegiance, one election would be like all the rest, and one party would govern the country permanently.

At any important and closely contested election, when new issues are presented for the decision of the voters, or when old ones suddenly become prominent, the opposition is to a certain extent a "cave of Adullam." The party in power meets arrayed against it not only the life members of the opposing organization and those whom the new issue has estranged, but a greater or less number of persons who, dissatisfied with some platform principle, some political tendency, or some objectionable candidate of the party with which they have usually acted, seize the opportunity to cast their votes against it. Their purpose for the moment is merely to rebuke their associates for some act or omission which displeases them. It often happens, nevertheless, that their party does not heed — it may even not be aware of — the rebuke so administered, and the stragglers become permanent deserters. Occasionally they find the new camp more congenial to their tastes in political matters than that which they left, and they naturalize themselves easily. More frequently the company in which they find themselves is not to their liking, and the tone of the new society is abhorrent to them. In that case they hold themselves aloof to a certain extent; but as occasion requires they enter into close relation with their associates for the sole purpose of curbing, controlling, and guiding them. If those associates persistently refuse to be guided and controlled, they flit uneasily to and fro between the two camps, bemoaning the degeneracy of the times and proclaiming the unworthiness of both parties.

From the tendency of men to break away from old associations when conscience or political conviction demands such a course, — a most praiseworthy tendency, which is the best safeguard against political corruption and dry rot, — it results that there is in each of the great parties a large contingent of men who are misfits. They differ from the great mass of their fellow members in habits of thought and in political aspirations. Naturally they belong in the other camp; but whether it be that the original

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cause of their desertion has not been removed, or that pride or perversity forbids their return, or that they hope to reform the party with which they have allied themselves, they rarely do return. They remain where they are to the end, or become, as they may be termed with their willing and proud consent, mugwumps.

It is a fact that apparently has not been generally observed that the losses by desertion are usually greater from the conservative than from the radical party. This does not result wholly from the almost universal preponderance of the conservative element in settled and well-ordered communities, — that is, it is not because the conservatives, being more numerous, lose a larger number. It is easily explained. One who is radical by nature is in favor of a variety of reforms. If his associates do not take up with all of them, he nevertheless votes with his party for the sake of what he can get now, and hopes that the turn of the other reforms will come in due time. The conservative, on the other hand, greatly disappointed in a single direction, as well as the person who favors a single radical measure only, which he sees a chance of obtaining from the other party, thinks there is no harm in going over to the other side on this one occasion, persuading himself that the way of return is always open. If he looks so far into the future, he can also promise himself that, although he may never come back, he can serve a useful purpose in opposing and helping to defeat any injurious measure brought forward by his radical associates. Since he seldom does return, it follows as a natural consequence that there is always a larger proportion of conservatives in the radical party than of radicals in the conservative party.

It is necessary only to study anew the political history of the past forty years, which has already been briefly reviewed, to perceive the truth of these statements as general propositions, and also to discover the exceptions. The Democratic party, in both its conservative and radical wings, contains thousands upon thousands of former Republicans who left their party when one branch or another of the financial question, or the tariff, or "imperialism," was the issue. The Republican party does not contain one tenth as many members who were formerly Democrats. No doubt, however, a great many men who left the Republican party in greenback times, and upon the issue of free silver, and who joined newly formed radical organizations which were ephemeral, have returned to their old allegiance; and they constitute the exceptions just mentioned. It is interesting to note, nevertheless, that the conservative Democrats, whether bred Democrats or former Republicans, who were forced by strong conviction to oppose the radicalism of 1896, did not leave their party. For the time being they called themselves Gold Democrats, and supported independent candidates. In 1900 many of them were back in the ranks. In 1904 they were the reorganizers of the party, engaged at their old task of reforming it — against its will.

If the foregoing statements and the conclusions from them be accepted, it is easy to see why the aspirations for "a strong opposition party," frequently expressed during the late canvass, are wholly futile in existing conditions. That which goes under the name of the Democratic party consists of two elements wholly distinct from each other and incapable of forming a real union save in extraordinary circumstances, and when acted upon from without. To employ a figure borrowed from chemistry, they are intimately associated like the oxygen and nitrogen of the air, and form a mixture but not a union. The two chemical elements may be and are sometimes combined in a true sense, but never by means of mere association with each other. We might even extend the figure and liken the Southern Democrats to the argon which is never absent from atmospheric air. They are always in and of the party, but in characteristics and in purposes

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they are unlike either of the other elements, for they can be conservative or radical at will, and even both at the same time; and in political aims they are self-centred and clannish, as argon is chemically inert and refuses to enter into a true combination with any other element.

Doubtless it will have occurred to many readers that there is a fairly close analogy between the situation in this country and in Great Britain. There as here the conservative party has been in power for many years, although in both countries there have been brief intervals in its hold upon the government. There as here the conservative party has been at the head of affairs during a war that resulted in an acquisition of territory from the inhabitants of which it seemed to the ruling party expedient to withhold full self-government; and in both cases the decision to that effect stirred up an anti-imperialist movement within the organization of the minority. In both countries the system of protection by means of a tariff is stronger in the conservative than in the radical party. In both the party out of power contains an element which is not radical nor anti-imperialistic. Lord Rosebery, who never gave more than a half-hearted support to Irish Home Rule, and who is no more a "Little Englander" than is Mr. Balfour himself, is the type of the British Liberal in the wrong camp.

The leaders of the radical party in Great Britain have long been seeking for an issue on which they could challenge successfully the government of the day. In that, too, they are like their fellow radicals of the United States. Possibly the British Liberals have found it, in the education question. The American Democrats have not found it. The radicals alienated the conservatives among them by advocating free silver; the conservatives alienated the radicals by trying to be "safe and sane." Now, all over the land they are asking themselves what was the cause of the stupendous defeat which they experienced in November, and what they must do to be saved. They are divided on the question whether or not the party should be reorganized. It was reorganized in 1896 and again in 1904, and on both occasions defeat followed. A suggestion that has been made by more than one person of high and honorable standing in the party is that the Southern wing shall now assume a position of authority and prescribe Democratic principles and policies. The difficulty with that proposition is that the unanimity of the Southern white people in supporting the party is due solely to their belief that they can in no other way have their will in deciding the political and social status of the negroes who form so large a part of the population of the South. In fact, their democracy is purely artificial, and a result of local causes. Were the race question out of the way, they would divide, as do the people in other parts of the country, on national questions upon which, in spite of appearances to the contrary, they are not unanimous. It follows that a reorganization of the Democratic party under Southern auspices would result in an effort to elevate to a prominent position as a political issue a question which does not at present greatly interest Northern men, but which, if pressed, would surely excite sectional prejudices. It is therefore on all accounts the true policy of the South not to force that question upon the attention of the country. Upon what other issue, past or present, plainly visible or faintly discoverable, are Southern Democrats more united than are their Northern brethren, upon what issue can they summon the party to align its ranks for an attack upon the political enemy?

It may or may not be that if all men who describe themselves as Democrats had voted for the candidates of the party at the last three elections they would have been successful on one or more of those occasions. For our present purposes it does not matter whether they would or would not. The point to be observed is that, as at present constituted,

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the Democratic party is not and cannot be a united, homogeneous body, and that it cannot become such a body until some new, spirit-arousing national issue effects a complete rearrangement of party lines, — until the radical element in the Republican party is permanently drawn into the Democratic organization, and until the truly conservative take refuge in their natural home, the Republican party. To make the statement in another and concrete form, it is absolutely impossible to draft a platform, frankly and explicitly setting forth a set of political principles, to which Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Bryan, Mr. Gorman, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Olney, Mr. Hearst, Mr. McKelway, and Mr. Cockran could give their cordial approval as an adequate expression of their views. It would be necessary either to limit the platform to vague truisms to which all men would subscribe, or to contrive the vague, two-sided declarations known as "straddles," on the tariff, on silver free coinage, on "imperialism," on trusts, on the Panama Canal, on the income tax, on "government by injunction," — in short, upon every real issue that has arisen between the two parties in the last dozen years. Indeed, if it was really true that the question of executive usurpation was "paramount" in the late election, if Mr. Roosevelt himself was the issue, as was proclaimed with not a little emphasis, the Democrats have shown that they were not united even upon that.

All this does not signify that the various and heterogeneous elements constituting the Democratic party may not now and then get together, and even succeed in electing their candidate for president. But even should they do so, they will surely be powerless to accomplish any positive, characteristic, partisan legislation. On the only occasion in recent years when they had full possession of the government they were so hopelessly divided that on one great measure, the tariff, they would have failed altogether had they not yielded to the conservative minority of their own members; on the other, the repeal of the silver purchase clauses, they succeeded only by the help of substantially all the Republican members. Moreover, whatever may have been said, on the one side or the other, during the progress of the campaign, no one seriously believes that — if it had been possible to elect Judge Parker and a Democratic Congress — there would have been any real change of national policy as to the Philippines or Panama, or in "curbing the trusts." For observe what reorganization of the party in a conservative sense signifies. The result would be complete agreement with the Republican party on some issues that have, quite recently, been "paramount;" difference on other issues that could not be perceived without careful weighing of the meaning of cunningly devised phrases; clear disagreement with the great body of the Democratic party itself on most of the questions of the day. The impossibility of harmonizing views so diverse as those held by members of the party was admirably illustrated by the speech-making campaign of Judge Parker toward the close of the canvass. He was originally nominated as "safe and sane," in the hope of enlisting the support of the men who were driven off by the radicalism of Mr. Bryan, and particularly of those large interests which were supposed to have been more or less alienated from the Republican party by Mr. Roosevelt's attitude toward the large corporations and trusts. In his early speeches there was a distinct tone of conservatism, illustrated by his suggestion that the trusts might be dealt with under the common law. But his mildness was so distasteful to a great body of those to whom he looked for support that he deemed it expedient gradually to intensify his opposition to trusts in general, and to use toward them language which was as violent, if not as picturesque, as anything Mr. Bryan has said. That is not the only example that might be given of his eleventh-hour radicalism, which seems

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neither to have terrified the conservatives, among whom he is properly to be classed, nor to have mollified the radicals.

That is the situation as it appears to one who has already sufficiently indicated that he does not belong to either wing of the Democratic party, but who has endeavored to recount history and to interpret events fairly and candidly. It would be an impertinence for such a person to give advice to the party to which he has all his life been opposed. To predict what is likely to be the outcome of the situation is not the function of the historian or the observer, but of the prophet. Yet it is to be hoped that the writer will not be thought to be going too far in submitting some observations which must necessarily partake something of the nature of prophecy, something of the nature of advice.

It remains true, and it will always be true, that it is desirable that the two great parties in the country shall be nearly equally matched, — that there shall always be a strong opposition party. Long continuance of one party in power is followed by a train of evils, some of which are experienced when the ruling party is excessively strong even for a short time. The country may suffer from some of these evils as a result of present conditions, for the Republican party has held the power for many years, and is now in a position where it is almost unchecked by the minority. The question is how to rescue the country from possible disaster, by means of an opposition party grown so strong that it can effect a political revolution.

It is quite futile to attempt to create, or to invent, a party. One cannot sketch, plan, and construct a body of that sort as one might plan and build a house. Parties create themselves. Nor is it possible to "organize" a minority so as to convert it into a majority. Efforts in that direction are usually the reliance of small political managers who cannot grasp the ideas that the purpose of political endeavor should extend beyond carrying the next election, and that the only victory worth achieving is that which is won by men who, having like aims and aspirations, constitute a majority of the electors. When great issues are at stake, those who think alike act together by an impulse that cannot be resisted, and organization is needed merely to indicate in what ways the common impulse may be made most effective.

If, then, there are to be two strong parties in this country, each will be a party composed of men holding like principles and cherishing like political aspirations. That cannot be a strong party in which both Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Bryan are leaders of factions, nor can it be strong if either of them is titular leader and the other nominally a follower. It is merely the expression of an opinion which can be neither verified nor refuted, that at present Mr. Bryan reflects the political sentiments of by far the more numerous wing of the party. Assuming that to be the fact, the logical consequence of the existing situation is that those who form that wing should and will take permanent control of the organization. Inasmuch as they would be hampered in the future as they have been in the past by men who call themselves Democrats but who have no sympathy with their forward policy, they should enter upon their new course with such clear and unmistakable statements of their purposes as to compel the withdrawal from the party of those who are with it but not of it.

The Democratic party so constituted might not carry the next election, nor the one after it, but a demonstration of earnestness and sincerity would redeem it from its present self-neutralization, and would offer to the voters of the country a choice between two clearly defined and mutually opposed tendencies in government. Such a party would also surely attract a great many of those who are now Republicans by habit or by inheritance whose instincts are radical rather than conservative.

Such a change would have far-reaching

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consequences. It would render politically homeless that body of sincerely conservative and most highly respected men who by the process would be reduced to impotence in the party; for they could not remain in it with self-respect, and they would not become Republicans. Their situation would be akin to that of the supporters of Bell and Everett in the canvass of 1860. Ultimately they might distribute themselves between the parties, but the most of them would probably be, and to the end remain, independents and mugwumps.

It remains only to suggest that when a strong, united party enters upon a new and vigorous campaign, the indifference of the South to all other national issues, so long as it is left free to deal with the negro, will probably disappear forever.

HANS BREITMANN AS ROMANY RYE[1]

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

To the many who do not know, it is not easy to explain the charm of the Gypsy. But what it means to the few who feel it, Borrow, long ago, left no chance of doubt. I have come under the spell. There was a time when I found my hand's breadth of romance — "'mid the blank miles round about" — on the road and in the tents. But when I look back, the centre of the group round the fire or under the trees was not the Gypsy, but a tall, fair man, with flowing beard, more like a Viking, — my Uncle, Charles Godfrey Leland, without whom I might never have found my way to those camps by the wayside.

He first took me to see the Gypsies after his return to Philadelphia, in the spring of 1880. He had already written his first books about them, was already honored as a Romany scholar throughout the learned world, and welcomed as a friend in every green lane where Gypsies wander. I like best to remember him as he was on these tramps, gay and at ease in his velveteen coat and soft wide-brimmed hat, alert for discovery of the Romany in the Philadelphia fields, and like a child in his enjoyment of it all, from the first glimpse of the smoke curling through the trees and the first sound of the soft "sarishan" of greeting. Of his love for the Gypsies I can, therefore, speak from my vivid memory of the old days. And as, since his death, all his Gypsy papers and collections have been placed in my hands, by his wish, I now know no less well — perhaps better than anybody — just how hard he worked over their history and their language. For if "gypsying" was, as he said, the best sport he knew, it was also his most serious pursuit. There are notebooks, elaborate vocabularies, stories, proverbs, songs, diaries, lists of names, memoranda of all sorts; there are great bundles of letters: from Gypsies, from other "Romany Ryes," — Borrow, Groome, the Archduke Josef, Mr. MacRitchie, Professor Palmer, Mr. John Sampson, Mr. Hubert Smith, Dr. Bath Smart, Mr. Crofton. Nothing, I do believe, has ever united men as closely as love of the Gypsy, — when it has not estranged them completely, — and it happened that never was there a group of scholars so ready to be drawn together by this bond, Borrow their inspiration, as they would have been the first to admit.

If the "Romany Rye" is, as Groome defined him, one, not a Gypsy, who loves the race and has mastered the tongue, Borrow did not invent him. Already stu-

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dents had busied themselves with the language; already Gypsy scholars, like Glanvill's, — or Matthew Arnold's? — "had roam'd the world with that wild brotherhood." But they had been scattered through the many centuries since the first Gypsy had appeared in Europe. It was Borrow who, hearing the music of the wind on the heath, feeling the charm of the Gypsy's life, made others hear and feel with him, till, where there had been but one Romany Rye, there were now a score, learning more of Romany in a few years than earlier scholars had in hundreds, and, less fearful than Glanvill's youth, giving the world their knowledge of the language and the people who spoke it. A very craze for the Gypsy spread through the land. I know of nothing like it, save the ardor with which the Félibrige took root in Provence. Language in both cases — with the Félibres their own, with the Romany Ryes that of the stranger — led to sympathy and fellowship. There were the same meetings, the same friendships and rivalries, the same collaboration, the same exaltation even, — only, the sober men of the North were less intoxicated with the noise of their own voices, less theatrical in proclaiming their brotherhood, less eager to make of a common study a new religion, — and more self-conscious. They would have been ashamed to blow their trumpets in public, to advertise themselves with joyous self-abandonment. The Félibres were proud to be Provençal; the Romany Ryes loved to play at gypsying. And so, while the history of the Félibrige — probably with years of life before it — has been written again and again, the movement Borrow started still waits its historian, though, if the child has been born who will see the last Gypsy, as has been said, the race of Gypsy scholars must now be dying out. It is a pity. The story of their studies and their friendships, as I read it in these yellowing letters and notebooks, is worth immortalizing.

Of all the little group, not one got to know the Gypsies better, loved them more honestly, and wrote about them more learnedly and yet delightfully, than the Rye, — the name by which they all called him, by which I knew him best. During his life he had a wider notoriety as "Hans Breitmann," but I think he will be remembered better as the Romany Rye, for into his Gypsy books he put more of himself as well as his most perfect work. If his study of the Romanies began only when he came to settle in England in 1870, it was simply because, until then, he had found no Romanies to study. Love of them must always have been in his blood. Nothing appealed to him more than the mysterious. The passion for the strange that set him reading *Paracelsus* at an age when most boys, if they read at all, are deep in penny dreadfuls; that gave him, as his last keen pleasure just before his death, the recovery of the Voodoo stone stolen from his hotel in Florence; — this passion, always so strong in him, predestined him to dealings of the "deepest" with the Gypsies, — everything connected with whom is a mystery, as Lavengro told the Armenian, — once the Gypsies came his way. The Rye — I cannot speak, as I cannot think, of him by any other name — did not make Borrow's pretence to secret power; he did not pose as the Sapengro, their master. Nor was there anything of the vagabond about him. I cannot imagine him in the dingle with the Flaming Tinman and Isopel Berners. He would have been supremely uncomfortable wandering through Norway, or through life, with Esmeralda. He could not have passed himself off for a Gypsy with Wlislocki or Herrmann in the mountains of Transylvania, with Sampson on Welsh roads, with Borrow in Spain. It was not his way of caring for the Gypsies that was the only difference; he cared for them no less. For him the fascination was in the message their dark faces brought from the East, the "fatherland of divination and enchantment;" in the shreds and tatters of myths and magics that clung to them; in their black language — the *kālo jib* — with the some-

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thing mysterious in it that drew Borrow to the Irish tongue.

Besides, in his religion, which was a sort of mystical materialism, love of nature played a large part. It would no more have driven him into the wilderness with Thoreau than love for the Gypsy could have led him to pitch his tent in Borrow's dingle. But it was very real, all the same, and opened his heart to the people who are at home with nature, and whom he thought the human types of this love which is vanishing. In his ears, theirs was "the cheerful voice of the public road;" to its "sentiment" their presence was the clue; and he believed that Borrow felt this with him. I am not so sure. For all the now famous picture of the Gypsy as the human cuckoo adding charm to the green lanes in spring and summer, it is a question whether nature ever really appealed to Borrow, save as a background for his own dramatic self. With the Rye, however, I have wandered often and far enough to know that he loved the wood, the sea, the road, none the less when all humanity had been left behind. And out of this love of Nature, and the people nearest to her, came the gift of which he boasted once in a letter to Borrow, — he had always, he said, been able to win the confidence of Indians and negroes. It was natural, then, that he and the Gypsies, as soon as they met, should understand each other.

I do not mean that he did not enjoy the dramatic moment when it came. He did. He liked to astonish the Gypsies by talking to them in their own language. He liked to be able, no matter where he chanced upon them, — in England or America, Hungary or Italy, Egypt or Russia, — to stroll up, to all appearances the complete Gorgio, or Gentile; to be greeted as one; and then, of a sudden, to break fluently into Romany: "to descend upon them by a way that was dark and a trick that was vain, in the path of mystery," and then to watch their wonder; — that was "a game, a jolly game, and no mistake," — a game, worth all the philological discoveries in the world, which, I must say, he played uncommonly well. Everything about him helped, — his imposing presence, his fine head, with the long flowing beard, always towering above the Romanies; his gestures; — he had an impressive way, all his own, of throwing out his large hands as he spoke the magic words; — his earnestness, for he was tremendously in earnest in everything he did, and no Romany Rye ever "looked fixedly for a minute" into the Gypsy's eye — the first move in the game — with more telling effect. To have an audience, especially a disinterested audience, added to the effect and the pleasure. "Wait, and you will see something queer," he told the friend who was with him at the Paris Exhibition of 1878, when he spoke to the Hungarian Gypsies. There you have it. And the "queer thing" did not end with the first breathless second of astonishment. For he could tell the Romanies their own stories and fortunes, sing them their own songs, put them up to their own tricks, every bit as well as they could themselves, if not better, and look the Gorgio all the time. "How do you do it up to such a high peg?" one of them asked him once. "It's the air and the style!" To become a mystery to the people of mystery was a situation to which the study of no other language could lead. And to have somebody, even a chance passer-by, see him do it; to force an involuntary, "Do you know, sir, I think you're the most mysterious gentleman I ever met!" but made his triumph complete.

If at home, up to 1869, he had never fallen among Gypsies, fate so willed it that in England he should settle first in the town of all others where to escape them was impossible for the few who did not want to escape, though most people there would not have known a Gypsy had they seen one. This was Brighton, middle-class and snobbish, still too dazzled by the royalty that once patronized it, to have eyes for the Romanies who, however, were always to be found at the Devil's

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Dyke, but a few miles off. It was another piece of luck that chief among these Romanies should be old Matty Cooper, in his way as remarkable a personage as the Regent had been before him. He and his sister Gentilla, at the right seasons of the year, were certain to be camped somewhere about the Devil's Dyke, and what they did not know of English Romany was not worth knowing.

Exactly how it happened I cannot say, except that it could not have been otherwise, but the Rye had not been very long in Brighton before Matty Cooper was coming to him three and four times a week, sometimes every day, to teach him Romany. "I read to him aloud the Turkish Gypsy Dictionary of Paspati," the Rye wrote years afterwards to Ibbetson, a Romany Rye of a later generation. "When he remembered or recognized a word, or it recalled another, I wrote it down. Then I went through the vocabularies of Liebich, Pott, Simson, etc., and finally through Brice's Hindustani Dictionary, and the great part of a much larger work and one in Persian." Matty had the courage, during the lesson, to face any dictionary his pupil chose to open, though how he faced his people in the tents afterwards, what language he used to them, is not on record. I have the notebooks by me, nine or ten in number, in which the results of each morning's work were set down, and nowhere are there signs of the master playing truant. The date of each lesson is entered; sometimes, too, the sum paid for it, and it is to Matty's credit that there were weeks when, at the rate of three shillings a lesson, he earned twenty-one. Then follows a list of the new words learned, or the old words discussed, each accompanied by its definition, its possible derivation, its variations suggested by different Gypsies and Gypsy scholars, and its practical application. There is no question that the lessons were not all "beer and 'baccy" for Matty.

But there are other entries that explain how he managed to bear the strain. Sometimes, the pupil records, "I went with my professor to visit the Gypsies camped about Brighton far and near;" and, by the time he left Brighton, a few months later, for Oatlands Park, the open road had become the usual classroom. At first, I fancy, the Rye hoped to continue his studies by correspondence. Otherwise, I can hardly explain a couple of letters which I have found among his papers. Both are undated; but both, internal evidence proves, come from Gypsies at the Dyke. Here is the first, of which the second is practically but a repetition:

My dear Sir, — I received your kind letter and happy to hear you was quite well also your friend Sir i have sorry to tell you that my poor sister is very ill i do not think she will be here long i cannot tell you anything about Romni Chib in the letter but if you will come down to see me i have a little more to say to you as you know where i live and if i have not at home i ham aways up on the Dike i must thank you for telling me about my niphews so no more from your well wisher.

However, the Romany university is all outdoors, and Matty was as much at home along the shores of the Thames as at the Devil's Dyke. Indeed, he was best known as "the Windsor Froggie," and Windsor is not far from Oatlands Park, which, in its turn, is not far from Walton Bridge and the old willow tree through which some thirty years ago — alas, I cannot say how it is now — the blue smoke was always curling: as sure a sign of the presence of Gypsies as the flag floating from Windsor Tower is of royalty. And in all the country round about — the country of the old church towers the Rye loved, rising over fringes of forest, of ancient castles with the village at their feet, of the river and bridge in the foreground — Gypsies were forever coming and going. By the cool banks of the Thames, by the "turf-edged way," they pitched their smoked tents, and in the little ale-house, at the country fair, on every near racecourse, the pupil was sure of finding his

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Romany professor or one or more of his tutors. The notebooks now are full of the sound of running water and rustling leaves; the sun shines in them, the rain pours. Borrow, teaching Isopel Berners Armenian, was not freer of academic traditions than the Rye, taking his frequent lesson from Matty Cooper. Certainly, nothing could be farther from the methods of Harvard or of Oxford than the session on Sunday, November 16, 1873:

"Went to the Bridge, but no Matty. Went to Joshua Cooper's tent, — not there. Finally found Joshua out of breath, who, having just been chased by a *gavmush* [policeman], escaped by throwing away the wood he was carrying home.

'Convey, the wise it call.'

So we had a long session and a very stormy one, — the children squalling, the Gypsies *chingering* [quarrelling], and old Matty, as Head Dictionary, shutting them all up. Finally, young Smith, Sally Buckland's grandson, and another came to visit, and, after praising my great generosity, got a *tringrushi* [shilling], and departed in a boat with a jug, returning joyfully, singing cheerful, — with three quarts, which made the Sabbath sweet unto them. During all the confusion, I extracted the following."

And the following means several pages of Romany words. Or here is another entry two days later: —

"Matty was waiting at the gate and took me a long walk, perhaps twenty-five miles, — visiting on the way Ripley and Woking. . . . We got luncheon in Woking, Matty feasting on cold pork and I on beefsteak, hot baked 'taturs, bread and butter and ale."

And this was the day that, "as we got on, Matty became more excited, and when, after dusk we got near the Park, he began to sing jollily," with a gay "Diddle dumpty dum Hurrah!" a song all about the hunger of his children and the cold in his tent; a subject which would hardly strike any one, save a Gypsy, as something to be particularly jolly about. But, the Rye adds, "I got the following words from him," and there are ten pages of them.

"I ran after the beagles, Matty of course was on the ground." "Out with the beagles, meeting Gypsies." "Another cold, frosty, bright morning, we started for Cobham," — are examples of some of the further entries that follow one another in rapid succession.

Not even English Gypsies have outgrown the primeval fashion of expressing gratitude through gifts, a fashion they brought with them from the East. Jasper Petulengro was as ready to lend Borrow the money to buy a horse, as the wild Gitano in Badajoz was to throw down before him the bursting pomegranate, his one possession. And the Rye's friends were as eager to give him something as to take from him, and, words being about all they had worth giving, and what he most wanted, words were lavished upon him, — in the daily lesson, at every chance meeting, even by trusty messenger. It is amusing in the notebooks to come across such an entry as: —

"Christopher Jones, a half-breed Gypsy, but whose mother was a full-blood (a Lee), and said to be deeply learned in old Gypsy, told Cooper to ask me if I knew that water was called the *boro Duvel*. C. Jones had *much* intercourse with old Gypsies."

The scholar, of course, would prize the facts in the notebooks, however acquired. But it is the entries like this that please me, the little memoranda, scribbled in pencil, meant no doubt to be rubbed out later, but left, fortunately, as witnesses to the friendly relations between the Rye in the *boro ketchema* (big hotel) and the Gypsies in their tent by the roadside.

"Write to G. Cooper," one of those entries says; "ask if she has seen Louisa Lee, — tell her her mother is dead. Oliver ill. Send your love."

And the Rye, gradually, came to be looked upon as a sort of general news-agent and letter-writer for all the Romanies in the south; and he must have accepted the trust with good nature, or

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an "ever loving friend" would not have written from the tents to charge him:—

"if you should see my boy again you might ask him where his sister is as i should like to hear from her as well as i should from him if you see valentine Stanley you might give my love to him and tell him i should be glad to hear from him or his Brother at Any time and you might give my kind love and best wishes to Anybody that ask About me give my kind love and best Respects to your wife and neice sir if you should see any of the Smalls again plase to tell them there is some money left them By the death of their Aunt Eliza What Was in Australia the house is to be sold in taunton and the money is to be divided among her Brothers Children."

In the midst of all this hard work,— or pleasant play, — or rather when he first embarked upon it, the Rye's thoughts naturally turned to Borrow. No one could then, or can ever again, see or hear of Romanies without thinking of Borrow. And Borrow was still living,—not the magnificent, young, heroic Borrow, inviting wonder wherever he went, whatever he did, whether fighting the Horrors or the Tinman, talking to an old apple-woman on London Bridge, or drinking beer at a wayside inn, translating the Bible into Mant-chu or distributing it to the heathen in Spain. (By the way, only a few years ago, I saw the sign "G. Borrow, Agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society," high up on a house in the Plaza Mayor, in Seville.) But it was now the old Borrow, ill natured, grumpy, living like any city man in a respectable Brompton Square, passing his afternoons at the Savile Club; still ready, however, to pose, if we can believe Groome, who saw him in the winter of 1873. "He posed even to me, a mere lad," Groome says; as he had to old Esther Faa in Yetholm, or to Colonel Napier in Seville. But of this talent for grumpiness and for posing, the Rye was agreeably ignorant. All he knew was that he owed the sport he cared more for than any other in the world to George Borrow. "For twenty years it [Borrow's work] has had an incredible influence over me," he wrote in his first letter, asking for an interview. Gypsy scholars who came after Borrow might, and did, point out flaws and blunders in his work, might find fault with his want of exactness, and the meagreness of his knowledge of Romany. I tremble when I think of his rage, could he read some of the letters now lying before me. And yet, I do not think there was one of them all who did not agree with Groome in ranking "George Borrow above every other writer on the Gypsies."

"To mystify" was Borrow's game in life,—a game which the Rye could also play, when he held a leading hand; and it is characteristic that, between them, they should have made their short acquaintance a problem as baffling as the Romany was before they gave the world the solution. The letter, to which I have referred, published by Mr. Knapp in his *Life of Borrow*, is dated October 18, 1870. There is a second from the Rye, dated January, 1871, — both were written from Brighton, — and Mr. Knapp, keener to detect the matter of fact than the unusual, finds in it proof that during the interval the desired meeting had taken place. And yet, the only letter from Borrow which I have found among the Rye's papers, written as if no meeting had taken place, is dated November 2, 1871. It is from 22 Hereford Square, Brompton, and, though not enthusiastic, is at least not discouraging from the Borrow of those days.

SIR, — I have received your letter and am gratified by the desire you express to make my acquaintance.

Whenever you please to come, I shall be happy to see you.

Truly yours,
GEORGE BORROW.

This might settle matters, did not the Rye state in his *Memoirs* and again in *The Gypsies* — without any date, of course,

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but 1870 is the year of which he is speaking in the *Memoirs*[1] — that he was introduced, by chance, to Borrow in the British Museum, where, afterwards, he again met and talked several times with the "Nestor of Gypsyism." But I am as ready to dispense with exactness in this matter as in Borrow's philology. The main thing is that the younger Gypsy scholar did "once see Borrow plain," — cannot you fancy them looking at each other "fixedly for a few moments" in the approved Romany Rye fashion? — that several meetings followed, and that the Rye, so far from being disillusioned, when he later gathered into a book all he had learned on the roads offered the dedication of *The English Gypsies* to the man he looked up to as master. The letter carrying the offer was directed to the care of Murray, the publisher, who assured the Rye it must have reached Borrow, and this assurance is also in my pile of letters, — the letters that tell me the whole story of those full years of Gypsy scholarship. But Borrow's only answer was the public announcement, a few days later, of his *Lavo-Lil*. When it came to interest in the Gypsy, Lavengro drew the line at himself.

But hurry as Borrow might to throw together, anyhow, the words, stories, and names collected during long years, the Rye's book came out first. I am not sure if *The English Gypsies* is remembered by a public dazzled by the melodramatic Romany of fiction, and incapable of appreciating its great learning. But in it the Rye also sings the joys of the road and of the things that make life sweet to the wanderer; it has something of the undefinable charm of the Gypsy himself; and what the public in the seventies thought is shown by the fact that the book went quickly into a second edition. What the Romany Ryes thought, they straightway sat down and wrote to tell the author, — Mr. Hubert Smith, Dr. Bath Smart, Crofton, Groome, Palmer, one and all. When I look at the great pile of their letters, carefully preserved, it strikes me as one of the little ironies of life that the Gypsy, smoking and dreaming his own life away, should have excited his lovers to such a delirium of industry.

As I read these old letters, I wonder that the rest of the world could keep on plodding at its accustomed tasks and refuse to see that the Gypsy was the only thing of real importance in the world. I wish I had space for Groome's letters, so charming are they, written with all the seriousness and enthusiasm of youth; he was only twenty-three or twenty-four at the time; but they would make a volume of themselves. Those from Professor E. H. Palmer show that he could be no less irresistible as a friend than accomplished as a scholar. In 1874, he and the Rye, with the further help of Miss Janet Tuckey, were hard at work collaborating, and to read Palmer's letters is to believe that really there could be nothing worth doing except to write Gypsy ballads, and to publish them afterwards in a volume (*English Gypsy Songs*). Between Cambridge and London, those that were written flew backwards and forwards; getting themselves criticised with a zeal scarcely short of fanaticism. In their behalf papers were "nobbled," — did n't "young Fred Pollock" write for the *Saturday*, and did n't he know well "Leslie Stephen of the *Pall Mall*"? — "I, like you, will do my damndest to make the book go," Palmer writes with one of his reports of tried and suggested intrigue! "I am more *on* for it than even for my Arabic Grammar, which is just out, and which has absorbed almost all my thought for these two years past." Occasionally, other matters call for a passing word, but they speedily make way for the only thing that counts.

"I will talk about your forthcoming Chinaman discoverer to-night at Trinity, where I dine with the Chancellor and Honorary degree men, — Sir James Wolsey and Co., and a distinguished countryman of yours, J. R. Lowell, — and on every other occasion that I can. It ought to be a

[1] A letter recently lent to me seems to fix the date as 1872!

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success. My lectures are at an end, thank my *dearie duvel* [dear God], so that as soon as I can clear off a few reviews I shall be free to go ahead with the Romany Pomes. I am very glad Miss Tuckey is also likely to be free to finish off her lot. As soon as you let me have a printed slip of the Royal poem, I will get the Dean to present it. In the meantime please let us have the specimens for the *Athenæum*, etc., and then we will follow them up with a leader from W. Besant in the *Daily News*."

Log-rolling, you may say. Yes, but log-rolling done with a gayety, a disinterestedness, a sense of the fun of it, unknown to the present modern weakling with no ambition higher than the commercial traveller's.

The publisher, Trübner, intimate friend though he was of the Rye's, it seems, would not think of the book until a certain number of subscribers were assured.

"I don't much like having to do publisher's work as well as our own," Palmer says in one of his gayest letters, "nor do I like having to appeal *ad misericordiam* for subscribers, but I suppose we must submit.

"'You are earnestly requested to subscribe to the above work; it is the composition of a blind orphan who is deaf and dumb and has no use of his limbs. Unless 50,000 copies at a penny each are taken by a Christian and sympathizing public the book will remain unpublished, and the writer will have no resource but the workhouse or dishonesty.' However, as soon as I have finished the glossary — which I am getting on with fast — I will draw up, as you suggest, a circular, and when you have approved and touched up, we will scatter it broadcast, and I will ask every one I know to subscribe. We will make it go somehow. I think we had better come out with a burst, get if we can Royalty's opinion, then get out our prospectus, then a leader on it in the *Daily News*, then specimens in the *Athenæum*, and say a sandwich man with a prospectus on his hat up and down Regent Street."

It is impossible to read Palmer's letters without sharing his excitement, so that it is a regret to me when, in them, I reach the moment of the book's appearance. Not that the excitement is at an end. There is still the agitation of sending a copy to the Queen, this time through her equerry, Colonel Ponsonby, and of receiving in due course the usual formal, "I am desired to acknowledge the receipt of the Vol. on *English Gipsy Songs* forwarded by you to the Queen, and to announce Her Majesty's acceptance of it with thanks." — Did this sort of thing ever do any good to any book? — There is still the redoubled agitation of intrigue, now for reviews. From some unknown channel, news arrives that "Crofton is to be civil;" more encouraging, the *Athenæum* really is amiable. Palmer, in between a consultation with the oculist and a visit to the Sultan of Zanzibar, — who, it might be recorded, talked all the time "about Hell and Purgatory," — stops to write, "Hooray! *dordi* [behold] the *Athenæum*, — have n't they *mukked us tale mishto*" [done us well]! "Walter Pollock" is to write for the *Saturday*. A dinner with the proprietor of the *Spectator* may lead to things there, by gentle insinuation, — who knows? I may as well state at once that all this did lead to results more practical than the mere *kudos*, with which, usually, the philologist must be content, for the first edition was sold out by August.

After the launching of the book, Palmer's letters became few; partly because the two men were now more often together, meeting in the summer, and, eventually, Palmer coming to London to live; partly because the Rye returned to Philadelphia in 1879, and whatever letters Palmer wrote there, before his tragic death, are gone, no one knows where.

But, during the seventies, it seemed as if not only Groome, and Palmer, and Bath Smart, and Mr. Crofton, and Mr. Hubert Smith, but everybody who sent the Rye a letter, could write of nothing but Gypsies. One day it was George Boker, then Min-

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ister to Russia, supplying him with information as to the Gypsies in that country; the next, it was a friend, giving him news of the Gypsies near Weybridge and Oatlands Park. Or else it was Dr. Garnett writing from the British Museum to enclose a Gypsy song from a Koloszvar publication; or Miss Janet Tuckey consulting him about her ballads, envying Palmer his facility,—"why, he'd soon make a book all by himself;" or Mr. Horace E. Scudder, with a message from army officers in the West, puzzled by a suggested relation between Romany and Red Indian;—and it is curious that the same relation, or rather comparison, should have suggested itself to "old Frank Cooper," who, one day at the Walton Races, according to the notebooks, told the Rye he "had been often puzzled by Indians in America and their great resemblance to Gypsies;"—or Miss Genevieve Ward, anxious for Gypsy songs that, in her coming rôle of Gypsy, will be more effective, she thinks, sung "in the tree lingo,"—letters from any and every one; a long list, far too long to quote.

And it was another part of the charm the Romanies had for him, that, thanks to them, he could travel nowhere and not find friends waiting for him. All his journeys during these years mean so many chapters for his Gypsy books. He went to Russia for the winter, and the record is in his papers on the Russian Gypsies who sang to him in St. Petersburg and Moscow. He attended the Oriental Congress in Paris in 1878, and he might have forgotten it himself but for his meetings with the Hungarian Gypsies who played to him at the Exposition. He wandered over England, here, there, and I, for one, could not say where, were it not for the Gypsies, who, in each new place, gave him fresh material for his books. He spent a summer in Wales, Palmer with him, that would be a blank in the story of his life but for the discovery of Shelta, the encounters with some of the deep, wild Welsh Gypsies, and the legend that grew up among them of his passing. Of this legend, Mr. John Sampson, of University College, Liverpool, wrote to him, more than twenty years later, in a letter that I quote now, because it refers more especially to this period. It is one of the most delightful letters in all the bundle,—delightful to write, delightful to receive:—

"I can scarcely tell you with what pleasure I again hear from you,—one of the few remaining *tacho-bïeno Romany Rais*. Though it is long since I wrote to you, you have been so often in my thoughts that I feel as if I knew you better than perhaps I do. . . .

"Well, Romani, which you somewhere rightly compare to the longing for the plains (Kipling's 'East a-calling') is as much a passion with me as ever, and since the cessation of our *Journal* I have done more work at it than ever, especially at the very perfect Welsh dialect. Five years ago, travelling through Wales in Gypsy fashion with van and tent, in company with Kuno Meyer, Walter Raleigh, and two other friends (one a Gypsy), I struck one of the Woods,—Edward Wood, a harper,—and begun from him my study of the Welsh dialect. Since then I have practically spent all my spare time in Wales with the Welsh Gypsies, and believe I now know every member of the family, and every word and inflexion. At times I have spent weeks without hearing English spoken, for the natives speak Welsh, and the Gypsies invariably Romani, not as with most English Gypsies only on rare occasions. . . .

"Now let me tell you something that I think will interest you. Do you know that you have become a mythical personage among the Welsh Gypsies, just as the Archduke has among some Continental Gypsy tribes? (I forget which, but I remember reading about it in Herrmann's *Ethnologische Mittheilungen*, and I daresay I could rake out the reference if you want it.) I first heard vague allusions to it from several Gypsies without, of course, connecting it with you. Then meeting 'Taw,' that deepest of witches, at Menai,

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I heard the story more definitely. It was told me as a great secret. Her story was of a great kinsman of the Woods who lived across the water, of great height and fabulous wealth which he held in trust for the family, and with which he would eventually endow them; who spoke deep Romani as they did, who knew everything, who travelled everywhere. 'You met him at Aberystwyth,' I said. '*Auaua Chavo!*' 'In the year 187—' '*Bichadás tut yov more fōkengi?*' I did not deny it, for it is a rule of mine neither to deny or affirm anything, neither to promise or refuse anything, to the Gypsies. Since then from different parts of Wales I have had repeated invitations to turn up the money at once or take the consequences. Only last year I received a letter from a Wrexham firm of solicitors saying that from information received they now positively knew that certain sums of money intended for their client, Mrs. Wood, had been withheld by me, and that, the matter having been placed in their hands, they would stand no nonsense, or words to that effect. I replied, saying that if they would read the enclosed letter to their client she would gather something of my intentions. The enclosed letter was in Romani."

When, after ten years, the Rye, in 1879, crossed the Atlantic again, and found Philadelphia, in many ways, transformed almost out of recognition, there were Gypsies to keep him from feeling a stranger in his native land. It was then I got to know the Romanies. Most people in those days — as I believe they do still — looked upon respectability as Philadelphia's only product. Its straight streets and regular vistas of house fronts seemed to offer no escape from the commonplace, no chance to stumble upon the unknown. And yet, to the Philadelphian, as to Borrow, "strange things" may every day occur, for America now, as well as the British Isles, is full of the people who bring adventure to one's very doorstep. I was young, the convent not so many years behind me, and I was carried off my feet by the wonder of it all. A quarter of a century older as I am now, when I look back to those days I still see in North Broad Street, not the chief thoroughfare "up town," where no correct Philadelphian would be "found dead," but the path to the freedom of Oakdale Park, where the Costelloes camped in the early spring; the dreariest West Philadelphia suburb becomes transfigured into the highway to Bohemia and its seven castles, though to my blind fellow citizens it was only an open lot where the Lovells pitched their dirty little brown tents; the old thrill comes with the thought of the ferry where we embarked for Camden the Ineffable, and the Reservoir, and, under its shadow, Davy Wharton, the truest Gypsy of them all, who slept through the short crisp October days, while Shēva, his wife, begged and told fortunes in the town. But there was no going anywhere, on any matter-of-fact errand, without the happy risk of adventure. If I stepped into a street car, might I not, as sometimes happened, be greeted with the mysterious "sarishan" from Gypsy women carrying their day's plunder home, while all the Gorgios stared? In my own back yard, — good Philadelphian for garden, — or at my own front door, might I not run into a tinker, part if not all Gypsy, sharpening the family knives and scissors? And on decorous Chestnut Street, were there not rare, but unforgettable, visions of strange wild creatures with flashing eyes and long black hair, wearing strange garments decorated with big silver buttons, striding along on First Day morning, past the quiet groups of Friends in plain coats and plain bonnets, — beautiful beings, such as I had never seen before, but have since on the remote roads of Transylvania? "Do you remember," the Rye wrote me from Florence (in 1892), referring to these old days, "do you remember Rosanna Lovell, and how we took her a *dukkerin lil* [fortune-telling book] and brought a thousand people out to see her; and how Val Stanley sent out every ten minutes for beer, which we drank out of a moustache-cup, — and the

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great tent with the Arab brass lamp, where the beer was carried round in a watering pot! — and the old Rom who apologised for the want of a *view* or scenery, and who offered a piece of tobacco for hospitality?" — Why, Philadelphia was all adventure, a town of "strange things."

The Rye had not lost in America his extraordinary faculty of inspiring others with his own enthusiasm, and the Gypsy fever spread, as in England, even to people he did not know. Before long, on our expeditions, we were joined by an artist, — he is now my husband; many articles, for the *Century* principally, coming of those days when we were fellow explorers, and, also, I sometimes think, our life for the last twenty years together. And, almost as soon, Gypsy bulletins were dispatched from Boston, where Miss Abby Alger watched for the passing Romany, with the keenness of Groome in Göttingen or Palmer in Cambridge. And, as promptly, we were hearing from our Gypsy friends of two *tāni rānis* (young ladies) down in Delaware, beautiful, rich, and real Romanies, — one a Lee, — talking deep Romany, though house-dwellers. We thought them myths for a while. But they, at the right moment, materialized, at first in a voluminous correspondence, eventually in person, when the *tāni rāni*, who was a Lee to the Romanies and Katharine Bayard to all the world beside, was crossing the ferry with us to that Lotus Land under the shadow of the Reservoir. But what now strikes me as the most curious evidence of the hold the Gypsy had taken of people's imagination, is the ease with which Planchette wrote Romany for a girl I knew, who, without its help, could not, or thought she could not, speak a word of the language.

It adds to the picturesqueness of these memories that Walt Whitman should have a prominent place in them. We seldom could get to Camden and home again without meeting and talking with him. Sometimes we found him sitting in a big chair by the fruit stall at the foot of Market Street, gossiping with the Italian who kept it, eating peanuts, shaking hands with the horse-car drivers, whose stopping place was just in front. Sometimes he was leaving the ferryboat as we started, or stepping on it as we landed in Camden. Sometimes we paid him a visit in his brother's house, where he lived. Sometimes we rode up together in the Market Street car. He always wanted to hear about the Gypsies, though I fancied he was not quite in sympathy with our way of seeing them. It would not have been his way. He would rather have come across them by chance, not by design. In the memoranda of his life, left by the Rye to my care, there are some stray notes of these meetings with Walt Whitman, and I only wish I could make others realize all that they recall and suggest as I read them.

"It seems so strange to me now [1893] — to think that I used to walk with him [Walt Whitman] and take drinks with him in small publics and talk of poetry and people, and visit him in his home with Elizabeth Robins — long ago. There were always Gypsies camped about a mile from his house, and Elizabeth and I, going and coming, . . . used to meet him and tell him all that we had seen, which greatly interested the old Bohemian. I have some recollection of telling him his fortune or of examining his palm. We had no idea in those days that we were making print for the future. But we were really all three very congenial and Gypsyish. Whitman's manner was deliberate and grave; he always considered or 'took' an idea 'well in' before replying. He was, I think, rather proud of the portrait of an ancestor which hung in the parlor of his home. . . .

"One day, when I found him seated on a chair at the foot of Market Street in Philadelphia, by the ferry, a favourite haunt of his, he was admiring a wooden statue of an Indian, a tobacconist's sign. He called my attention to it, — not as a work of art, but as something character-

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istic and indicative of national taste. I quite understood and agreed with him, for it had, as he saw it, an art value. It was a bit of true folk-lore. . . .

"Once, when I had first made his acquaintance, we met at the corner of Sansom and Seventh streets. He took me into a very common little bar-room where there was a table, and introduced me to several rather shabby, common looking men, not workmen, but looking like Bohemians and bummers. I drank ale and talked, and all easily and naturally enough, — I had in my time been *bon compagnon* with Gypsies, tinkers, and all kinds of loose fish, and thought nothing [illegible]. But when we came forth, Whit- nplimented me very earnestly on been so companionable, and said ormed a very different idea of me; , he did not know the breadth apacity. I had evidently risen hear thn his opinion.

pose thn my book on the Gypsies ap- and thaI, knowing that it would interest Groome e him a copy, in which I had labours short complimentary poem; and, declinel of the great and warm gratitude any h he had declared regarding my brotner Henry, I asked him if he would not write for me a few original verses, though it were only a couplet, in the copy of *Leaves of Grass* which he had sent to my brother. His reply was a refusal at which I should not have felt hurt, had it been gently worded or civilly evasive, but his reply was to the effect that he never did anything of the kind except for money. His exact words then were, 'Sometimes when a fellow says to me: "Walt, here's ten or five dollars, — write me a poem for it," I do so.' And then, seeing a look of disappointment or astonishment in my face, he added, 'But I will give you my photograph and autograph,' which he did."

After I came to England, in 1884, the same year the Rye returned, I went on some expeditions with him to see the English Gypsies; but not many. I was seldom in London in the summer during the few years he remained in England, and the fog and wet of a London winter never exactly made me long to see "the road before me." But of these few expeditions, two stand out with startling vividness in my memory, and are very characteristic of him as Romany Rye.

One was to the Derby. My only experience of what Mr. Henry James calls the "popular revel" taught me little of the English people, — its virtue in his eyes, — most of my day being spent with the Wanderers who could teach me more of the East. What horses ran, I do not think I knew; I am sure I did not look on at one race; it is doubtful if I had a glimpse of the course. My confused memory is of innumerable Gypsy tents; of more Romanies than I had ever seen together at any one moment in any one place; of endless beer and chaff, of which I am afraid I did not consume or contribute my share; of gay bouts in the cocoanut shies; of the Rye for the rest of the afternoon, with a cocoanut under each arm, beaming with pride over his skill in winning them; and of the day's wonders culminating in what, to me, was the great event of that year's Derby. I don't know quite how it happened. We were passing late in the afternoon a tent which somehow we had missed in the morning, and we stopped to speak to the *dye* and the children playing around it. Almost at once, out of the tent came a young woman. It was in the days of "water waves," and never had I beheld such an amazing arrangement of them on any one head. They and her face shone with soap and water. A bright new silk handkerchief was tied coquettishly about her neck. She smiled, and tripped on to greet a friend. In less time than I can write it, with hair streaming, handkerchief flying, face flowing with blood, she was struggling in the arms of the other woman, both swearing like troopers.

"Hold hard!" cried the Rye, "this won't do!"

And down fell the cocoanuts, and he was between the two women, his great

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head and beard towering above them, blows and kicks falling upon him from either side like rain, for so quickly was it done that it took them a good minute to realize they were not pommeling each other. That ended the fight. But since then, I have understood Jasper Petulengro better! "Rum animals. . . . Did you ever feel their teeth and nails, brother?"

The other expedition was to the Hampton Races, where I had my one memorable meeting with Matty Cooper, who was then very old, and very drunk, too, I regret to say, but very charming; and where I wore the carnations he presented me, as, at other tournaments, maidens wore the colors of their knights.

From now onward, the Rye did not see so much of the Gypsies. And yet, never at any time, not even when collaborating with Palmer, was he so immersed in Gypsy matters as when, within four years of his return to England, the Gypsy Lore Society was established. There was again a perpetual interchange of letters, an agitation, a fever, an absorption. The Romany Ryes all joined forces. Old grievances were forgotten, old disputes settled, old correspondences renewed.

The credit for founding this society has been given to W. J. Ibbetson, who, in answer to Colonel Prideaux's question in *Notes and Queries* (October 8, 1887) as to whether any systematic attempt had been made to collect the songs and ballads of English Gypsies, suggested (November 17) that a club of Romany Ryes be formed to collect and publish by subscription as complete vocabularies and collections of ballads in the Anglo-American dialect as might be possible at that date. The matter was taken up by Mr. David MacRitchie, to whom, eventually, fell the work of starting the society. At first the Rye did not respond with enthusiasm. He had proposed just such a society eighteen years before, and the little band of Gypsy scholars then, instead of supporting him, "were very much annoyed (as George Borrow also was) at the appearance of a new intruder in their field."

His first letter on the subject to Mr. MacRitchie from Brighton, February 26, 1888, was rather indifferent. He agreed that there "should be a Romany society to collect what is left of this fast vanishing people," and he was quite willing to join and pay his guinea a year, but there must be no further responsibility, while he urged a greater exclusiveness than Mr. MacRitchie, with a necessary eye to the bank account, thought possible.

"I do not insist on anything, but I have possibly had a little more experience than most men in founding or watching such Clubs, and I will therefore give reasons for admitting only men who speak Romany. If such men *only* join, it will give the Society a marked character. The members will be able to do something and to work. A man who don't know Romany may pay his guinea, *but of what use will he be?* And of what earthly use will his *guinea* be? To publish our works! Why, if our works are worth printing at all, I can find a publisher who will do it all at his own expense. Now this is a fact. Half the works issued by Societies are *rubbish* which the writers could not get printed, except by influence. . . .

"I should prefer a small and poor society, but a *real* one,—even with gypsies in it,—to an amateur theatrical company. Pardon me for speaking so earnestly, but I have been so sickened by my experience of clubs in which men were taken in for their money, that I would like to be in one which was real."

His indifference was not quite conquered even when Mr. MacRitchie, early in May, wrote to offer him the highest tribute it was possible for the Romany Ryes to offer.

"Crofton and Groome and myself hope that you will also become our President," Mr. MacRitchie tells him. "Before we send a prospectus to others, we must have two or three office-bearers named, and there is no one so well fitted for the Presidentship as yourself. So I hope soon to

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at you have accepted. We pro-
t Mr. Crofton be Vice President,
t I be Secretary and Treasurer.
has kindly agreed to divide my
(such as they are), but he firmly
to appear as Secretary — or in
prominent position."

Later, however, Groome did appear editor of the *Journal* with Mr. MacRitchie.

"Unless you can get along with my name alone, there will be very little use in proclaiming me as President," is the Rye's answer on May 4. "I am out of London and England — or expect to be — most of the time. . . . If my name will help I am willing to let it be used."

Of course his name would help, and so Mr. MacRitchie assured him promptly, and I can see that his indifference began to be shaken, by the interest he took when it came to the question of Romany spelling, which I wish, for my comfort and my readers', had been settled years before.

"Let the word be henceforward written Gypsies with a y," he wrote to Mr. MacRitchie on May 9. "You caused me to write it so. If it comes from Egypt — gypsies is right.

"Seriously, let us come to some agreement as to orthography. Groome writes Ri, — I write Rye after Borrow, because he made Rye known. But I don't like the *Kooshty* of Smart, nor the forcing Romany words into strict English form. So far as we can make Romany agree with Continental, and especially with Indian pronunciation, we really ought to do so. We had better arrange all this *en famille*. We can 'rehabilitate' Gypsy without manufacturing, if we will only be unselfish and harmonious."

The society, it is true, lasted only a short time, but while it did last it kept on, to use Mr. MacRitchie's phrase, "booming." In the summer of 1890 came the Folk-Lore Congress in Paris, and the Oriental Congress in Stockholm, and, with them, the occasion to flaunt the scholarship of the Romany Ryes in the face of the world. To the general public, learned congresses of learned men may seem dull things, but never in the letters of the Romany Ryes. In Paris the president figured as "Directeur de la Gypsy-lore-Society;" he read a paper to prove that the Gypsies have been "the great colporteurs" of folk-lore, — a phrase Groome later applauded, expanding the theory, — he reported to Mr. MacRitchie, on August 1, 1889: —

"Yesterday was a grand day for us. As I said, it has fallen on the Gypsy Lore Society to come to the front and take all the honour of representing England, as the English Folk-Lore Society has not appeared at all in it! . . . In the evening Prince Roland Bonaparte gave an awful swell dinner (Roumanian gypsy musicians and pre-historic menu, etched for the occasion), and as President of the G. L. S. I was seated at the Prince's right hand. . . . At any rate, we have had a stupendous lift, and with energy may do much more. Lord knows that I have tried my little utmost, not without some effect." . . .

In Stockholm, he worked for the society no less hard, but — I leave it to his letter to explain the "but," and to throw an unexpected side light on the ways and woes of Orientalists assembled in solemn congress: —

"The Swedish Oriental Congress was one hundred times fuller of incident than the Paris one. It was awfully *over*done, and turned into a great Oriental Circus, — to its very great detriment as a learned body. We were rushed about and fêted and made a great show of, — until I now loathe the very name of 'banquet,' 'reception,' the sight of banners or hurrahing thousands, fireworks and processions. We *all* got tired or fell ill, — half of the Orientalists became 'queer' or irritable, — and then they quarrelled! My God, how they did quarrel!! I kept out of it all, — but I am awful glad to get home again."

But despite congresses, despite booming, despite the tremendous interest of

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everybody in the society, by February of 1891 the impossibility of a much longer life was realized.

The *Journal* actually ceased in 1892, and with it all reasons for the existence of the society disappeared. "But the Gypsy question is not played out," Mr. MacRitchie wrote during the last months. "It has *no end* of things to say for itself yet. I intend pegging away at the Gypsies for a long time to come, though of course avoiding Gypsomania." The Rye, when he was enthusiastic about anything, was never to be outdone in enthusiasm by any one. He, too, kept "pegging away." Before the work of the society was over, he had published his *Gypsy Sorcery*, a book full of curious information, but concerned less with the Gypsy himself than with Gypsy superstitions. He now promptly undertook a *Gypsy Decameron*, and finished it, too, with the name changed to *Romany Wit and Wisdom*, but never got so far as to publish it; the manuscript lies with all his other Gypsy papers, a marvelous collection. He planned a record of the Romany Ryes of Great Britain and their work, "especially to please them," he wrote to me at the time. But they all shrank back, afraid of the critic, and he had to give up the idea.

And the Gypsy still filled his letters. He kept on writing to Mr. MacRitchie, though at longer intervals; he renewed the long interrupted correspondence with Groome; he found a new correspondent in Mr. Sampson, who, when not writing of his wanderings with the Gypsies on Welsh roads, was sending his Romany translations of Heine and Omar Khayyám, and once of *Gaudeamus*, the Rye having long before made an English version of Scheffel; "we used to sing it around our camp-fire in the evening," Mr. Sampson adds. Nor could the Rye keep the Gypsy out of his letters to me. The almost inevitable ending of them all is "*Tu lo Koko*" (your affectionate Uncle) wherever he went, he had Gypsies to report to me, sure of sympathy. Now it was at the Bagni di Lucca where "down in the valley I met a party of Piedmontese Gypsies. They denied being Gypsy, and did n't know a word of Romany. Indignantly pointing to the horse, I said, 'How do you call it?' And the answer was '*Grai*.' 'Yes,' I, 'and thou art *manusch* [man], *te mavo se a chava, te me shom o boro Romani Rai*' [and that is a boy, and I am a great Gypsy gentleman]. Then we got on very well." Now it was in Geneva, and a French Gypsy woman told him his fortune, and he gave in return "a small shell tied up in leather which was received with boundless gratitude. I also described eloquently the value of the shell as a bringer of *bacht*" [luck]. Now it was at Innsbrück, where, lonely, without the companionship he always craved, "I met a charming van full of Romanys three days ago, and almost cried for joy." Now it was at Homburg, the last place to suggest that sort of society, but,—"I met with a real Gypsy family in a beer garden, day before yesterday, and had a gay time." And so it went on to the very last year of his life (the last quotation I give is as recent as 1899).

I have said enough, however, to show what the Gypsies meant to him all his life long, once he got to know them; how much more his interest was than the passing "fad" he never forgave any one for calling it. He loved them as a friend, he studied them as a scholar, and to such good purpose that, when they have vanished forever from the roads, they will still live and wander in the pages of his books. Even if Borrow had never written, the Romany would be immortalized in *The English Gypsies* and *The Gypsies*.

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PUT YOURSELF IN HER PLACE

BY JANE SEYMOUR KLINK

In beginning the consideration of a question which touches the American home in its quickest part, let me be pardoned for saying that I have sat in intelligence offices, my letters of reference in my hand; have passed the scrutiny of the householder seeking a servant; have been engaged as one, and gone into the kitchen or the butler's pantry; that I have had my hours of domestic service and my "days out;" earned and taken my wages; scored my failures and successes, my disappointments and satisfactions. I have experienced the eternal truth that to every question there are two sides.

Until a few years ago the question of domestic service had been set aside as a woman's affair by those endeavoring to solve the world's problems, with the result that it has grown constantly more complex, and the solution more difficult. It never was merely a woman's problem. It was, and it always will be, a part of the great labor problem; and it is recognized also that the character of the problem has been influenced by shifting conditions, economic and social. But granted all this, what are you going to do about it? Though it be the same old labor problem, though its character change with altering of social conditions, whether it hang on the law of supply and demand or be in conflict with the American spirit, here is the situation; and something must be done.

Factories are overwhelmed with applicants for work, sweat shops flourish on cheap and abundant labor, department stores turn away thousands of would-be salesgirls, typewriters are legion, there are more teachers than there are places, and the cry of the unemployed is often heard in the land. Yet households are broken up, cafés glitter, restaurants issue cheap meal tickets, boarding-houses multiply, and the American home is yearly growing less, because the American housekeeper cannot obtain willing and competent service. In factories are girls who would rather cook, in shops are women who would make good housekeepers; hundreds of typewriters who would make creditable waitresses are reeling off badly spelled words, and many are teaching school who should be doing anything else in the world. The Woman's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston made a systematic effort to attract the workers in shops and factories to domestic service, but with signal failure. From five hundred and sixty-four women who were asked to consider housework, only thirty-six applied, and these were not altogether satisfactory. Their dislike for the work is frankly stated to be on account of the long hours, no evenings for themselves, the isolation from other workers, and the social stigma that attaches to the occupation.

Here we have our dilemma. On one side is wanted work; on the other workers. Is it not possible, is it not reasonable, that these needs should be satisfied each by the other, and that this work and these workers should be brought into contact agreeable and beneficial to both?

The social aspect of domestic service has been changed by the fact that, since 1860, succeeding tides of immigration from various countries have swept over the United States, and the foreigners who replaced the "help" of New England had been fitted neither by birth nor environment for the social equality which had been granted to their predecessors as a matter of course. These newcomers were not "help," they were "servants," and a different appreciation was placed on their

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services, a different status given to the employment. This term servant, I believe, has more real effect in deterring American girls from entering household service than any other one thing, operating most unfavorably among just that class of intelligent, capable girls whose help is needed to elevate and dignify the occupation. It is all very well to say that the term servant is a generic one, and that any one working for a cash equivalent under authority is the servant of those whose orders are to be obeyed. That may be true, but socially — and this is the aspect we are considering — this term servant has become so restricted to those who perform household service that its ordinary use carries no other signification. The native-born American objects to being placed in any position where there is not at least the semblance of freedom. It would seem to be the most natural thing in the world that when domestic employees have married and have families of their own, good household workers should be found among their children. But they are brought up rather to be anything else, because such parents wish their children to be just as good as or a bit better than anybody's children; whether that to be called "a servant" carries too much of a demeaning implication, or for whatever other reason. One bright girl who was the cook in a home where I was employed, invariably referred to us as "the kitchen mechanics," another always called the maids "us girls," still another "the kitchen people;" and in all association with maids in service, I have never heard them call themselves servants. Furthermore, the occupation is regarded as one affording little opportunity to rise in the world. If fortunate ones have risen, the fact that they have been servants is carefully concealed. The railway millionaire may be proud of the fact that he once peddled peanuts on the train, the bonanza king that he began as the mule driver of an ore car; but what woman will say with pride, "Yes, I once was a cook for Mrs. B——, and tried to do my work well"?

To establish a school, and frankly call it one for the training of servants, is distinctly against present tendencies; the name alone would kill it. Train domestic employees, home workers, ho aids, just as much as you can, but t the term servant be left out, possibly e from the signs of employment bureaus, you must combat an unappeasable prejudice. Of the principal of a normal school where an excellent course in cooking was given I asked, "What is the object in taking this course, — is it obligatory?"

"They wish specially to teach cooking, and take it in addition to their regular work."

"What is the object in view in teaching cooking to the children?"

"Simply, madam, to help them make better homes; the aim is to improve the homes."

"But some of these pupils will have to earn their own living; will not these cooking lessons open another avenue of employment?"

"Madam, we are not training servants."

Now as to supply and demand. The ranks of household employees are recruited mainly from the immigrants, but their number is far less than the calls for them. Any girl coming to this country, and willing to take a place as a cook or waitress, can find work three times over the moment she steps on land. We must look for other sources of supply. We must train and educate our own American girls to fill these places, classifying these girls as part of the great labor problem which here demands and should engage concerted effort in its solution. Certainly, as other phases of this general problem have been treated with at least partial success, this specific phase of this same general problem can be treated in like manner. Whatever the individual views as to trades-unionism, its methods, its abuses, or its excesses, are we not all prepared to admit in this day that there must have been certain wrongs, and some justice in the

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demands of wage-earners, since the improvements as to hours, as to wages, and as to the physical conditions of workrooms and surroundings are now assented to by all employers, indeed conceded by all employers to be a distinct advantage both to capital and to labor? And surely the servant problem has never yet presented the complications, the embarrassments, the possibilities of revolution, that were presented so long ago in the problem of the organized wage-earners declining to accept unconditional terms of employment from capital.

Then the question arises: "Would you have a union of domestic employees?" That is not the real question. The real question is: here are certain conditions of labor as to hours, duties, wages, and standards of life, which demand adjustment; if these other conditions in factory, mill, or foundry could be adjusted, what are the conditions here, favorable or unfavorable to the domestic employee, that make it so difficult to reach such readjustment as has been proved feasible in other fields of employment?

In the matter of wages the houseworker has the advantage of the outside worker in respect of net returns for the services performed. A good general housemaid in Alameda, a suburb of San Francisco, gets twenty-five dollars a month. She does all the washing but the shirts and collars. In Chicago a girl for general housework receives as high as five dollars a week, with neither washing nor ironing; while in New York a general housemaid at four and a half dollars a week is expected, as a rule, to do the laundry work, excepting shirts and collars. A man attends to the porches, brasses, and furnace. In Boston a general housemaid averages four and a half or five dollars a week, usually doing the laundry work. There is no organized union, but the tacit agreement among domestic employees as to the rate of wages is strong; they are rather overpaid than underpaid, and these wages are clear to those who receive them, no part being expended, as in the case of other wage-earners, for house rent and food.

But the house employees have made complaint about other conditions of labor which may be summed up under the heads of rooms, food, and bathing facilities. I have known girls who have had ill-ventilated basement rooms, stifling in summer, freezing in winter, flooded by storms. I have seen a closet off the kitchen used as a sleeping apartment for two of the employees. I have myself slept for a week upon a table; but it seems reasonable to think this is not the rule. With two exceptions a clean, sweet room was given to me. If the room were shared with another maid, there were generally separate beds. My experience has been that the rooms, while fairly well lighted, seldom have the gas or electric light so placed that one can read, write, or sew with comfort. For bathing facilities, the tendency in the newer houses and apartments is to have a maids' bathroom; in the older houses, the personal equation plays a part. In one such I asked whether I could have the privilege of the bathroom, and the answer was, —

"Certainly. I would a great deal rather know that you used it than feel that you needed to."

In an apartment where there was only one bathroom, the lady said, "If my girls are real nice I allow them to use the bathroom."

Often the laundry tubs are made to serve, but there are difficulties in the way of their use for bathing that I never could bring myself to surmount.

Regarding the table, I have known girls working in households where they have not had enough to eat, but these cases have been few and far between. Whether the family be rich, well to do, or with a comparatively small income, the general feeling is a fear lest the household employee have not enough, rather than too much. I have known this to be the case, even where strict economy was carefully practiced. Usually separate dishes, plated ware, tablecloths, and nap-

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kins are provided for the employees. The single exception to that rule was noteworthy. There were three to be served in the kitchen, and the table service was rather scanty. There were no napkins. In cleaning out the table drawers and washing up dish towels, I discovered a very old worn piece of tablecloth, just a nice, soft rag. Without asking permission I tore it into three pieces. Palm Sunday furnished palms for napkin rings, and we ate in comfort. Mrs. ——, looking in the drawer, asked what those were.

"They are table napkins," I said.

"I never give napkins in the kitchen," she replied.

"I am sorry," I said, "to have torn it without asking you, but we all have been used to napkins, and I did not think you would mind."

She made no verbal reply, but threw the napkins, Palm Sunday rings and all, in the garbage barrel. I still am wondering why it made her so uncomfortable to know that the household employees used table napkins, even though they were torn and ragged.

Speaking by and large, the general disposition seems to be to provide well for the employee's "inner man." Mrs. —— may buy thousand-dollar pictures for the parlor, and expect the bone of a two-pound steak from which four have dined to serve as the basis of a dinner for two people in the kitchen; but she is rather the exception than the rule, and in regard to food, it is safe to say that the household employee is generally better fed than any other class of workmen. I have sat night after night in a Boston café, and seen women and girls come in and dine with unfailing regularity off tea and rolls, costing ten cents. Yet they had been working hard all day, and, to judge by their looks, needed something more substantial. And many more have not even that, but cook in their rooms, reducing the cost of living to that of simple existence.

As to the employee's hours of work and time off, these are largely individual matters, yet not entirely so. There is misapprehension on both sides regarding this. Taking the general houseworker as an illustration, her hours from time of rising until she ceases to be "on call" in the evening, are usually from six o'clock A. M. until nine o'clock P. M., fifteen hours, with ordinarily every other Thursday and every other Sunday off. Sometimes the Thursday off means going out as soon as the morning's work is done, and remaining until it is time to prepare dinner, thus having the whole day to one's self. Sometimes it means going away directly after luncheon, and spending afternoon and evening out. Sometimes it means going as soon as possible after luncheon and coming home in time to prepare dinner.

The Sunday off generally means an early dinner, any time from one until three, and leaving after the work is done, having first left everything ready for supper. The days off are usually stipulated for, but the manner of their granting is at the discretion of the mistress.

Now, concerning hours of work, the household employee, particularly the general houseworker, is likely to say that she works from six in the morning until nine at night. This is not quite true. If she worked in a factory or a shop, she would not count her hours from the time of rising until retiring, but from the time that she began her duties until the hour of dismissal, counting out the time taken for luncheon. A cash girl arrives at eight o'clock A. M., goes at six o'clock P. M., with say an hour off for luncheon, working nine hours. The general housemaid may rise at six A. M., but she usually begins work at 6.30 A. M. and finishes perhaps at 8.30 P. M., and is on call half an hour longer. There are fourteen hours and a half to be accounted for. Take off an hour for the three meals. Unless on washday, there usually are, there always should be, two hours off in the afternoon, when she is simply on call. But she is not free, she cannot rest. Taking out the time for meals, and two

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hours and a half on call, there are still eleven hours of work. Were this toil unremitting it could not be borne, but is it?

One can sit down to peel potatoes and apples, to "top and tail the gooseberries," hull strawberries, chop meats, "and many other things too numerous to mention." Then the grocer and the butcher come for orders and frequently linger for a moment's chat; the postman is really a welcome friend; there is often yesterday's paper to be glanced at; in fact, there are many opportunities for rest, of which full advantage is taken, and on the whole the pleasure in the duties is not so overbalanced by fatigue that work becomes labor. This gain, being both physical and economic, admits the possibility of longer hours of employment. All housekeepers are not like the woman in Chicago, who built her house so that the kitchen had a very nice outlook, and then boarded up the lower part of the window, so that "the girl's attention should not be taken from her work."

More than one lady has said to me, "I am very good to my girls; they have from two to three hours every afternoon to sit down except on washing and ironing days."

"What time do you breakfast?" I ask.

The answer is generally, "Half-past seven."

"At what time do you dine?"

"Half-past six."

"That means that your maid is in the kitchen from 6.30 A. M. until nine P. M., does it not?"

"Yes."

"Is n't that fourteen hours and a half?"

"Ye-e-es" — reluctantly.

"Does she not deserve two or three hours in the afternoon, especially if she be on call all of that time?"

"I never thought of it in that way."

A lady who is more practically interested in this question than any one I know said to me, "Miss Klink, I thought I had my household well regulated, and I was *amazed* to find that my parlor maid was busy and on call twelve hours each day."

Nevertheless, it must be admitted that, though the hours are indefinite, yet because the work admits of change and periods of rest the grievance often sounds harder than it really is, and to one who has worked with them, domestic employees will readily admit that such is the case.

Employers do not always realize how much work is done on the maids' days off. I find on my Sundays off I have worked from eight to eleven hours — and yet it was called "my day out" — and I had "not much to do but get the meals." Eight hours would be a fair day's work, and I never had less than that, excepting at one place in Boston. The work was continuous, as well, so that when at four or five o'clock I was ready for my outing I was too tired to do anything but go and sit in the park and rest.

The question of hours leaves some things to be desired. On the other hand, what does the employer receive in return for just conditions and fair wage, — "service that is faithful and efficient in its grade"? That she does not is evident from the fact that the employer is the one who complains most. The causes of complaint may be summed up somewhat in this manner:—

Both experienced and inexperienced girls demand the same wages.

The grade of service is out of proportion to the wages given.

There is no guarantee that the domestic employee will remain with the employer.

Well, these things being true, who should unite to remedy them, the mistresses or the maids?

As most of the training of domestic employees has been done in the households, the different grades of service can but reflect upon the different grades of teachers, and additional emphasis is given to the fact that not every American woman can keep house.

Why are domestics likely to leave at any moment? One answer may be seen

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in the character of one of my typical places. In many respects it was agreeable, but the master of the house was forever fussing around the kitchen, and his manner was snappish and disagreeable to the last degree. No woman could stand it. Over and over again I said to myself, "He is a little chimney and soon heated." Your home may be all that is desired, but your children may not be; you "can't kill them off," as a lady said to me, but would you blame your cook if she sought a place where the family was smaller, other things being equal? You may have a small family, and on that account you expect your maid to do outside work and beat the rugs. Can you blame her if she prefers a place where a man is hired to do such things? You may be a most considerate mistress, but if your kitchen measures ninety-eight *inches* by seventy-four inches, and in that kitchen are placed cupboard, sink, ice chest, and gas range, could you blame your maid of all work if, feeling "like a bull in a china shop," she sought a larger sphere? There is another, more potent, reason for a girl's going. Facilities of travel have so increased the mobility of labor, that a girl thinks less to-day of going from Boston to the Pacific coast than she would have thought a hundred years ago of going from Boston to Roxbury.

Apparently the employers have the more grounds for complaint, therefore it is from them that the initiative should naturally come. Reform, with its educative influences both on those above and on those below, is needed, — not revolution. More education is needed in the science and art of housekeeping, which comes neither by inspiration nor with the possession of mother's cookbook and a supply of household linen. If it be a talent, or instinct, it needs developing, adapting, training. Housekeeping involves a knowledge of food values, dietetic combinations, practical chemistry, on the one hand; on the other, of market prices, the cost of the household plant, allowance for its wear and tear, and a just idea of the time required to perform particular tasks.

Mrs. A—— said to me, "Jane, it will take you half an hour to scrub your kitchen floor."

Now scrubbing this kitchen floor included also wiping up the butler's pantry, hall, and kitchen closet. The kitchen itself was about sixteen feet square, with little oilcloth paths wherever I did not want them, and two stoves to retard the cleaning process. I swept the kitchen thoroughly, removed and washed the oilcloths, wiped up pantries, and the like, and set to work on the floor proper. Twenty minutes of my half hour were gone. Perhaps I was slow, I do not know, but glancing at the clock I went to work with plenty of soap and water, and the courage of desperation. I was behind the stove when the doorbell rang. I wriggled out, washed and wiped my hands, took off my big brown apron, put my bow straight, and went to the door. Then upstairs two flights and down again, roll up sleeves, slip into the big apron, and return to the floor. I had no sooner rounded one stove and thrown a nice scrubbly splash over a fresh area, than the bell rang again. I answered it and, returning, got down to business once more. Five different times did that doorbell ring the knell of scrubbing. The floor was not finished in half an hour!

It is true that the study of domestic science is introduced into the curricula of girls' schools, courses in household economics are given in colleges, special schools in cookery, and colleges of domestic science have been established, and cooking is generally taught in the public schools. But with the possible exception of the special schools in cookery, such as Miss Farmer's in Boston, the general aim of those attending is not that they may thus be better qualified to take charge of their own houses, but rather that they may become either teachers of cooking, or managing housekeepers in institutions. But if training be needed for institutional management, why not

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for the house? Philip Gilbert Hamerton writes: "The importance of scientific cookery can hardly be exaggerated. This is one of those matters which people cannot be brought to consider seriously; but cookery in its perfection — the great science of preparing food in the way best suited to our use — is really the most important of all sciences, and the mother of the arts. . . . A scientific cook will keep you in regular health, when an ignorant one will offer you the daily alternative of starving or indigestion."

Why is it that while many women will admit that they cannot sew, acknowledge that they cannot cook, there is yet to be found the woman who confesses her inability to keep house? She may say she does not like to do it, or that she "cannot keep house so well as Mrs. B——;" but she does not say that she cannot do it. Yet how many can? More theoretical and technical knowledge on the employer's part of the duties to be performed would give a better idea of the time which should be allowed for certain tasks, the manner in which they should be done, and also a clearer judgment as to the amount of wages which should be paid for such service, and the number of hours required.

By special courtesy I visited a cooking class one morning, which was composed of young housekeepers. They sat around a table, each armed with a cookbook, from which the teacher read the lesson and explained the chemistry of the compounds. For instance, in making Scotch broth the meat was to be put into boiling water and then allowed to simmer gently for an hour and a half, so that it should still retain some of its juices.

"I always put mine on in cold water," said one.

"I took anything that came handy, hot or cold," from another.

"I just told the girl to put it on and cook it," a third remarked to me, *sotto voce*.

The menu consisted of Scotch broth, broiled scrod, potato balls, egg salad, boiled dressing, graham muffins, cheese straws, lemon tartlets, and apple puffs. Different tasks were assigned to each, and we went to the kitchen; the whole mechanism of the stove was explained, a fire was lighted, and its care given to one of the class. Her look of dire dismay was amusing. "But I don't know how."

"You'll learn," responded the teacher.

"Then there was hurrying to and fro." The fire-lady vibrated tremulously between the ice-box and the fire-box, banging the lids impartially. Meat and butter were washed, flour and sugar measured, eggs and dressing beaten, apples and potatoes peeled, fish scraped and cheese grated. Seven women were taking hold of one luncheon. The boiled dressing had to be remade; the fire was a roaring success; but the centre of attraction was the pastry. Each woman had a finger in the pie, and folded and rolled and patted and cut in turn. The luncheon was excellent. But this is what I kept thinking: "One pair of hands is ordinarily expected to do all this work, one pair of feet to do all this running, one head to keep all these things in mind. Certainly this training will help these women to appreciate practically the fact that these things take time." Sure enough. Just then a little lady said to me, "I never thought things took so long."

But some one says, "You cannot send every employee to a cooking school." No more can you; nevertheless, they need more education. They must get it somehow. And though there may be differences of opinion as to how much the housekeeper needs, there is among them only one voice when the training of the employee is in question. Well, how shall this be accomplished? Thus far the efforts made toward the training of domestic employees have not been signally successful. There is a school for domestic employees connected with the Y.W. C. A. of Boston. The girls are given a home and six months' training in general housework, together with lessons, in so far as it is practicable, in the chemistry of foods.

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During the fall and winter months, Miss Farmer has a special class for cooks on Wednesday evenings, at which there is an average attendance of seventy-five to a hundred women; the cost of each lesson being fifty cents, which is sometimes defrayed by the girls, sometimes by their employers. In Pratt Institute there is a like class from October to April, with an average attendance of seventy-five. A similar one is connected with Drexel Institute, and many others may be scattered through the land; but the fact is that they are not patronized by those who most need the lessons.

Take the immigrant. What is the use of going even to a free school when she can obtain employment instantly, and begin to refund the passage money which in nine cases out of ten has been advanced to her? The girl born upon American soil usually has early grasped the American axiom that the way to do a thing is to do it, and she takes a place and does it. Why should she go to school? If she can learn at some one's else cost rather than her own, and be paid for the trouble, why not take that way? Going to an employment bureau in Boston, and showing my references, I asked for work. The matron in charge questioned me: "What have you been doing?"

"General housework, but not any laundry."

"What wages have you been getting?"

"Five dollars a week."

"Can you cook?"

"Yes, I am a good plain cook."

"Can you cook meats, make soups, salads, hot breads, pies, and cakes?"

"Yes, I can do all that."

"Well, why don't you go out as a cook, then? I can get you a good place right away."

"I cannot make puff paste nor timbales; besides, I do not know whether I could cook well enough. I have never gone out just as a cook."

"Well, you had better go to cooking school; it will pay you."

Very sensible advice, and I heard her give it to others as well. Did they take it? In most cases — no.

One of the pleasantest classes I ever taught was in San Francisco under the principalship of Mr. James G. Kennedy. The boys and girls often had to leave school at an early age to help take care of the family. Cooking was introduced into the course of study. I was delighted, for I thought it would not only help the girls to make their homes more attractive, but provide a sure way of self-support when it became necessary for them to leave school. The following conversation took place one afternoon in my classroom: —

"Do you know, girls, I am surprised. We have all been so interested in that kitchen upstairs, and yet — Do you not like the cooking lessons?"

"Oh yes, Miss Klink."

"Yet here we have been talking for half an hour. You have been telling me what you intended to be and to do in life, and not one has mentioned cooking. I had not expected it of the boys, they will be cooked for, I hope; but — girls, not one single one has said that she was going to do housework. Tell me why."

There was a chorus of responses.

"It is nicer to work in a store; you are let off evenings, so you can go out and enjoy yourself."

"And you don't have no work on Sundays, neither."

"If you're a servant there is n't any place where your beau can come to see you, but just the kitchen."

"And our mothers want us at home at night." This from a dear little Minna whose ambition had been to "just get married and keep house like mother."

"It is awful lonely, nobody comes to see you hardly ever." As Bella was an inveterate talker, her objection carried weight.

"Yes, Miss Klink, and your work is never done; you are always busy all the time."

"We are not training servants" in our public schools.

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But in every rank of life homemakers might be trained either to make their own or other homes better. The problem is largely one of supply and demand, and the best source of supply is the American girls, many of whom are growing up to poverty, and worse, because they do not get the right training when they need it.

Perhaps it may be wise to state that all the illustrations used in these articles are those which have occurred in my own observation and experience in those cities which I considered to be typical. People have said to me, "But, Miss Klink, people would see you were different from the ordinary maid, and treat you accordingly." That may be true, but I do not think so. I believe we are all nearer the commonplace than we think we are, and given a different dress, a different style of wearing the hair, above all, a different environment, and few of us rise so completely above these things as to be particularly noticeable. Take many a maid, dress her in her mistress's clothes, and could a casual observer tell who was who? Turn the case the other way. One lady said to me, "You seem to be above your position." I replied that I had not always "lived out." Another employer, of whom I shall always think with pleasure, said, "It has been so nice to have you with me; you are educated, and yet you keep your place." Did I not "keep my place" because of my education? One employer corrected herself in the use of "Miss Jane" nearly every time she asked me to do anything. However, I cannot say that I impressed the majority of my employers as being anything else than I represented myself to be,—a woman eager for work, and anxious to do it just as well as she knew how.

When I first determined to undertake this investigation, while endeavoring to preserve an open mind, I must say that my sympathies were with the maid; and, commiserating her, I put myself as far as possible in her place. I felt that she was a downtrodden creature. Going out as a domestic employee, I expected to be lonely. Well, I was. I experienced to the full the loneliness of one who is a member of the household but not of the family, the isolation of the stranger in a strange land. I expected to wear caps and aprons, and I did; it was a small matter. I was prepared to have every one call me by my first name, and was seldom disappointed.

But for one thing I was not prepared, and that was that I should pity my mistress. My experiences as a domestic employee led me to see the difficulties of the employer, more clearly than I had ever imagined, through the light of my own mistakes,—contrasting the service I was giving with what I felt I should give. When I made a meat pie with a crust that might have been a blanket, do you not suppose I imagined what my feelings would have been, had any one placed that creation before me? I was as sorry that it had to be eaten as I was that it had been made. When, one day, in a wild hurry, I took the wrong jar from the cold closet and filled the water glasses with gasoline, was I sorrier for myself or for my employer when my offense "smelt to heaven"?

While performing the duties of the maid, I have instinctively put myself in the place of the mistress, and for that reason I shall discuss this matter of domestic service again, to see how the present tendencies can be shaped into policies which may induce action leading to some result.

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ISIDRO [1]

BY MARY AUSTIN

XXV

IN WHICH MASCADO HEARS NEWS

THE keepers of the camp lay supine in the late yellow light, on beds of skins or heaped brown needles of the pines, following the shade around. The women, of whom there were three or four with the renegades, stooped at their interminable puttering housewifery by the cold ashes of their careless hearths.

Isidro lay apart from the camp. He had his back to the Indians, and stared into the hot sunshine lying heavily on the fern beginning to curl brownly at the edges. Fading torches of castillea stood up here and there, and tall yellow lilies running fast to seed. The air above the meadow was weighted with the scent of the sun-steeped fern; small broken winds wafted it to him, palpable, like wisps of blown hair. It recalled a day when a gust of warm sweet rain had sent him and the lad to shelter under a madroño on the hill above Monterey. They had to run for it, crowding against the tree bole shoulder to shoulder, with the boy's hair blown across his cheek. He was conscious of a thrill that flew to his heart at the recollection and settled there.

Arnaldo lay on the earth the full width of the camp from Escobar. He seemed asleep, and now drew up a limb and now thrust it out in the abandon of drowsing indolence. Every move carried him an inch or two nearer the edge of the rose thickets and deep fern. Arnaldo was, in fact, widest awake of any at Hidden Waters, bent upon a series of experiments to discover how far and by what means he could get away from the camp without exciting suspicion. For the tracker had made up his mind to escape. Devotion to Escobar, in whose service he held himself to be, had kept him faithful to his bonds, but now the virtue was gone out of patience. He understood better than Escobar how the campaign went against the renegades, and in the event of Urbano's absence at any critical moment of defeat, doubted if Mascado would have the ability or the wish to save his prisoners. Besides, the tracker was greatly bored by the company of the renegades; the food was poor, and Isidro had no more cigarettes, and though he managed to win all the young man's coin at cards one day, Escobar as regularly won it back the next. The escape must be made good in broad day, when the prisoners had the freedom of the camp, being bound at night and placed between watchers. Therefore he lay awake and experimented while the camp dozed. Being so alert, he caught the first motion of approach, and guessed what it augured by the manner of it. The noise of battle had not penetrated so far in the thick wood; the panic of flight, sobered by distance, brought the refugees up at nearly their normal discretion. They came noiselessly enough, dropping from the trackless stony rim of the hollow, or by secret trails through the manzanita. They cast down their arms as they came, and trod upon them with moccasined feet; they dropped to earth by the unlit hearths and turned their backs upon their kind. One who had broken his bow across his knee stood up and made a song of it, treading upon the fragments as he sang.

This is the bow, — the war-weapon,
The heart of a juniper tree.
False, false is the heart,
For it answered not to the cord,
For it spake not truly the will of the bowman.

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"*Ai, ai, ai!*" rose the wail of the women; they beat upon their breasts and cast ashes on their unbound hair. "*Ai, ai!* — false is the bow," they chanted.

The voice of the singer rose bleak and bitterly, and this was the sense of his broken words, sighs, gesticulations, and wild intoning: —

It is the arrow, — slender reed of the river,
The feathered reed, the swift-flier,
The reed that stings like a snake,
That speaks of death to the foeman,
Like a snake it is false to the bowstring,
Like the snake of two tongues it speaks falsely.

Mascado came haltingly into the isle of pines, and held up his hand; the song and the wailing ceased.

"Faugh!" he said; "ye sing and ye weep, but ye will not fight, frightened at the sound of guns as children at thunder, beaten upon your own ground! Weep, then, for ye cannot fight!"

The men took the whips of his scorn in silence, but Marta's motherliness was proof against the occasions. "Neither will you fight any more, my son, if you lie not down and let me tend your wound."

He turned from her and dropped sullenly upon the ground.

Isidro had drawn in toward the group of wounded with the natural motion of curiosity and concern. The prolonged dribble of fugitives over the rim of the hollow, the distress of their hurts, the noiseless effect of hurry and disaster, involved him in the sense of defeat. Being so fine as to feel that, he was too fine not to be conscious of the isolation made for him, as a party of the enemy, by the indrawing of their thoughts upon their own concerns. The best help he could offer was the turning of his back upon their shameful hour.

The sun, sloping far to seaward, parted the shadows of the pines in slender files by long paths of light that led the eye away from the prone and sullen fighting men toward the lonely wood. Isidro let his gaze rove down the yellow lane, walked toward the outskirts of the camp, leaned his back against a tree, looking into the shadowy hollow of Hidden Waters, thinking homesickly of El Zarzo, and turning presently, obedient to the instinct which warns of approaching presence, saw her there. She stood beyond him in the shadow, where the sunbeams filtering through the boughs of pines spread a vapor thin and blue, — the erect young figure and the level, unfrightened gaze. He could have touched her where she stood, but made no motion; his pulse leaped toward her with the tug of his startled spirit.

"Lad, lad," he whispered.

"Señor," she breathed.

A long flight of time went over them while they stood in the shadow and each grew aware, without so much as daring to look, what absence and circumstance had wrought upon the other. A keen and sudden whistling shocked their spirits back to the sense of things, as the naked blade of a knife flashed between them and sank to the hilt in the earth at their feet. Back in the camp Mascado had half raised himself from his bed to throw it, and now leaned upon his elbow watching them with keen darts of hate. They saw the weary and sullen braves turn toward him with momentary amazement, and Marta running to ease him to the ground with a steady flow of talk, presenting her broad back as a screen between the pair and him. The knife handle still quivered in the sod.

"Now if he were not already a fallen man I could kill him for that," said Isidro.

"Let him be," said the girl; "Marta has much to say to him."

"And I to you, Lady Wife; I left you safe at San Antonio; how comes it that you are here?"

It was a long story, and the best telling of it would have left something wanting to a full understanding. Jacintha lifted up her eyes and laid it bare. Isidro could not escape the conviction that this detached young spirit loved him, and for a man who meant to make a priest of himself took it light-heartedly.

"I did wrong," he said, "to leave you

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so; wrong, again, not to go straight to you from Peter Lebecque's. Will you sit? There is much to tell."

They sat down on the strong roots of the redwood. Mascado's knife stuck in the ground between them. They told their story in concert, capping each other's adventures with coincidences of time and occasion, with now and then a shy hint of explanation of motive or impulse, not clear but wonderfully satisfactory. They thrilled together over the fact of their nearness on the night of the raid at Soledad, and discovered in themselves on that occasion presentiments that should have warned each of the other's proximity. They touched lightly on the reasons for Jacintha's flight toward Hidden Waters. She was afraid, she said, lest Mascado should do him harm, and only Marta could persuade Mascado; this did not quite account for Jacintha, but they let it go at that.

The light failed out of the hollow, and little fires began to glow among the dead leaves. An Indian woman brought them food heaped on a piece of bark. Pungent odors of night-blooming plants came out of the meadow, and the wind creaked the drowsy redwoods. Jacintha told of her night's sally from Monterey, the long strain of riding, the shock of the battle and retreat. Isidro's hand crept out along the gnarly roots; another hand fluttered toward it and lay softly in its grasp.

"Oh, my Briar, Wild Rose of the Mountain, was it worth while to endure so long, to risk so much?"

"It was worth," she whispered.

An Indian came up and plucked Isidro silently from the earth and led him to his bonds. The girl crept away to Marta. Mascado's knife stuck still in the ground.

The first thing Isidro did in the morning, when he had his freedom, was to pull up the blade and carry it to Mascado. The renegade's face was set in its usual lines of severity, but the rage and sweat of battle, the drain of his wound, more than all, the fever of his night's musing on Marta's news, had not left him without traces. He sat with his back to a tree, and his eyes were dull; he dropped the knife in its sheath, and turned away. Marta and Escobar exchanged glances.

"He knows?" questioned one.

"Knows all," answered the other.

The young man turned back to Mascado. "Madam my wife," he said, "the Commandante's daughter, comes to no harm?" It was put as a question, but appeared a threat.

Mascado, who was at the ebb of spirit and strength, made a motion of negative.

"I am surety for that," said Marta. Urbano's lieutenant roused; he was not yet at the point of letting a woman speak for him.

"She needs no surety," he said. He rose up stiffly, hesitated, and turned. "Even now we hold a council; it will be as well she remains a boy in the eyes of the camp, and is not seen too much with the prisoners."

"You know best," said Escobar with no trace of raillery. It was the first word that had passed between them concerning the girl, since Las Chimineas. Once spoken it bound them together for her protection, and they began to grow in each other's esteem.

Maybe Mascado's wound had drained a little of the graceless savage out of him. As the affair stood it was too big for him. He believed Jacintha to be a wife in fact and Castro's daughter. Escobar had beaten him, and so had the Commandante. He felt the girl immeasurably removed from him; if it came to that, in her dispassionate contempt she had beaten him worst of all. What he might have thought had he been whole and his men undaunted is another matter,—one does not often think unharnessed by conditions.

Isidro saw the force of Mascado's warning in the sour looks he had from the defeated renegades drawing in to council. It threatened open hostility at the discovery that Arnaldo the tracker was missing. It was surmised that in the confusion he had slipped away to bring

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Castro down upon them. Isidro was genuinely put out by the breach of faith.

"A graceless dog," he said to Mascado. "He knew I had passed my word, and as my servant should have been bound by it."

"It is not much matter; Castro would find us in a few days at most," said Mascado dully; "but the men believe you concerned in it; I have ordered that you be bound."

Bound he was with the most ungentle handling. So much of an explanation was almost an apology. It irked Mascado exceedingly to seem at that time to push his advantage against Escobar. Dumbly he was trying to pull himself up to the other man's standard of magnanimous behavior.

Scouts were out to try to intercept Arnaldo and to keep watch of Castro's men. The council proceeded heavily; men spoke at long intervals with dragging speech; gusty flaws of passion broke out and fell away as the smoke of the camp-fire dropped back to earth in the heavy air. One of the wounded had died in the night, and his kin sat around him with pitch smeared on their faces, raising the death song in a hushed, mutilated cry. The pine wood, the over-ripe grasses, the fruiting shrubs looked skimp and dingy in the hot, straight beams of the sun.

Isidro had only a few words with Jacintha as she strayed near him in Marta's company, and those went contrarily.

"You did wrong," she said, "to give back Mascado's knife; you should have kept it against need."

"Mascado himself will use it better in your defense. Are you armed?"

"I have a pistol that I brought from my father's house."

"If the worst comes," said Isidro, strained with anxiety, "stay close by Marta, turn your back, and make no motion to be of my party. You will be safest so."

"I will not twice bestow my company where it is not wanted," said the girl stiffly.

"Eh, my Briar," said Isidro, "will you still prick?" But the girl had turned away.

The tension of strained nerves increased with the day. The air was close; it quivered above the meadow, and breathed like cotton wool. Toward midmorning they heard the long-drawn, dolorous whine of a coyote, singular and terrifying for that time of day. Hearing it, one of the naked savages shivered in the sun. One laughed, and in a twinkling knives were out.

"Down, fools!" roared Mascado.

They sat down, sheepish and sullen. Flocks of quail began to go by in numbers; their alarm calls sounded thickly in the wood. Touching the rim of the meadow they broke into whirring flight, running and flying alternately as they struck the farther side. A bear pushed eastward, snorting heavily with haste; squirrels began to move in the same direction with flying leaps. From the forest sounded short throaty howls of coyotes going by. Several of the Indians stood up, nosing the air like hounds.

It was about noon of the sun. There began to be a faint smell of smoke. Isidro thought it came from the camp-fire, but one of the renegades went and stamped it out. There was distinctly an acrid smell as of green wood burning. Suddenly one of the scouts broke running from the lower edge of the meadow passing through the camp.

"Fire," he said, "forest fire," and went on running.

Fretting to get back to his daughter at Monterey, and finding any other method of driving the renegades from their stronghold too tedious and costly of men, Castro had fired the wood.

XXVI

FOREST FIRE

At the first shock of the scout's warning cry the camp at Hidden Waters stiff-

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ened into instant attention, and instantly afterward, as if from the twang of a bowstring, several of the braves set off running in the same direction as the wild creatures had gone all that day. There were others who ran about crazily, picking up belongings and dropping them, recollecting themselves, and going on over the edge of the hollow with the flights of quail. The wounded cried out upon the others for help; all were running and in commotion, dizzily, as men run in dreams. The wife of the dead man began to run, came back, and lifted him by the shoulders, dragging him a pace or two on the slippery needles, then dropping him, ran on into the deep fern.

Isidro had hardly grasped the words of the warning, but he understood the smell of burning, the hurry of the camp, and the crash of deer like gray darts through the underbrush. He looked once at his bonds, and then around for Jacintha. He saw her running with her arms outspread, and observed that Mascado came toward him hastily with his knife out, and the girl made as if to intercept him. Mascado avoided her, and put his keen blade to the rawhide thongs that held Escobar hand and foot. He drew him up from the earth, and shook him as if to relieve the cramping of his limbs. Thought seemed to translate itself into action without sound. Escobar and the mestizo took the girl between them and set off in the wake of the flying camp, Marta laboring alongside them. She was middle-aged and fat; she could offer Mascado no help, nor could he on account of his wound do anything for her. Jacintha ran lightly between the two men.

"Not so fast," said Mascado; "there is worse yet."

After that no one spoke.

The forest of Hidden Waters was perhaps ten miles in extent, from the point where the Arroyo Seca cut the open swale diagonally to its thinning out on the crest of the range. Castro had started the fire at the lowest point of the triangle, and at several places along the open side, favored by the light wind which blew diagonally up the slope. On the farther side Hidden Waters was divided from the rest of the wooded region, which went on sparsely after that, by the stony wash of the Arroyo Seca. The path of the intermittent river lay dry at this season for more than half its length. Nearer its source a brownish stream spread thinly over a rocky bottom, and filled into boulder-rimmed pools that purled over gently to lower levels where the stream pinched out at last in sandy shoals. The wash of the river was steep and choked with water-smoothed stones, widened at intervals to several hundred yards, or narrowing to a stone's throw between points of boulder-anchored pines. It was usually just at the entrance of one of these defiles that the pools occurred. A chain of them, threaded on the slender rill, lay about five miles from the camp of the renegades, but higher up and barred from it by more than one terrace wall, nearly perpendicular, and smothered in gooseberry, buckthorn, and manzanita.

The fire had been started toward the arroyo, and the natural configuration of the forest carried it up the slope. Toward the pools and the open stony spaces bobcat, coyote, and deer ran steadily, with the unteachable instinct for safety, and the Indians followed them.

Mascado and his party were almost the last to leave the camp. Beyond the meadow the wood grew more openly and the rise of the ground was slight. They could see the renegades spread out among the trees, running. A brown bear went between them, trotting heavily like a pig, with an impatient woof! — woof! as he crossed paths with the Indians. A coyote pack went by with dropped heads and now and then a mutilated whine. Squirrels hopped in the branches with long flying bounds, all traveling east by north. At the first barrier they caught up with several of the warriors who had not found their second wind, with the wounded and the women. There was no trail here, but heaps of angular stones, piled logs, and

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a nearly straight ascent of a hundred feet. They worked up over this, every man for himself; nobody spoke or cried. They pushed up, crowding with the beasts. The smell of burning increased; Marta began to pant. From the top of this wall they could see, over the lower terraces, smoke rising; the fire had not yet reached the thickest wood, but rolled up by puffs from single trees lit like torches, and came from four or five points at once.

The second terrace sloped more steeply and offered a check to the running. The wood was still overhead; all the birds had gone on; the squirrels dropped to the ground, eating up the distance by incredible bounds. The only sound was the thudding of feet on the soft litter of the trees. The open places were full of small hurrying things. Two porcupines trailed beside Isidro, and seemed to find comfort in his company. He passed them. A fox vixen and her young snaked through the brush at his side and passed him. The fox mother snarled at him as she went.

Presently a sound rose in the wood and gripped them all with terror. It was the freshening of the afternoon wind which was to be looked for at that season, following on the heated noons. It blew on the tempered needles till the pleasant hum shrilled to the singing of flames, and hurried the pounding feet to the pace of increasing fear.

Jacintha and Escobar were still going with tolerable ease. In the strips of calico bound about Mascado's body across his wound a red spot showed that spread visibly. Marta had mixed with the renegades and the other women, perhaps to hide from them the distress of her laboring sides.

At the next barrier they could see the fires rolled together as one and the smoke of it glowing ruddily underneath. It spread toward them above the trees; particles of ashes floated in the air. Here they had half an hour of hard climbing, while the fire gained visibly. The man with the wounded knee, whose friends had abandoned him, climbed on doggedly beside them; he made no plea or outcry, but dug his fingers into the earth and climbed. The muscles of his chest seemed fit to burst with his incredible labors. Isidro lent him a hand over the edge and ran on. Only once an Indian uttered an exclamation. The fire traveled more rapidly along the edge of the open draw south of them, and nearing a narrow passage of the river, it had blown over and caught in the redwoods on the farther side. Now the wind drove it toward the Indians from the middle of the wood, in two crescent arms like the horns of a bull. After that there was only the business of running. Jacintha and Isidro went touching; Mascado held both his hands to his side. The air was suffocating with smoke that blew over the fire and struck and rolled against the higher ground.

The wall of the third terrace had a smooth stony front rooted in a strong thicket of mountain shrubs. From the foot of it men and beasts turned northward toward the river. Above the hurry of running they heard the high shrieking of the flame and the deep crescendo of it as it climbed the slope behind them. One of the hurt Indians, arrived at the limit of his strength, sat by a tree with his head hanging on his breast. They ran on and left him.

Jacintha began to faint. Mascado held her up on his side, but his knees trembled under him. A sharper crash broke at their back; Isidro thought it was the fire, and for an instant the use of his limbs forsook him. He saw Mascado's mouth open, a ring of blackness in the brown pallor of his face, but he could hear nothing; only the sense of the words reached him.

"The deer, the deer!" cried Mascado.

A great herd of them, starting far south of their camp, had turned at the foot of the terrace and run into the midst of the flying Indians. The rush of their coming seemed to shake the stifling air. A great buck plunging in the thickets brushed between the two men; they felt the breath of his panting. Mascado, who had the girl on his side, heaved her up out of the

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path; Isidro caught her arm across the buck's shoulder; she swung there. The herd tore trampling through the thicket. Mascado's wound burst as he lifted the girl and he went down under the cutting hooves. The deer went on toward the river, Isidro and the girl with them. The buck checked and blundered with his double burden; his tongue hung out of his mouth; the stiff thickets tore them as he ran. Isidro was able to help himself a little. Jacintha lay white and flaccid; her body swayed with the running, and the wind of the fire blew forward her hot, soft hair. Fragments of burning bark sailed past them, and lit the patches of ripe grass. The buck cleared them and ran on. Their skin crawled with the heat; the roar of the fire blotted out all thought; the boulders of the river were in sight. The buck reached a pool, plunged into it belly deep; Isidro blessed God. The wind, moving the free tips of the flames forward, lighted the tops of all the trees; roseate spires streamed up from them toward a low black heaven of smoky cloud. Between the boles he saw small creatures and Indians running. Now and then fires lit by falling brands flared up and obscured them, but they broke through; they shouldered together into the pool. Marta panted among the boulders and saw Escobar.

"Mascado?" she cried.

Isidro pointed; it seemed no time for considerate lying. The woman turned instantly. The wind lifted the smoke and showed long aisles of yet unlighted boles roofed with flame. Marta took something from her bosom; it was the blessed candle that had burned for Mascado before San Antonio and the Child. The Indians thought her crazed with fear. She stooped and lit it at a glowing brand and ran back toward Mascado. They saw her holding the candle aloft in the lighted aisle for a moment, and the curtain of smoke and flame swept down and obscured her. It seemed as if great lapses of time occurred between these incidents, but it was a very little while.

Several of the Indians were crowded in a lower pool, and they seemed to call, but the roaring of the wood shut out all. The air trembled with heat; lighted brands fell in the water and steamed there. Men and beasts crouched to bring themselves as much as possible into the pool. Three deer, two bobcats, and a coyote rubbed shoulders with the renegades; two foxes, one of them with a burned quarter, whimpered at the edge of the water.

In the shelter of the boulders, and along the shallow rill that slipped between the stones, there were small cowering things,—rabbits and badgers, wood rats and porcupines. When the last border of the redwoods was lit, and the fire roared at them from the opposite side of the gully, little dead bodies floated down into the pool. Presently there was no stream left to float them, cut off by the heat that scorched out its source. The pool grew almost intolerably hot, and shrunk at the edges. There was no other noise could live in the rip of the flames; the smoke billowed down upon them, and they had no knowledge when the day passed into night.

Isidro sprinkled water on the girl's face, still holding her against the buck's shoulder. After a little she revived and began to ask for Marta.

"I think she must be in the lower pool," said Escobar. "I saw her come out of the woods soon after us." Jacintha slipped from the buck's shoulders and found her feet under her. The water came to her armpits. Isidro took the kerchief from her head and wet it for her to breathe through and cover up her eyes. They clasped hands under the buck's white throat. The fierce incandescence of the forest faded, and the pitchy smoke obscured them more and more. They edged together and Isidro took her in his arms.

"Where is Mascado?" at length she whispered.

"His wound burst; he went down under the deer."

She shivered in spite of the heat. "He lifted me up," she said; "I remember

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that; was it then?" Isidro pressed her softly against his breast.

"He saved my life," she said, "he saved my life, and I had never so much as a kind word for him."

"Think no more of it," said Escobar.

The girl was quiet for a long time; her mind still ran on Mascado.

"He was very brave," she said. "I remember, as much as six years ago, there was a place near Peter Lebecque's where none of the Indians would go, — a tall, strange rock in a lonely cañon. There had been witchcraft there which made them afraid. Juana, my mother, would cross herself if so much as a wind blew from it, and I being both wild and bad thought to frighten her by going there. She was nearly frantic; Lebecque was from home, so she sent Mascado to fetch me. He was young, then, and quite as much frightened as any, but he came; he was quite pale with fright, and I laughed at him, but he came. He was a brave man."

"He died as a brave man would wish to die. Think no more of it, my Briar," said Escobar.

Billows of hot smoke beat upon them, the water hissed on the stones; she hid her face on his bosom. Presently she asked,—

"Do you see Marta?"

"I see nothing but thick smoke."

"Do you think we shall come safely through?"

"I am sure of that."

They were silent a longer time.

"What is that which stirs by me in the water?" asked the girl.

"It is a doe that pants with the running. It is better so, to screen you from the heat."

His lips were very near her face. They struggled in the smother of heat and smoke for breath.

"What is that I hear?" she whispered.

"It is a hurt fox at the water's edge," answered Isidro.

"It is a woeful sound," she said.

"Do not hear, then;" he sheltered her head within his arm.

The cloud of smoke passed a little from them.

"I would Marta were with us," said she.

"Am I not enough, Heart's Dearest?"

"You will not leave me?" breathed the girl.

"Never while my life lasts," said he.

Presently he raised her face between his hands and kissed her with a tender passion. The tall buck stooped above them and breathed lightly on their hair.

XXVII

ARROYO SECA

Isidro roused out of a doze, leaning against the buck, to hear the slow soft trickle of the water that had come back to its borders, sure sign that the fire had raged out on the bald summit of the hill. The night wind which came from the sea blew up the arroyo and cleared the smoke; it was possible to breathe freely. He could see through the murk a fringe of red fire outlining the bulk of the hills. Heat and smoke still rose from the burnt district; logs snapped asunder in glowing coals; tall trunks of standing trees burned feebly at the top like half-extinguished torches. In pits and hollows, where two or three had fallen together, the fire still ripped and flared.

The Indians had drawn out of the water and slept on the warm stones, but the wild things looked not to have moved all night; their eyes were all open and a-gaze. The air lightened a little to approaching dawn.

Jacintha slept on Isidro's breast, standing deep in the water; her face made a pale disk in the dark. The heat, the suffocation, the acrid smoke, the tepid, ash-impregnated water, full of crowding men and beasts and small charred bodies, the intolerable tedium of the night, had no more poignant sense for Escobar than the feeling of the soft young body within the hollow of his arms. If he had not felt

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the want of a wife before, he felt it now. It was something to comfort and protect, something to wear against his heart to keep it warm.

The sky lightened behind its veil of smoke. The sun rose above the ranges, shorn of all his rays. The Indians began to stir; Jacintha woke.

Her first inquiry was for Marta. Isidro avoided it, drawing her out of the pool to dry their clothing on the still heated boulders.

"You said that you saw her come safely out of the burning," she insisted.

"She came, yes," said Escobar, driven to mannish bluntness by distress. "But when she saw Mascado was not with us she ran back."

"Back there! Into the fire? Marta?" The girl started up for an instant as if she would have gone after her. "And you let her go? You let her go?"

Isidro took her by the shoulders.

"I had you to see to; it was done all in a moment; no one could have prevented her. She had something, a candle I think, which she took from her bosom."

"I know; a blessed candle from the church at Carmelo. She burned one always for Mascado before San Antonio and the Child."

"She ran with it among the trees. No doubt San Antonio had her in hand. The flames seemed to part to let her through."

"Oh, but you should not have let her go!" cried Jacintha; "you should not have let her go." She sobbed dryly; the heat and exhaustion had stopped the source of tears. The girl's grief was genuine; Isidro let it have way. Marta had been the first to show her tenderness since her foster-mother had died.

They sat down with their backs to a boulder, hand in hand, doubtful what the Indians would do to them. They had little matter for conversation; now and then Jacintha gave a shudder and a shaking sob and Isidro pressed her hand.

The Indians got together. Most of them were scorched along their naked backs, many were badly burned. Including Marta, five of their party had failed to win through. They did not talk much. One of them had killed a deer with his knife where it stood beside him in the pool, and they ate of it in the same sombre silence. Isidro, seeing no motion in his direction, cut strips of the flesh with his own knife, and toasted them on the coals for himself and the girl. After food the courage of them all revived. The blueness of smoke hung thick in the air, relieved a little above the cañon of the stream which made a little draft of wind.

The renegades, with no debate, but as if by the concerted instinct which sets a herd of deer in motion, began to move upstream, taking with them what was left of the meat. They walked in the track of the water and gingerly among the hot stones of its borders. They looked not once nor spoke to Escobar. Upstream and over the blackened ridge lay a safe green country full of game, and beyond that was home. By twos and threes they vanished into the mist of smoke. One of them, hesitating at the last, half turned toward Escobar with a gesture of dismissal. Their game was up; they wanted no more of him.

All this time the animals in the water had not moved, shocked into quietude by the disorder of their world. The pool reddened still with the blood of the slain deer.

"Wife, let us go," said Escobar.

Jacintha waded out to the buck and put her arms up to his neck; he suffered it with timidity. She laid her cheek to his throat and blessed him, signing the cross on his shoulders.

"Let none come after thee to hurt thee, and none lie in wait by night. Let no arrow find thee, no, nor hunger, nor forsaking of thy kind. Blessed be thou among beasts."

She came up out of the water, and Isidro took her hand. They went downstream.

"What shall we do?" said Jacintha when they had traveled in silence a painful quarter of an hour. The broadening

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day brought them an accession of embarrassment, mixed with a deep satisfaction in each other's company.

"Yesterday," said Isidro, "the Commandante must have been at the lower part of the wood. I trust he is not far removed. We may come up with him. If Arnaldo made his way safely, as I have no doubt he did, he may be looking for us."

"He — my father — does not know that I am here," faltered Jacintha. She was still greatly in awe of the Commandante.

"No matter," said Escobar stoutly; "it is proper that you be with me."

The implication of his words reddened her pinched and weary face.

They made way very slowly, being stiff with the strain and exertion of the night and day. They met animals, rabbits, ground-inhabiting things, bobcats, and a lean cougar mother mouthing three dead kittens, herself all singed and scarred, and came frequently on dead bodies of beasts lying in the wash. Then Jacintha would think of Marta, and her face would quiver and draw pitifully, until Isidro would quiet her with audacious tenderness and set her glowing as from a delicate inner flame. Once after such a sally she smiled up to him.

"You are too good to me, señor."

"Eh, what!" cried Isidro in mock amazement. "Is that a name for a man's wife to give him? Señor, indeed!"

"Am I really that to you, Don Isidro?"

"Are you what?"

"What you said."

"My wife? As much as the Sacrament can make you!" was his assurance; the look that went with it said much more.

"And you wish it so?"

"Must I tell you that, my Briar?"

"But you are vowed to Holy Church."

"No vow of mine; an old promise made before I was born. I am convinced that I have no vocation."

"And after all," she said wistfully, "I am really the Commandante's daughter."

"You are — Ah, I do not know what you are. I think I shall need all my life to find you out, all my life and heart. Ah lad, lad!" It was always after a word of supreme endearment between them. He held both her hands and drew her up to him.

Castro, having delivered his final stroke at the stronghold of the renegades, drew off to wait and see what came of it, and to deliberate how he should strike as effectively at the remnant under Urbano. The condition of mission affairs, and the spirit of insurrection kept alive among the neophytes by the successes of Urbano's men, justified, in his sight, the severest measures. He esteemed the fire roaring up the terraces of Hidden Waters a splendid engine of war, but not for long. That was the day and, when the fire raged the hottest, the hour when Pascual and Don Valentin dropped in upon his camp on the scarp of a low hill, with fagged horses and bloody spurs.

Pascual, mindless of military dignities, called out to him as man to man.

"My brother, Escobar, have you got him? Is he yet with the rascals? What is that fire?" The two men had smelled the burning an hour since, and guessed what Castro was about. Don Valentin spoke more to the point and at length.

"Señor Escobar a prisoner with the renegades?" said the Commandante, visibly disturbed. "How long has this been known?"

"Since Tuesday of this week. It was at first a rumor hardly believed."

"We lost our way in these damnable hills," exploded Pascual, "or you should have heard of it soon enough. Did you light that fire?"

Delgardo waved him aside. "Send out the men," he said; "there is more."

Castro gave the order. "My daughter?" he said.

"Señorita Castro and the woman Marta have been missing since Wednesday morning. It is believed they have gone in search of him. Marta is Mascado's mother."

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Castro's body strained with the impotent violence of nightmare. The news seemed to divide him body and spirit. He made as if he would have struck Delgardo for his disastrous tidings.

He saw the men's eyes upon him from a little distance under the trees and gulped back a momentary control.

"Montaña! Montaña!" he cried out to his lieutenant, and lapsed weakly to his seat; his hands moved fumblingly across his lips.

"Put out the fire, Montaña," he said in a dead, flaccid voice.

"Pardon?" said the puzzled lieutenant.

"I said put out the fire, the fire on the mountain;" he moved with a feeble impatience at the other's slowness. "My daughter is there on the mountain; she will burn."

Delgardo went to him. "Señor Commandante, it is best that you lie down. I will see that Montaña understands."

All the while Mascado and Escobar, with the girl between them, were making their running in the redwoods above Hidden Waters; all that night, when they stood against the tall buck in the pool, Castro lay in his blankets, burying his head in them to shut out the shriek and snapping of the fire, the roseate purple glow, the great roar of the pitchy smoke going skyward. Bodily weakness served to intervene between him and the force of his mind's distress, which returned upon him at intervals like a spasm of pain. He thought Montaña and the men busy about putting out the fire, asking Delgardo continually how they sped, and Delgardo humored him.

Montaña had, in fact, dispatched men up the arroyo and along the open south side, but the first came back reporting the trees afire on both sides of the wash and the passing dangerous; the others found only Arnaldo nearly dead with running, and no comforting news.

"How does it now?" questioned Castro from his bed when they had turned him away from gazing on the hills.

"It dies out along the lower edges," said Don Valentin, propping his tired eyes upon his hand.

"Does it burn fast?"

"Hardly so fast as an Indian can run," said the conscienceless Delgardo.

"And Marta had horses, you say?"

"She had; José, Martinez's man, got them for her."

"Besides," said Castro for the thousandth time, "they may not yet have reached the camp."

Delgardo, who had seen Arnaldo, had nothing to say to that. Pascual groaned. Then they fell into silence and a doze of deep exhaustion, until Castro roused them, fretting from his bed.

"How does it now?"

"It burns slowly where the bluffs are treeless and steep."

"Will they win through, think you?"

"By the grace of God, I am sure of it."

And so on through the hours until the fire passed thinly to the tree line, and the smoke hid all but the red reflection on the sky.

Pascual and Don Valentin got some needed sleep at last. Castro's strength began to come back to him, and with it his collected spirit, which, though it quickened the agony of apprehension, helped him to spare others the exhibition of it. By morning, which broke dully, blurred with smoke, he was able to mount and ride; but the ten years which it was said he had lost since his daughter was found came back, and settled heavily on his shoulders and bent him toward the saddle-bow.

From Arnaldo's account he judged it best seeking up the arroyo. He sent the tracker with men to try if possible to cross the hot ashes to the camp, and follow the probable line of flight, for he knew now all that Arnaldo could tell him of Escobar and his daughter.

Castro, Pascual, Delgardo, and six men rode up the stony wash. The stench of burning, the acrid ash that whirled about in the wind, the difficulties and discomforts of the way, took the edge off

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of anguished expectation. The men rode in advance, — Castro had no hope to spur him forward, — and whatever of dead they found they hid out of the way.

Isidro and the girl heard the clank of shod hoofs on the boulders. Escobar raised a cracked, dry halloo. The answer to it set them trembling with the eagerness of relief.

"*Virgen Santissima*, Mother inviolate, Mary most Holy, Queen of the Angels," murmured the Commandante in deep thankfulness as he saw her come.

Not the greatest moments are long proof against daily habits and hates. Castro's anxiety for his daughter's life was not of such long standing that his prejudice against Escobar was not longer; but his habit of authority was older than both. It fretted him in his enfeebled state, almost before he had done returning thanks, to have her appear so in boyish disguise before his men; chafed his new dignity as a parent to have her leave his house and go running to the woods after this young sprig Escobar; and since his daughter was above all blame, he blamed Escobar. There was a moment of embarrassment and chill after the greeting and congratulation. Don Isidro had that in his heart which fortified him against all frostiness of behavior.

Castro turned to his men. "Miguel and Pedro," he said, "will give up their horses to Señor Escobar and my daughter." He kept fast hold of the girl, but Isidro claimed her with his eyes. The men led up the horses. She, who a month before had been free to vault Indian-like from the ground, suffered herself to be lifted up ladywise. Castro reserved that occupation for himself, though he was hardly able for it. Isidro went on quietly shortening the stirrups; the two men eyed each other over the horse's shoulders.

Said Isidro, courteous and smiling, "I give madam my wife into your keeping, Señor Commandante, until we come to a better state."

The Commandante turned abruptly to his own horse and broke twice in the effort to mount. One of the troopers gave him a hand. Isidro's hand was on the girl's, her eyes on his eyes. She stooped lightly; the young man brought his horse alongside, one foot in the stirrup; her soft hair fell forward, his eyes drew her, they kissed.

"March!" cried the Commandante. The horses clattered on the start; they struck into a trot.

Pascual burst out a-laughing. "By my soul, brother," he cried, "but you begin well for a priest!"

Isidro blushed.

"I am not a priest yet," he said, "and the lady is really my wife."

They mounted and rode after Castro's men.

XXVIII

THE END OF THE TRAIL

"And what," said the Father President, pacing up and down in the mission parlor, "what becomes of your priestly calling?"

"Padre," said Escobar, leaning his arm upon the table, "I have no true vocation."

"You thought differently a month since."

"A month since, yes. Much may happen in a month."

"Hardly enough, I should think, to outbalance a decision made practically before you were born."

"Before I was born, Padre, and therefore hardly within my power of agreeing or disagreeing. But within the month, Reverend Father, I have been in captivity and distress. I have faced dreadful death, and fleeing from it have learned that I wished to live, not to do priest's work in the world, but for the sake of life itself, for seeing and feeling and stirring about among men."

"You wish not to do the work of Our Father Christ?"

"It is not that I do not wish it, but I wish to do a man's work more."

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"A month since," said Saavedra again, "that was not your thought."

"My thought then was the thought of a boy; but hear now what is in my mind. You have heard how Marta died, going into the fire after she had come safe out of it. We do not know well what was in her heart, but my — but Jacintha thinks that she wished to bring the blessed candle to Mascado, so that he might have that much of religion at his end. She took no care of what might happen to herself. It is my thought that God's priests should so carry salvation to men, counting not the cost, and I have not that spirit, Padre; I should count the cost."

"What, then, do you wish?" The Padre was visibly patient and, by an effort, kind.

"I wish — the common life of man, the common chances; no more, I think; common duties, labors, occupations; to have my own house, my wife,"— here the young man colored slightly,— "and children, if God please. It is not much."

The Padre stopped in his walk and laid both hands on the table, looking across at Escobar.

"No, it is not much," he said, "not much for which to give over a great labor, toward which we thought,— or at least I thought and you agreed with me, a month since,— toward which the need and occasion pointed as the Finger of God."

"A great work, Padre, but wanting a proper instrument. I am afraid I could not help you there." There was a pause.

"What do you mean, my son?" said the Padre at last. There was a hint of anxiety in his voice, a dawning grayness in his face.

"I mean, Padre," the young man came out, halting and reluctantly, with his thought, "in regard to the foundation of the Franciscans,— the Missions,— there is much that sticks in my mind."

"You mean" — said the Padre dully.

"I mean — I hardly know what, except that what you expected of me as to the continuance of the Missions in their present aspiration and direction has become impossible." He was going on with argument and extenuation, all that Jacintha had taught him, all that he had learned from Mascado in the hills, all the eager young straining after ideals of liberty which fomented in the heart of Mexico, but the Padre held up his hand.

"Spare me," he said, "spare me." The old man turned away to the window and looked long toward the sea, toward the orchard, the laborers in the barley, the women spinning in the sun, the comfort, busyness and peace, the cross twinkling over all. He was used in these days to men who doubted the efficiency of all these; but the hurt, the deep intolerable wound, lay in knowing that the matter had been brought to Escobar by his own hand, the contrary judgment shaped, as far as he knew, on his own showing. He came back at last and laid his worn, thin palms on the young man's shoulders.

"Oh, my son, my son, could you not have spared me this?"

Tears rose in Isidro's eyes, and he touched the old hands reverently with his lips, but he could not take back his word.

"We priests," said Saavedra with an unused accent of bitterness, "have none of the joys of parents, but at least one of their pangs,— to know that those we have nurtured in our dearest hopes have not found those hopes worth gathering up."

The young man said nothing to this; there was, in fact, nothing to say.

"I am an old man," went on Saavedra, "and a great sinner. No doubt I set my mind above my Master's, desiring what is not good for me to have."

They were silent for some time, and Escobar guessed that the Padre prayed. Finally he moved somewhat feebly as if he felt his age press upon him, brought up a chair, and sat at the opposite side of the table.

"What, then, do you wish of me?" he said with courageous cheer.

"That you persuade Castro to recognize my marriage with his daughter, or at least my claims to her hand."

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"The marriage was duly celebrated with the Sacrament, you say, and recorded?"

"It was. But for the recording we had not the lady's name. It was written Señorita Lebecque. The Commandante holds that to invalidate the marriage."

"Hardly, unless conscious fraud was used, and that it was not could easily be proved. The Sacrament of the Church cannot be lightly set aside. What says the lady?"

Isidro had the grace to blush, but held on steadfastly. "The lady wishes what I wish. We are of one mind."

The Padre's face softened with a weary smile. "No doubt it can be arranged; I will see Castro. Now leave me, my son; I have much to think on."

Isidro knelt to receive a blessing; he looked up into the kind, pale eyes, and his heart wrung him for his defection. He thought of the quest of Juan Ruiz.

"Oh, Padre, Padre," he cried with half a sob, "I owe you much!"

"It is nothing. Go in peace, my son; the Lord keep you and make His face to shine upon you."

The old priest, left to himself, sat a long time sadly staring into the room. It is an ill hour for an old man when the objects of a life-long renunciation, lusts of the heart, the common human aspirations, rise up to defeat him in the end.

At the last Castro made no great difficulty. He persuaded himself that he wished merely to be assured that his daughter's heart inclined toward Escobar. Really the trouble was in his hurt susceptibilities at being so soon set aside.

All the lean, wifeless, childless years could not be filled out in a month. Now that his daughter was found he wanted time for adoring her, and though he had not been a parent long, it was long enough to develop parental proclivities for meddling in his daughter's affairs. His worst objection to Escobar at this juncture was that Jacintha had chosen him. As much as the young man had associated himself with the girl's life before her father had found her, the Commandante resented it. All those companionable hours, the captivity, the distress which they shared, their very youth which they had in common, Castro envied them.

The experience of an unhappy love as often as not unfits a man to deal fairly by a happy one. Castro had lost the mother, before he had her, to another man; now, it appeared, he was to lose the daughter, and in the same case; but with her, as with Ysabel, he had the passionate purpose to hold to the form and shadow of possession.

Jacintha left him in no doubt as to her sentiments. Now that Escobar claimed her she went no longer shamefaced, but wore her love nakedly and gloried in it. She increased in dignity; her beauty grew apace like a flower. Not all the artificialities of dress and behavior imposed on her by the matrons Castro brought to be her advisers had made her a woman, but a man's need of womanliness to love. Where Escobar put her in his thought she stayed; she might live a little above that level, but never below it. She gave Castro no warrant for his reluctance to admit the marriage at San Antonio, though warrant might have been found for it in his agreement with Valentin Delgardo. He had gone so far with that gentleman as to recognize his claim to be considered a suitor for his daughter's hand. As usage was at that time, the Commandante might have held himself bound, but here Delfina's tongue came aptly in. The interval between Jacintha's flight to Hidden Waters and her return had been employed by Delfina and Fray Demetrio in making the fame of the girl and Escobar a thing of shreds and tatters. There will always be these blue flies buzzing on the fringe of nobler lives, shaping them unguessed to contrary courses. Originating, if it had any origin but pure affinity for mischief, in malice toward Escobar, the gossip served him an excellent turn. Not much of it reached the Commandante, but it was in the air, and Don Valentin, who was not known to be

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directly implicated, heard more than he stomached easily. Besides, he had seen the kiss exchanged by Isidro and the girl in the Arroyo Seca, and being a politic youth as well as honorable in the main, Don Valentin withdrew. Castro was, however, the poorer for that, and Delgardo made a beginning of that fortune which in the heyday of Alta California became notable. The Commandante, all other consideration going down before it, allowed the announcement of the marriage at last, to quiet scandal. He would have wished to have the ceremony repeated, but Saavedra judged it inexpedient. They had in lieu of it a special service in the church of San Carlos, followed by a *baile* at the Presidio, at which both Pascual and Don Valentin outdid the groom in the splendor of their buttons and embroideries. The festivities were attended by the Governor and his lady, by everybody who could by any reasonable excuse be invited, by long trains of Indians bearing flowers; and it lacked but one item of an exceptionally fashionable affair, — the bride, riding to the church as the custom was, chose, not her father's splendid mount as would any girl in her senses, but the same kicking pinto which had brought her up from the hut of the Grapevine in the train of Escobar. As the wedding party halted at the church door, Isidro unpinned a fly-specked paper from it, offering, in the handwriting of the secretary, a reward for information concerning certain papers found in the alms-box. He passed it up to the Commandante; Castro gave a thin, wintry smile.

"You have not given me the information," he said, "but you seem to have the reward."

Within a month after the marriage the Commandante got his release, and soon after that, the galleon La Golindrina putting into port, bound for Mexico, he embarked upon her with his daughter and Escobar.

Isidro with his young wife leaned upon the rail and watched the dwindling of the white walls of Monterey.

"Said I not truly," whispered the girl, "that when you sailed for Mexico I should be with you on the sea?"

"Most truly, my Briar, and with me shall see the world, though it seems I serve myself more than God."

"But that was not what I said."

"What was it, most dear? I forget."

"That I should serve God — and you." She lifted soft eyes to him, shy and adoring, as to a saint. It appeared she would make an excellent wife; Isidro, at least, was sure of it. He held her hand under the rebozo, and watched the town fade into the blueness of the hills.

They said to each other, and believed it, that they would come again and visit the places of their young delight, — the cañada of the Grapevines, the Mission San Antonio, and all the seaward, poppy-colored slope of the coastwise hills; but, in fact, they never came together to Alta California. The care of the Ramirez estates and the political preferment to which Escobar's facile temper led him proved sufficient occupation. Isidro came once to see his father die, but Doña Jacintha kept at home with her young children.

Padre Saavedra knew them well in Old Mexico, where he followed them within two years, upon the breaking up of the Missions, the loss of which colored all his later years with a gentle and equable grief. His faith and the natural temper of his mind forbade that any bitterness should mingle with it, but he left much of his sprightly vigor at Carmelo, where the memory of him served to keep many of his following in the faith when all other props failed. Among the traditions of the Mission recounted by the dwindling band of neophytes were many incidents of his great-heartedness, and one, admonishing them to steadfastness, of Marta, the story of whose life and heroic end showed her in receding time a sainted figure vanishing between the lines of lighted trees attended by a host of flaming wings.

It was reported at the time of the secularization of the Missions that one and

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another of the Padres secretly enriched themselves from their accumulated coin, — the discoverable amount of which fell so far below the popular estimate, — and of these there was none had so much laid to his credit as Demetrio Fages. Certainly, when one considers the prelate he became, knowing the man he was, one might well believe it; no doubt he found his opportunity in the simple-seeming honesty of the Padre Presidente.

Padre Tomas de las Peñas went out of California with the retiring Franciscans, bewept by his people; but being a single-hearted man of few affections, had no peace, nor gave his superiors any, until he was permitted, as he believed in answer to prayer, to return to his children of the wilderness. He found the Mission in ruins, the church a breeding-place for bats, and his Indians far sunk in original savagery. A few of them came about him again, remembering his simple jollity, and hungering, no doubt, for the old order, the comfortable meals, the ceremonial, the show, the sense of things orderly and secure. Neither so round nor so rosy after a few years of such labors, Padre Tomas set his hand to harvesting the few lean ears that a mistaken policy had left of the Franciscans' splendid sowing.

Peter Lebecque, missing the Briar from the lonely hut of the Grapevine, and having no fancy for annexing another woman, perhaps finding none so suited to his taste as the silent Juana, took to wandering again, and was killed by a bear under an oak in the cañon of *El Tejon*, in 1835, and was buried there.

Delfina continued an uninterrupted course of busyness about other people's affairs until the influx of Gringos drove her and too many of her race on a lee shore; after that she became very religious, as ladies of her metal are apt to become, and was to be seen on Sundays and Saints' days telling a rosary in the church of San Carlos.

So all these, having danced their measure in the time of Escobar's life, passed on separate ways, neither more merry nor more sad because of it; but as for Castro, he got no ease of his heart hunger until he held a grandchild on his knees who looked at him with Ysabel's eyes, and the eyes were full of love.

(*The end.*)

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GEORGE HERBERT AS A RELIGIOUS POET

BY GEORGE H. PALMER

To English poetry George Herbert made a notable contribution, — he devised the religious love-lyric. This forms his substantial claim to originality. To state, illustrate, and qualify that claim is the object of this paper.

I

Of course there was religious verse in England before Herbert's time. To see how considerable it was, and how he modified it, I will roughly classify what had been written under the four headings of Vision, Meditation, Paraphrase, and Hymn. In the poetry of Vision the poet stands above his world, and is concerned rather with divine transactions than with human. So Cynewulf in Saxon times looked into the wonders of the Advent, Ascension, and Doomsday. The author of *Piers Plowman*, with visions of the Kingdom of Heaven before his eyes, condemned the institutions of rural England. Spenser imagined a fairy realm where chivalry, holiness, and unearthly beauty dominate all forms of evil. Giles Fletcher in Keats-like verse pictured the four Victories achieved by Christ. The young Milton, just before Herbert took orders, celebrated the Nativity, Circumcision, and Passion. And a few years after Herbert's death, Sandys translated into English verse Grotius' *Drama of Christ's Passion*. In all these cases the writers are not primarily interested in their relations to God, but in his to the world; and these relations they behold dramatically embodied in certain divine occurrences. In such dramatic visions we may perceive a kind of survival of the early Miracle Play.

But the imaginative point of view belongs to exceptional men. Much commoner, especially in Herbert's early life, was religious meditation. Spenser had practiced it with his accustomed splendor in his two *Hymns in Honor of Divine Love and Beauty;* so had Constable in his *Spiritual Sonnets to the Honor of God and His Saints*, and Drayton in his *Harmonies of the Church*. Many of Sidney's sonnets, of Shakespeare's, are reveries on the nature of the soul, its immortality, and its relation to its Maker. Sir John Davies studies these questions more abstractly in his *Nosce Teipsum*, as does Phineas Fletcher in *The Purple Island*. Lord Herbert looks at them romantically in his Tennysonian Ode, *Inquiring Whether Love Should Continue Forever*. Drummond gravely examines them in his *Flowers of Sion*. Fulke Greville draws up in verse a *Treatise of Religion*. Nicholas Breton has several similar discussions of sacred themes. Many of Daniel's and of Donne's epistles and elegies are weighty with a moral wisdom not to be distinguished from religion; while Donne's *Anatomy of the World*, *Progress of the Soul*, and *Divine Poems* would, if they were not so intellectual, be genuinely devout. Quarles's *Divine Fancies* are of the same character. Raleigh and Wotton, too, and many other poets less famous than they, have single meditations of sweet seriousness and depth on God, man, death, and duty. Yet religious verse of this type everywhere bears the same mark. It studies a problem and tries to reach a general truth. Its writers do not content themselves with recording their own emotions. Their poetry, therefore, lacks the individual note and is not lyric. If the preceding group of religious verse may be thought of as following the Miracle Play, this continues the traditions of the old Morality.

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But there is more in religion than sacred scenes and wise meditation. There is worship, the open profession by God's children of their exultation in Him and their need of his continual care. Worship, however, especially in the time preceding Herbert, was a collective affair in which the holy aspirations of the individual were merged in those of his fellows and went forth in company along already consecrated paths. For such national worship and such sanctified associations nothing could be a more fitting expression than the Holy Scriptures. The Bible was the Magna Charta of the Reformation. To love it was to show one's hostility to Popery. In it all truth was contained. If one needed poetry, then, or sacred song, where could one obtain it better than in this its original source? For a time it seemed almost profane to look elsewhere. The favorite form of religious utterance was the versified paraphrase of some portion of the Bible. Naturally the Psalms were the part most commonly chosen. The collection of paraphrases of the Psalms which goes by the name of Sternhold and Hopkins was drawn up in 1562, and was soon adopted into the use of the English churches. But almost every prominent poet attempted a few Psalms. To translate them became a literary fashion. Wyatt and Surrey engaged in it, as later did Sidney and his sister, Spenser, Sylvester, Davison, Phineas Fletcher, King James, Lord Bacon, Milton, Sandys, Wither, and even Carew. But the disposition to paraphrase the Bible did not confine itself to the Psalms. Surrey put Ecclesiastes into verse; Sylvester, Job; Quarles versified Job, Samson, Esther, and the Song of Solomon. Both he and Donne tried to make poetry out of the Lamentations of Jeremiah. Drayton told the stories of Noah, Moses, and David. Indeed, the strange fashion lasted down to the time of Cowley, who in 1656 published four books of the Troubles of King David, and translated one of them back into Latin. *Paradise Lost* itself may be regarded as but the full, gorgeous, and belated consummation of what Milton's predecessors in Paraphrase and Vision had already attempted.

The Hymn, however, that form of religious aspiration most natural to us, developed slowly in the England of Elizabeth and James, and gained only a partial acceptance during the reign of Charles. The Catholic Church had always had its Latin hymns. Many of these were translated by Luther and the German reformers, and freely used in their churches. Luther's own hymns were much prized. The English Prayer Book is largely a translation of the Roman Breviary, and the Breviary contains many hymns; but the makers of the Prayer Book left the hymns untranslated. Why so low an estimate was set on hymns in England is not altogether clear, but for some reason English Protestants contented themselves for the most part with versions of the Psalms. Perhaps they took example from Geneva. Clement Marot in 1541 translated fifty Psalms into French, and these were completed in 1562 by Beza, and adopted into the service of the Reformed Swiss and French churches. Genevan influences, being strong in George Herbert's England, may have coöperated with other causes to hold back the promising movement toward giving the English people their own religious songs. For such a movement did start. Coverdale in 1539 published some *Spiritual Songs* in company with thirteen *Goostly Psalms*, mostly translated from German originals. The collection of Sternhold and Hopkins contained a group of hymns beside its translated Psalms, while a more marked advance in this direction was made by Wedderburn's widely used book of *Psalms and Spiritual Songs*, printed in Scotland in 1560. This had three parts: the first consisting of Psalms, the second of hymns, and the third of popular secular songs to which a religious meaning had been attached. Half a dozen *Songs of Sadness and Piety* were in Wil-

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liam Byrd's book of songs, 1587. But these admirable beginnings — English and Scotch — were only slenderly followed up. Such songs were apparently too individual, and could not compete with the broad and universal Psalms. As Puritanism advanced, the Bible tended to overshadow all other inspiration. It was not until 1623 that George Wither in his *Hymns and Songs of the Church* composed the first hymn book that ever appeared in England, and obtained permission to have it used in churches. Eighteen years later he published a second and larger volume under the title of *England's Hallelujah*, but like the former it met with much opposition. Hymns were not a natural form of devotion in the first half of the seventeenth century, and few were even in existence previously to Wither's book. Wither complained in his *Scholar's Purgatory* (1624) that "for divers ages together there have been but so many hymns composed and published as make not above two sheets and a half of paper."

II

Such, then, was the condition of English sacred poetry when Herbert began to write. To each of its four varieties he made good contributions. In *The Sacrifice* and *The Bag* he has visions of divine events. The massive reflections of *The Church-Porch*, *The Church-Militant*, and many of the shorter poems give him a high rank among the meditative religious poets. He also translated half a dozen Psalms; and possibly the two *Antiphons*, one of the poems entitled *Praise*, and the songs which are appended to *Easter*, *The Holy Communion*, and *An Offering*, may pass for hymns. I do not mention *Vertue* and *The Elixer;* for though these bear his name in our hymn books, their popular form is not due to him, but to John Wesley.

Yet in spite of the worth of Herbert's work in all these four accredited varieties and his real eminence in the second, his distinctive merit must be sought elsewhere. For he originated a new species of sacred verse, the religious lyric, a species for which the English world was waiting, which it welcomed with enthusiasm, and which at once became so firmly established that it is now difficult to conceive that it did not always exist. In reality, though cases of something similar may be discovered in earlier poetry, it was Herbert who thought it out, studied its æsthetic possibilities, and created the type for future generations. Wherein, then, does this fifth type of Herbert's differ from the preceding four? In this: the religious lyric is a cry of the individual heart to God. Standing face to face with Him, its writer describes no event, explores no general problem, leans on no authoritative book. He searches his own soul, and utters the love, the timidity, the joy, the vacillations, the remorse, the anxieties, he finds there. That is not done in the hymn. Though its writer often speaks in the first person, he gives voice to collective feeling. He thinks of himself as representative, and selects from that which he finds in his heart only what will identify him with others. On God and himself his attention is not exclusively fixed. Always in the lyric it is thus fixed. When Burns sings of Mary Morison, he has no audience in mind, nor could his words be adopted by any company. Just so the religious lyric is a supreme love-song, involving two persons and two only, — the individual soul as the lover, and its divine and incomparable love. We hear the voice of the former appealing in introspective monologue to the distant and exalted dear one. "Divinest love lies in this book," says Crashaw in writing of Herbert's *Temple;* and he justly marks its distinctive feature.

A certain preparation for Herbert's work was already laid in the poetry of Robert Southwell. This heroic young Englishman was born in high station in 1560, became a Jesuit priest, and in 1592 was arrested by Elizabeth on account of his religion. After three years of impris-

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onment in the Tower, where he was thirteen times subjected to torture, he was executed in February, 1595. In the same year were printed two volumes of his verse. These include the long *St. Peter's Complaint* and about fifty short poems, many of them written during his imprisonment. Perhaps the best known is the Christmas Song of *The Burning Babe*. All are vivid, sincere, and accomplished, and all without exception deal with religious themes. Southwell is accordingly our earliest religious poet, the only one before Herbert who confined himself to that single field. Possibly Herbert derived from him the idea of taking religion for his province. Southwell's book was popular in Herbert's boyhood; and when Herbert as a young man announces to his mother his resolve to dedicate his poetic powers to God's service, he uses language strikingly similar to that in Southwell's *Epistle of the Authour to the Reader*. Herbert's long early poem, too, *The Church-Porch*, is in the metre of *St. Peter's Complaint*. Yet the temper of the two men is unlike and their aims divergent. In style Southwell connects with Spenser, Herbert with Donne. Southwell, too, like Crashaw afterwards, lives in a beautiful Romish world where the saints claim more attention than his own salvation. Fortitude is his principal theme, and reflections on the emptiness of the world. His is a stout heart. It does not seek intimate communings with its Master, and is seldom alone with God. The lyric yearning of the fearful lover is not his; though in such poems as *Content and Rich*, *Sin's Heavy Load*, and *Lewd Love is Loss*, he nearly approaches the meditative and sententious power of Herbert. That religious love-song, however, in which Herbert traces all the waywardness of his affection for the mighty object of his love, exhibiting the same fervency of passion which enters into the human relation, does not occur in Southwell.

Nearer to Herbert is Thomas Campion, who about 1613 published twenty *Divine and Moral Songs*. Campion is an exquisite experimenter, skillful in discovering every sweet subtlety which song admits. Both in the personal quality of his religious verse and in its beauty of structure, he may fairly be called a predecessor of Herbert. But he, too, is under Spenserian influence. His religious poems are pure songs, written — like most of his verse — with reference to a musical setting. They lack, therefore, that introspective passion which fills Herbert's throbbing stanzas. Herbert could have obtained little direct aid from them. He is more likely to have been indebted to Donne's few hymns and to his *Holy Sonnets*. In these there is Herbert's own deep communing with God. But instances of this occur all the way down the long line of English poetry. The Early English Text Society has published several volumes of religious verse, which, while for the most part of the types I have named Vision and Meditation, show occasional instances of personal appeal. Religious poetry of the personal life had never been uncommon among continental Catholics, the mystics, and the German Reformers, though it had not yet found full voice in England. In no strict sense, then, can Herbert be said to have created it, for it is grounded in one of the most constant cravings of human nature. Yet the true discoverer is not he who first perceives a thing, but he who discerns its importance and its place in human life. And this is what Herbert did. He is the first in England to bring this universal craving to adequate utterance. He rediscovered it, enriched it with his own ingenuity, precision, and candor, and established it as a theme for English poetry, freed from the mystic and sensuous morbidity which has often disfigured it in other literatures.

III

Certain general tendencies of Herbert's time combined with peculiarities of his own nature to bring about the new poetry. Individualism was abroad, disturbing "the unity and married calm of states," and sending its subtle influence

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into every department of English life. The rise of Puritanism was but one of its manifestations. Everywhere the Renaissance movement pressed toward a return to nature and an assertion of the rights of the individual. At its rise these tendencies were partially concealed. Its first fruits were delivery from oppressive seriousness, a general emancipation of human powers, the enrichment of daily life, beauty, splendor, scholarship, a quickened and incisive intelligence. But as it advanced, the Renaissance opened doors to all kinds of self-assertion. Each person, each desire, each opinion, became clamorous and set up for itself, regardless of all else. In its remoteness England was tardy in feeling these disintegrating influences. The splendor, too, of the Renaissance was somewhat dimmed in Italy and France before it shone on the age of Elizabeth. There it found a society exceptionally consolidated under a forceful queen. Foreign dangers welded the nation together. It is doubtful if at any other period of its history the English people has believed, acted, enjoyed, and aspired so nearly like a single person as during the first three quarters of the age of Elizabeth. She, her great ministers, and the historical plays of Shakespeare, set forth its ideals of orderly government. Spenser's poem consummated its ideals of orderly beauty, as did Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity* those of an orderly church. Men in those days marched together. Dissenters, either of a religious, political, or artistic sort, were few and despised.

But change was impending. A second period of the Renaissance began, a period of introspection, where each man was prone to insist on the importance of whatever was his own. At the coming of the Stuarts this great change was prepared, and was steadily fostered by their inability to comprehend it. In science Bacon had already questioned established authority, and sent men to nature to observe for themselves. In government the king's prerogative was speedily questioned, and parliaments became so rebellious that they were often dismissed. A revolution in poetic taste was under way. Spenser's lulling rhythms and bloodless heroes were being displaced by the jolting and passionate realism of Donne.

The changes wrought in religion were of a deeper and more varied kind. Forms and ceremonies, the product of a collective religious consciousness, gradually became objects of suspicion. Personal religion, the sense of individual responsibility to God, was regarded as the one thing needful. Already the setting up of a national church and the rejection of a Catholic or world-church had admitted the principle of individual judgment, and now the further progress of this principle could not be stayed. If a single nation might seek what was best for itself, regardless of the Papacy, why might not also a single body of Christians, regardless of the nation, — or even an individual soul, regardless of its fellows? Our souls, the Puritans held, are our own. No man can save his brother. Each stands single before his Maker, answerable to him alone. The social sense, it may be said, had decayed as an instinct and had not yet been rationally reconstructed. It needed to decay if a fresh and varied religious experience was to invigorate English life. The call to individualism was the most sacred summons of the age. All sections of the community heard it. Puritanism merely accepted it with a peculiar heartiness and reverence. In the High Church party ideas substantially similar were at work. By them too asceticism and "freedom from the world" were often regarded as the path of piety. What a sign of the times is the conduct of Herbert's friend, Nicholas Ferrar, who would cut all ties, stand naked before God, and so seek holiness! Ferrar was a religious genius, able to discern the highest ideals of his age, and courageous enough to carry them out. But how widely and in what unlike forms these individualistic ideas pervaded the community may be seen in

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three other powerful men, all born before Herbert died, Thomas Hobbes, George Fox, and John Bunyan. The best and the worst tendencies of that age demanded that each man should seek God for himself, unhampered by his neighbor.

And just as the seeker after God is at this time conceived as a detached individual, so is the object of the search, — God himself. Notions of the divine immanence do not belong to this age. God is not a spiritual principle, the power that makes for righteousness, universal reason, collective natural force. Such ideas come later, in the train of that Deistic movement of which Herbert's brother was the precursor. God is an independent person, exactly like ourselves, having foresight, skill, love and hatred, grief, self-sacrifice, and a power of action a good deal limited by the kind of world and people among whom he works. From him Jesus Christ is indistinguishable. With him one may talk as with a friend; and though no answering sound comes back, the Bible — every portion of which is his living word — reports his instructions, while the conditions of mind and heart in which we find ourselves after communion with him disclose his influence and indicate his will. In all this religious realism there is a vitality and precision, a permission to take God with us into daily affairs, a banishment of loneliness, and a refreshment of courage impossible to those who accept the broader but vaguer notions fashionable in our day. Without attempting to assess the completeness or truth of the opposing conceptions, we must see that the earlier has immense advantages for artistic purposes. This concrete, vivid thought of God sets the religious imagination free and makes it creative in poetry as nothing else can. All art is personal and anthropomorphic.

IV

Herbert was a true child of this eager, individualistic, realistic age. In its full tide he lived. An exceptionally wide acquaintance with its leaders of philosophy, poetry, and the Church brought his impressionable nature to accept its ideals as matters of course. He has not the hardy and spacious nature that asks fundamental questions. His mind is receptive, even if anticipatory. Too proud and independent for an imitator, and ever disposed to build his own pathway, he still employs in that building only the material he finds at hand. Rarely does he desire more. Small modifications, readjustments, the application of refinement and elevation where coarseness had been before, — these rather than revolutionary measures are what he adds to the intellectual stock of his age. He is no Wordsworth, Keats, or Browning; he is related to his time rather as an early Gray or Arnold, as one who voices with exquisite art what those around him already feel. But if the ideals of his time shaped him, he in turn shaped them. Through his responsive heart and dexterous fingers they attained a precision, beauty, and compelling power which bore them far past the limits of that age.

In his first years at Cambridge Herbert had thought of religion as primarily an affair of ritual and ordinance. This is painfully evident in the Latin epigrams written at this time in reply to Andrew Melville. That learned and witty Scotchman in some verses entitled *Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoria* had attacked certain features of the English Church as meaningless and injurious to piety. Herbert replies, but shows no devotional spirit in his smart and scurrilous lines. He does not write as a defender of God, of his own soul, or of holy agencies personally found dear. He defends an established and external institution, whose usages must all alike be exempt from criticism. But such blind partisanship was brief. The love of Anglicanism which fills Herbert's later poems and his *Country Parson* is of a different type. It springs from a belief in the aid his Church can afford to individual holiness,

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collective convenience, and permanent beauty. That Church he thinks of as a means and not an end; and the end is everywhere communion of the individual soul with God.

Strangely enough it was at this very time of the Melville controversy and while defending ecclesiasticism that Herbert heard and accepted his deeper call to vindicate personal religion as a poetic theme. On New Year's Day, 1610, at the age of seventeen he sent his mother two momentous sonnets. They and their accompanying letter announce a literary and religious programme, which marks an epoch in the life of Herbert and in the development of English poetry. "In these sonnets," Walton reports him as saying, "I declare my resolution to be that my poor abilities in poetry shall be all and ever consecrated to God's glory." Herbert, thus early discovering himself to be a poet, here fixes the field most suitable to his genius. He will give himself exclusively to religious verse, something never before attempted in England except by Southwell. But he fixes a special aim, too. He will "reprove those many love-poems that are daily writ and consecrated to Venus." Though love is the proper theme of poetry, why should it be studied in its pettiest form as the half physical tie between men and women, and not where it shows its full force, volume, and variety, when God and man are drawn together? "Cannot thy love heighten a spirit to sound out thy praise as well as any she?" These are accordingly his resolves: he will become a life-long poet; an exclusively religious poet; and while studying love, as do secular poets, — "that fire which by God's power and might each breast does feel," — he will present it freed from those sexual limits and artificialities in which it is usually set.

V

To these resolves Herbert remained, I believe, substantially true. Edmund Gosse and some others have asserted that he wrote secular verse also, destroying it when he took orders. For evidence they urge that it is improbable that a courtly poet should have written nothing in the current styles, that the religious verse left by Herbert is extremely small in amount, while it still shows an excellence hardly possible without long practice. As this is a point crucial for the understanding of Herbert, I will briefly sum up the strong opposing evidence.

Herbert's secular verse is purely supposititious. Nobody ever saw it and mentioned it, though in certain quarters it would have been mentioned had it existed. Oley and Walton, his early biographers, know nothing of it. They give us to understand that he wrote only on religion. In none of his letters is it alluded to, nor in his poems, — full though these latter are of regrets for youthful follies. On the other hand, we know that in pursuance of his early purpose he set himself at Cambridge to create a poetry of divine love. On this he was still engaged at Bemerton. In what period of his life, then, do his secular poems fall? Surely not in the years when he was antagonizing secular poetry. But what others remain? Already eight years before Herbert's death Bacon, dedicating to him some Psalms, knows of his great reputation for "divinity and poesy met." And twenty years after his death Henry Vaughan looks back on the loose love-poetry of the previous half-century and counts it Herbert's glory to have opposed it. In the preface of *Silex Scintillans* he writes: "The first that with any effectual success attempted a diversion of this foul and overflowing stream was the blessed man, Mr. George Herbert, whose holy life and verse gained many pious converts, of whom I am the least."

Nor need we be disturbed over the small quantity of sacred verse included in *The Temple*. Herbert may have written much more. In the early manuscript of his verse preserved in the Williams Library are six poems which were not included in Ferrar's Edition. How many

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others were similarly rejected we do not know. Differences of style among those preserved indicate that his writing extended over many years. The many changes in the Williams manuscript show how largely he revised such poems as he intended to retain. In order, then, to give his pen long and sufficient practice, we have no need to invent secular poetry. And as regards the choice character of what was finally published, it may be said that fineness rather than fecundity was ever Herbert's characteristic. Till he settled at Bemerton he wrote no English prose.

In view, then, of the fact that there is no evidence in behalf of his secular poetry, while there are strong probabilities against it, we may fairly accept Herbert's declared purpose as final, and believe that he dedicated all his verse to the exposition of divine love, experienced in the communion of each individual heart with God, and announced as a world-force in the coming of Christ.

VI

Good examples of the latter sort of love-lyric, where God solicits us, are *The Pulley*, *Misery*, *Sion*, *Decay*, *The Agony*, *The Second Prayer*, *The Second Love*. In these the progress of God's love is traced, advancing majestically through humiliation and suffering to rescue little, fallen, headlong, runaway man. Yet here, too, while love is examined on its divine side, its work is not — as in the Visions previously considered — viewed pictorially and as a purely celestial affair. God is the lover of man, and his slighted appeal to the individual soul is the subject of the song. These poems are accordingly veritable lyrics. They deal with the inner life, — with moods, affections, solicitations, — not with heavenly transactions, dramatic scenes, objective situations. Indeed, facts and outward events have no place in Herbert's poetry. He might well say with Browning, whom in many respects he strongly resembles, "My stress lay on the incidents in the development of a soul; little else is worth study."

But it is when Herbert turns to man's side of the great alliance, to man's wavering yet inevitable love of God, that he is most truly himself. For here he can be frankly psychological, and mental analysis is really his whole stock in trade. Yet what passion and tenderness does he contrive to weave into his subtle introspections! Hardly do the impetuous love-songs of Shelley yearn and sob more profoundly than these tangled, allusive, self-conscious, and over-intellectual verses of him who first in English poetry spoke face to face with God. The particular poems I have in mind are the following: *The Afflictions*, *The Call*, *Clasping of Hands*, *The Collar*, *Denial*, *The Elixer*, *The Flower*, *The Glance*, *The Glimpse*, *Gratefulness*, *Longing*, *The Method*, *The Odour*, *The Pearl*, *The Search*, *Submission*, *The Temper*, *Unkindness*, *A Wreath*. But where shall one stop? To specify what belongs under this heading would be to enumerate a third of all Herbert has written. Perhaps those already named are enough to explain the mighty impact on his generation of the Herbertian conception of religious verse as personal aspiration. Out of his one hundred and sixty-nine poems only twenty-three do not employ the first person; and half a dozen of these are addresses in the second person to his own soul, while several others are dramatic. Practically all his poetry is poetry of the personal life. "He speaks of God like a man that really believeth in God," says Richard Baxter of Herbert. His matter is individual experience, reported in all the variety of mood and shifting fancy which everywhere characterizes veritable experience. In that experience he will exhibit the profundities of love, and thus confute the love-poets.

And who are these love-poets? Of course the whole airy company of Elizabethan songsters, including Donne with his early wild poems of love. But it may

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be conjectured that in his two sonnets Herbert has especially in mind those men who have left behind them their long sonnet sequences. And this is the more likely because most of these sonneteers came into close connection with him through the Pembrokes of Wilton. Sidney, who wrote the *Stella* series, was the uncle of the Earl of Pembroke. Spenser was the friend of Sidney, edited his sonnets, and four years after, in 1595, published his own series of *Amoretti*. Daniel, who brought out his *Sonnets to Delia* in 1592, had for his patroness the Countess of Pembroke. So had Constable, who printed his *Sonnets to Diana* in 1592, and prefaced Sidney's *Apology for Poetrie* in 1595. Drayton's series to Idea appeared in 1593, their author the only one not closely connected with the Herbert and Pembroke circle. But in the very year in which Herbert declared his resolve to his mother, Shakespeare's *Sonnets* were published and dedicated to Mr. W. H., mysterious initials often supposed — though in my judgment erroneously — to be those of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, to whom the first folio of Shakespeare's plays is also dedicated. With the leaders, therefore, of that group of men who domesticated in England the love sonnet of Petrarch, Herbert was brought into close relation, and he probably had them in mind when he resolved to initiate a movement in opposition to the artificial love-poetry of his day.

For these men were artificial, and much disposed to "doleful sonnets made to their mistress' eyebrow." They undertook the complete anatomy of love. No phase of the passion was too trivial to receive their detailed attention, though the emotional situation itself often became so paramount as somewhat to hide the features of her who was supposed to inspire it. In fact, her existence became comparatively unimportant. Whether there ever was a heroine or hero of a single one among the several sonnet sequences just named has been strongly doubted. The elder Giles Fletcher, printing in 1593 his *Sonnets to Licia*, says, "This kind of poetry wherein I write I did it only to try my humour." The writers of such sonnets were engaged in exploiting an ideal situation and in recording what was demanded by it. Nothing of the sort may ever have occurred in their own experience. Very largely they borrowed their situations and even their phrases from French and Italian sonneteers. A stock of poetic motives had been accumulated among the disciples of Petrarch from which each poet now helped himself at will. Sighing was thus made easy. Mr. Sidney Lee computes that between 1591 and 1597 more than two thousand sonnets were printed in England, and there were nearly as many more lyrics. The aim of their authors was literature, not life, their ideals Italian rather than English, while under the sacred name of love they spun their thin web of delicate fancies, exquisite wordings, and intellectual involvement, prized the more the farther it could be removed from reality.

VII

Now in protesting against these love-poets Herbert does not take issue with their strangely elaborate method. This, indeed, he considers to be a danger, but one involved in the very nature of poetry. He had himself incurred it.

> When first my lines of heavenly joys made mention,
> Such was their lustre, they did so excel,
> That I sought out quaint words and trim invention,
> My thoughts began to burnish, sprout and swell,
> Curling with metaphors a plain intention,
> Decking the sense as if it were to sell.

What he objects to is that the matter of such verse is unequal to its manner. Here is a vast expenditure of good brains on trivial stuff. The love talked about is ephemeral, and there is no true beauty there. "Beauty and beauteous words

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should go together." Put solid love, love of the eternal sort, underneath this "lovely enchanting language, sugar cane, honey of roses," and we shall have a worthy union. He tries, therefore, to give the love-lyric body, by employing its secular methods upon sacred subjects, guarding them against its obvious dangers, but preserving its intellectual exuberance and æsthetic charm. Imagine Shakespeare's sonnets with God as the adored object, instead of the lovely boy, and we shall probably have something like what Herbert was dreaming of.

The wanton lover in a curious strain
  Can praise his fairest fair;
And with quaint metaphors her curled hair
  Curl o'er again.

Thou art my loveliness, my life, my light,
  Beauty alone to me;
Thy bloody death and undeserved, makes thee
  Pure red and white.

He honors and imitates the poetry he attacks.

And this imitation is not confined to diction. It extends to situations as well. Coventry Patmore explains how

Fractions indefinitely small
  Of interests infinitely great
Count in love's learned wit for all,
  And have the dignity of fate.

Accordingly his lady's frown or smile, her temporary absence, his possible neglects, his punctilious execution of her trivial command, the annoyance his small misbehaviors may have caused her, his delight when permitted to speak her praise, all these and other such interior incidents make up the events of the lover's agitated day. Just such are the perplexities of Herbert's sacred love. Is he grateful enough? What do his fluctuations of fervor and coolness import? Surely his pains can come from nothing but God's withdrawal, and inner peace must signify that He is near. To count up how much he sacrifices for his great Love fills him with a content almost comparable to that which comes from seeing how unworthy he is of what he has received. To work for God is his greatest delight; his greatest hardship that he is given so little to do. But even in lack of employment praise is possible, and he can always busy himself with depicting past errors. Herbert, in short, is a veritable lover, and of true Petrarchan type. In his poem *A Parody*, it costs him but a slight change of phrase to turn one of Donne's love-songs into one of his own kind. Yet in his most ardent moments he keeps clear of eroticism. Never, like Crashaw and the Catholic mystics, does he mingle sexual passion with divine. And filled though his verses are with Biblical allusion, they contain hardly a reference to Solomon's Song. He is a man of sobriety, of intellectual and moral self-command.

VIII

But this is not the impression one at first receives. Whoever approaches these fervid little poems with the prepossessions of our time must regard Herbert as a religious sentimentalist, a man of extreme and somewhat morbid piety, attaching undue importance to passing moods. Unfortunately this is the popular impression, and for being such a person he is even admired. Often he is pictured as an aged saint who, through spending a lifetime in priestly offices, has come to find interest only in devout emotions. For such a fantastic picture there is no evidence, though Walton's romantic *Life* has done much to confirm it. In reality, Herbert died under forty; was a priest less than three years; spent his remaining thirty-six years among men who loved power, place, wit, pleasure, and learning; and held his own among them remarkably well. His *Church-Porch* and the compact sententiousness of his poetic style show a character the reverse of sentimental. His Latin poems on the death of his mother are distinctly lacking in piety. His Latin orations and letters are skillful attempts to win favor with the great. His admirable *Country Parson* is a clear-headed study of the conditions of

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the minister's work and the means of performing it effectively. In it, while Herbert is much in earnest about religion, he is sagacious, too, calculating, and at times almost canny. I give an abridgment of his discussion of preaching: —

"When the parson preacheth, he procures attention by all possible art, both by earnestness of speech — it being natural to men to think that where is much earnestness there is somewhat worth hearing — and by a diligent and busy cast of his eye on his auditors, with letting them know that he observes who marks and who not; and with particularizing of his speech, now to the younger sort, then to the elder, now to the poor, and now to the rich. By these and other means the parson procures attention; but the character of his sermon is holiness. He is not witty, or learned, or eloquent, but holy. And this character is gained, first, by choosing texts of devotion not controversy, moving and ravishing texts, whereof the Scriptures are full. Secondly, by dipping and seasoning all words and sentences in the heart before they come to the mouth. Thirdly, by turning often and making many apostrophes to God, as 'Oh God, bless my people and teach them on this point;' or 'O my Master, on whose errand I come, let me hold my peace and do thou speak thyself.' Some such irradiations scatteringly in the sermon carry great holiness in them. Lastly, by an often urging of the presence and majesty of God, by these and such like speeches: 'Oh let us all take heed what we do. God sees us, He sees whether I speak as I ought or you hear as you ought. He sees hearts as we see faces.' Such discourses show very holy."

I have quoted this passage at some length because it well illustrates Herbert's ever present use of art. Just as we are ashamed of art and conceal it where it is employed, thinking it corrupts the genuineness of feeling, so is Herbert ashamed of unregulated spontaneity. He thinks he honors feeling best by bringing all its niceties to appropriate expression. He wishes to inspect it through and through, to supply it with intelligence, and to picture precisely how it might issue in action. What comes short of such fullness is maimed, barbaric, and brutal. Art he considers the appropriate investiture of all we prize, and beauty the mark of its worth. Accordingly he ever seeks

> Not rudely as a beast
> To run into an action;
> But still to make God prepossesst
> And give it its perfection.

There are few pages of his poems in which the preciousness of art-constructed beauty is not in some way expressed.

IX

When, however, one has come to view things thus artistically, it becomes a delight through the exercise of art to detach single ingredients of life, free them from the entanglements of reality, and view them in their emotional fullness. To secure beauty, this is a necessary process. In the mixed currents of daily affairs devotion to my love is crossed by the need of sleep, attention to business, books, or food. I am occupied, forgetful, listless. These foreign matters the artist clears away. Starting with a veritable mood, he allows this to dictate congenial circumstances, to color all details — however minute — with its influence, and so to exhibit a rounded completeness. For such artistic work, requiring intellectual reflection rather than the raw material of emotion, the sentimentalist is disqualified. It is not surprising, then, to find that all the six sonneteers named above, though men who profess to be spending their days pining over unrequited love, are really persons of exceptional intellect, energy, and poise. Sidney was an accomplished soldier, the idol of his time in mind and morals. Spenser was entrusted by his country with a share in the government of Ireland. Constable was a political plotter and refugee. Shakespeare was beyond all other men "self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honored, self-secure."

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Drayton was a geographer and historian of England. And "well-languaged Daniel's" chief defect as a poet is that his stock of good sense is somewhat excessive. These men are no love-sick dreamers. They care for other things than Diana and Stella and Idea. They are artists. Of course they have felt the power of love and have been shaken by its vicissitudes. But every poet takes on an attitude and utters the emotion which one so circumstanced would feel. It would be as absurd to suppose that in their sonnets these men are simply narrating facts of their own lives, as to imagine that Walter Scott went through all the adventures he reports. Their interest is in beauty. Out of scattered and meagre facts they develop ideal situations.

And this is just what Herbert did. To-day it is usual to make a sharp distinction between the real and the artificial. But Herbert knows no such contrast. When he is most artificial, he is all aglow with passion; and when he describes one of his own moods, he is full of constructive artifice. That he was a truly religious man, no one will doubt. He certainly felt within himself the conflicts he depicts. In these strange lyrics the course of his wayward and incongruous life may accurately be traced. By attending to biographic hints, and grouping the poems in something like a living order, I believe we throw much light upon their meanings. The series becomes connectedly interesting, almost dramatic. A highly individual personality emerges and takes the place of a conventional figure, a personality whose work cannot justly be understood without constant and minute reference to the incidents of his life and the ideals of his time. Yet there is duality even here. These personal experiences are after all not the main thing. They are starting points for subtle intellectual play, occasions for exercise of that beauty-producing art which Herbert loves. Moods which exist in him merely in germ, or which coexist with much else, he heightens, isolates, renders dominant and exclusive. One must be dull indeed not to feel the genuineness of Herbert's religious experience. But he is no mere reporter or historian. We miss his power and splendor if we mistake his imaginative constructions for plain facts. To this sort of misconception we Americans, so little artistic, so veraciously practical, are peculiarly liable. Herbert's contemporaries were not so misled. They knew him to be a poet — sensitive in experience, fertile in invention, rejoicing in shapely construction. Only seven years after his death Christopher Harvey wrote thus in his *Stepping Stone to the Threshold of Mr. Herbert's Church-Porch*: —

What Church is this? Christ's Church. Who builded it?
Master George Herbert. Who assisted it?
Many assisted; who, I may not say,
So much contention might arise that way.
If I say Grace gave all, Wit straight doth thwart,
And says, "All that is there is mine." But Art
Denies and says, "There 's nothing there but 's mine."
Nor can I easily the right define.
Divide! Say Grace the matter gave, and Wit
Did polish it; Art measur'd, and made fit
Each several piece and fram'd it altogether.
No, by no means. This may not please them neither.
None 's well contented with a part alone.
When each doth challenge all to be his own.
The matter, the expression and the measures
Are equally Art's, Wit's and Grace's treasures.
Then he that would impartially discuss
This doubtful question must answer thus:
In building of his Temple Master Herbert
Is equally all Grace, all Wit, all Art.
Roman and Grecian Muses all give way:
One English poem darkens all your day.

Such are the triple factors — pious fervor, intellectual play, and ideal construction — which equally coöperate to fashion Herbert's religious love-lyric.

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THE CONFESSIONS OF A NEWSPAPER WOMAN

BY HELEN M. WINSLOW

I CAN scarcely remember the time when I did not intend to be a writer. In my childhood days I used to dream dreams of the time when my name should be as well known to other children as those of Louisa Alcott and J. T. Trowbridge were to me; and in my early girlhood I essayed a short story of less than mediocre merit and sent it off to a New York publisher, who deemed it worthy of so much less consideration than the trash he was publishing that it came back to cut short effectually my youthful ambitions. There was no further wooing of the muses, except in the matter of flowery "compositions," until after my school-days were well past. But the day of dreaming was never ended, and every dewy morning, every glowing sunset, every vine that trailed along the dusty roadside, was woven into a romance or a fugitive, unwritten bit of song. There came a day when the songs began to be written surreptitiously, for I was not in a literary atmosphere, and was as sensitive to criticism as when, at the age of nine, I had burst forth one spring afternoon with an ode to the insects that hummed around us, only to be jeered at by an unfeeling brother.

The time had come when I wanted to express myself on paper, and was beginning to do so, tentatively. Verses accompanied by pencil or charcoal sketches were made and hidden shyly away lest some one see them. How much better if I had gone on with them until something of real worth had come, and with it the courage to submit it to an editor. But by some accident of fate, there came an editor, and, all unknowing, gave me the wrong impetus. It was only the editor and publisher of the county journal, — have I said we lived far out in the country? He sat behind me during a school exhibition, — a rather meagre place to display my latent literary talent. When it was over he spoke to me.

"I want a good correspondent from this town," he said. "I am convinced you will be a good one. Take it." In vain I said I had no knowledge of what was wanted; he saw in me the making of a good newspaper woman in a day when women journalists could be counted on the fingers of the hands. In the end I began, not only contributing items of interest about town (at five cents apiece), but "writing up" the occasional conventions, cattle shows, camp-meetings, and other festivities of the locality. In this way I gained a facility in the use of the pen, and increased my vocabulary, without too much of a strain on time or brain. Then, with family changes, came a day when I must choose whether I would remain in the country, writing there, or seek a wider field in the town. I had already begun to send out poems and stories with fair success, getting a proportion of my things published, and even an occasional check. The proudest moment of my life was when I received a check from the *Atlantic Monthly* for four dollars to pay for a screed in the "Contributors' Club," — the only one, alas! I wondered whether I would not attain my heart's desire sooner by staying in the country and working steadily, slowly, surely on until I made a name among writers of good poetry and fiction. I had sense enough even then to see that my best chance might possibly lie there; to-day I believe it did. But the resources of the village where I lived were woefully limited. There was no good library; my father's was better. And society was as narrow as it knows how to be in a small New Eng-

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land town. I persuaded myself that life in a great city, where I might come into close contact with the great, pulsating mass of humanity, would be of more use to me. It is always easy to decide in favor of what we prefer to do. And so I came to the city. Once here, I must live. The occasional check for two, ten, twenty-five dollars is not half as punctual as the landlady's rent bill or the insistence of a healthy appetite. I was no Keats. I was not minded to emulate Chatterton. I met a comfortable, optimistic, well-fed woman who did regular work on a newspaper. I determined to try for a position, not as a permanency, but as a stepping-stone.

Now a stepping-stone is right enough in its place, if one does not linger on it until the desire to go farther has died. I applied for a position on four metropolitan papers, and by each managing editor was well received (one of them going so far as to put on his coat when he saw me). Each one wrote my name and address in a small book, saying he would send for me when he needed me. Fortunately I sat where I could see into the first of these books. There were three pages of similar names and addresses; or, to be exact, of addresses of women with similar ambitions, all of whom had, doubtless, been told the same thing, — that they would be sent for when they were needed. Doubtless some of them are waiting still, although that was twenty years ago. But the glimpse into that book proved that I had the sort of sense that is necessary to success. I did not wait to be sent for. I went forth and applied to all the managing editors I could reach, and not being set at regular work with the alacrity which I had hoped to see displayed, I set myself at work. I hunted up lectures and concerts that were not scheduled on the city editor's lists. I reported Shakespeare lectures by noted professors before their regular classes. I began to depend on my "nose for news," and brought in short, readable accounts of happenings in places where the regular reporters were not sent. They were used, and I was paid "space rates," — and little enough they amounted to. After a time I was sent for and a new managing editor engaged me at the munificent salary of fifteen dollars a week to edit the "woman's page," which meant contributing five columns to every Sunday edition of the paper. I took the place in delight, filled it three weeks, and then was told that the new editor had left, and that another woman had my position. I saw the successor of my editor, and he was exceedingly polite; but he regretted that he could not employ two of us, and as the other woman was poor he felt obliged to let her keep the position she needed more than I seemed to. I could not tell him that I had nothing but the clothes I wore, and that beyond the paltry fifteen dollars I knew not how I should live. I have always believed in the gospel of clothes. If a woman goes to seek employment in well-fitting, tasteful, "lady-like" attire, she will usually get what she wants far more quickly and surely than if she is shabby; but in this case my respectable clothes were my undoing. The other woman wore cheap satins, frayed around the bindings; I wore plain, well-made cloth. And she got the work because she was in apparent need. I went home, wept a few tears in private, and went at my writing again. I got a position as eastern correspondent for a western daily. The pay was good (this was years ago when western papers paid for eastern letters), and I was happy again, but the wild and woolly editor wanted to marry me, without the preliminaries of meeting, and that cut short my usefulness on his paper.

But I was a good reporter, and soon found work enough on the daily papers at space rates to take care of myself. Some weeks I earned from fifty to eighty dollars; oftener I did not earn ten. I have attended an all-day convention, and worked far into the night, writing reports for messenger boys to take in sections "red hot" to the presses, so that the first part of the article would be in type before the

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last was written. And I have kept this up for many hours at a time. I have gone forth after breakfast to see a whole page of the paper given up to my report of such all-day meetings, at which I had worked for fourteen consecutive hours the day before, lunching on bananas and a sandwich and supping on a similar meal. I have had the printer's "devil" stand at my elbow to seize every fresh sheet that flew out from under my pencil, almost before it was done, the hot presses upstairs crying, with the horse-leech's daughters, "Give, give." I have crawled from my bed in the morning only to fall back across it in a dead faint, and then have gotten up and gone out to another regular day's work. And I have beaten the men on rival papers in "scoops" which occupied columns, and told no lies. But in spite of the fascination in this sort of thing — and it is a wonderful fascination — I could not keep it up. And when, after a few years, there came a chance to edit an obscure monthly at a fair salary, I took it. Then I added a dramatic department for a weekly paper to my regular duties, doing the work evenings. Later I went to the weekly paper as editor of several departments, and still later took on a regular department in the Saturday edition of the most highly respected journal in my city.

Then came a time, covering several years, when I had charge of twenty-eight columns a week, on three papers, all of which I filled on time and without help from "subs." I was not paid well enough to hire subordinates. I worked eight hours a day in my dark, dingy office, and six more in my "den" at home every night, going to theatres from twice to five times a week, and working all day Sunday to bring up the ends. I have edited news-columns, fashion, health, dramatic, hotel, book-review, railroad, bicycle, fancy-work, kitchen, woman's club, society, palmistry, and correspondence departments, and withal kept up an editorial-notes column for eight years. And then I started a journal of my own.

"Why did I attempt so much?" The question has been asked repeatedly. Chiefly because I was not paid enough for any one department so that I could afford to do less. A man in my place on the weekly paper would have been paid twice my salary. On the Saturday paper he would have received three or four times what I got. I am not prepared to say that he would have done these things any better than I, but I can safely admit that if I had not done so much I could have given much better "stuff," to use a technical newspaper term. When I opened my department on the Saturday paper, it covered a new field, one about which the managing editor felt doubtful. He insisted that I sign my name; to this I consented, and my name appeared for three years at the end of my article. Then came a time when my department was fearfully cut, not to say mutilated, every week in the city department. I bore it for a time, and then protested. "I think," said the managing editor, in reply to my complaint, "the whole trouble comes from your signing your name." "But I did it because you said I must," I cried in astonishment. "Yes," was his answer. "But your department has proved one of the most popular features of the paper. You are getting a great deal of glory out of it, and some of the men upstairs, who do good work but are not allowed to sign it, are jealous. You cannot blame them." And so to please these men I stopped signing my name, and matters ran smoothly again for several years, until my own paper took so much of my time that I withdrew from others.

I started my own journal because, reasoning from such incidents as I have just narrated, I saw the time coming when I should be calmly dropped from the regular newspaper. Women had become plentiful in journalistic ranks, — women who could do sensational work, whose health was more reliable, and who had the advantage of being young. I saw that in a few years I should be succeeded by the younger generation of newspaper wo-

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men, and that I could not provide against the proverbial rainy day from any salaries I might earn. I started my paper, worked like a slave for seven years on it. I wrote articles, editorials, read manuscripts and books, kept up an enormous correspondence, solicited most of my advertisements, and went to the printing office every issue to attend personally to the details of "make-up" and proofreading. No day laborer ever worked as I did, for there is an end to his hours. I worked from the time I crawled out of bed in the morning until I crept in again in the wee, sma' hours next morning. Then I had an opportunity to sell out, and did so, at half the figures any man in my place would have got. But at least I am better off than if I had stuck to newspaper work for somebody else.

Better off? How? Financially, only. Otherwise, I had been far better off to-day had I stayed in my little country town and worked faithfully and carefully at writing things less ephemeral. I am worn out. My brain is fagged. When I walk along a country road to-day, I see no visions. The babbling brooks, the singing birds, the soft west wind, the blue skies above, have no great messages for me. My head aches. I cannot exert my mental faculties to evolve a second set of rhymes, even when the first comes involuntarily. There is no more poetry left in me. I dropped it somewhere in those dusty, musty newspaper offices when I went home after midnight. I did not miss it then, I was too dead tired; but to-day I know where I left all my capabilities for beautiful, poetic fancies. I try to write stories, remembering the great novel which was the early dream of my life. But the blue pencil habit has killed all ability to do fine writing. Condensation is valuable in a newspaper; in a novel it does not help to adorn the page nor point a moral. Human nature is no longer interesting to me; how can I make it so to others? I have seen too much of it. I used to know a man journalist who said, "The newspaper will use you as long as there is any freshness in you; then it will throw you aside like a squeezed lemon." I am a squeezed lemon.

"But you have had your day," says the younger woman. "Why grumble now?" Because it was not the day I wanted, and I only meant to make it the stepping-stone to something better. I did not want to be a newspaper woman and nothing more; and now that I have leisure for something more, I find my mental faculties, instead of being sharpened for further use, dulled. I have done desultory work so long I cannot take up anything more thorough. I have been a "hack" too many years. I cannot be a race horse now.

There is a moral to my tale of woe. Let the young woman who has ambitions of a literary nature shun the newspaper office as she would any other hurtful thing. I know women who are content to be reporters to the end of the chapter. But they never cared to write poems. They never glowed with imaginary triumphs. They are content with whatever work falls to their hands, so long as their daily bread and butter is assured. But there is an ever increasing army of young women coming on from colleges and schools, who have in them the ambition to do more than make a living. Let them not waste time and talent on the newspaper. The first thing they will learn is that the newspaper office is not a drawing-room. Men will treat them as they would another man, — or the office boy. They will not take the trouble to remove their pipes because a woman happens to sit in the same room with them; they will not wear coats, nor remove their feet from the table. They may even throw "spitballs" at her. But if she would be popular with the "boys" she must take all this as a matter of course. She will be met everywhere by the argument that if she goes into men's offices to do men's work, she must take men as they are in actual life, not as they appear in drawing-rooms. The sensible woman who can take this philosophically, without becoming herself "one of the boys," will find that

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she is cordially liked by the men in her office. But if she persists in feeling that hats should be doffed and pipes laid by when she comes in, she will not make friends. The girl who goes to an opposite extreme and tries to make herself popular by smoking cigarettes, swinging her feet from the table, and betting on the races, will not achieve unbounded popularity, since it is necessary to stand well with the managing editor; but she who can retain her own refinement and good manners without surrounding herself with the air of superiority is liked by all classes. And yet, let her smother her love of refinement and persuade herself to enjoy a seat in the room where cuspidors are as numerous as desks, breathing an atmosphere of mingled tobacco smoke and profanity, for a few years, and her moral tone is sure to be blunted and her manner to take on a certain brusqueness not native to the delicately reared girl with college affinities. If she is honest with herself, she will own this, and question seriously whether the experience is worth while.

"But the work brings you into contact with so many delightful people!" Yes. But there are all kinds of people in the world, and the newspaper woman is pretty sure to meet them. Celebrities of all kinds become so familiar to her that the word "glamour" might well be eliminated from her dictionary. She learns to meet them on such off-hand, free-and-easy terms as to offend both the celebrities and the onlookers. It does not take her long to discover that geniuses are only men and women with some particular faculty a little more developed than the rest of us, and that usually some other faculty — too often that of common sense — is correspondingly stunted. Accordingly, she loses her reverence for geniuses. "We all look alike to our Maker," is her motto, forgetting that our Maker, if he compares us at all, uses a standard quite unknown in the newspaper office. The society woman and the club woman, too, become as transparent as glass to the keen-witted newspaper woman. There is a time, at the very first, when she is flattered by invitations to select club-gatherings and exclusive weddings; but she soon learns, sometimes by humiliating experience, that she is tolerated for the sake of the paper she represents. She will meet with some true and beautiful women who will never let it be seen that they appreciate any difference in station or education. But she will meet more who are polite only when they have something to gain by good manners. Women will try to bribe her into writing favorable reviews of their books or flowery descriptions of their gowns; and she will come to have no more respect for the one kind than the other. It will not take long for her to discover that not only her particular doll, but all the dolls in the world, are stuffed with sawdust. Distinguished actresses will send for her, give her tickets, ask her to their dressing-rooms or to go autoing. But let her cease to write for the dramatic or social departments, and where is she? Forgotten, like a last season's play.

All this, taken as experience in the art of living, or preparatory to doing better work, may have a shaping purpose in her life. Some women who have tried it claim that it is all educatory in effect; I thought so once, myself. Now I question if I should not have been a sweeter, saner, healthier writer to-day if I had kept out of the roughening process and stuck to the country byways and hedges where songs spring easily alongside the peaceful road and idyls may be lived as well as imagined. It all comes to this: ask any newspaper woman who has worked hard and long at her profession, even her who has achieved an enviable record in it, if she would put her own young daughter into a daily newspaper office to work her way up. Her answer is, invariably, "No: a thousand times, no."

Of course, there are positions, editorial positions on the weekly and monthly publications, where conditions are entirely different. The college-educated girl with

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a taste for literary work may find here a pleasant way of beginning her literary career. These places came to me only after many years of the hardest kind of newspaper work. There has been a great influx of women into newspaper offices within the last decade, but I believe they will never be so numerous as reporters again. The life is too hard and too hardening. Women are not fitted for the rush-at-all-hours a reporter's life demands. There will always be a chance for them as editorial, fashion, household, society, and critical writers, but the time is soon coming when the reporters' ranks will be filled from the men's schools instead of from the girls'. Meanwhile the young woman of literary proclivities will work her way, either from the editor's desk, or from the quiet of her own particular corner at home, — as I should have done. Look around you and see if the women who have really succeeded with the pen have not been those who have kept off the newspaper staff.

I said, better off financially. But, after all, I doubt it. Had I remained in my country town, living sanely, thoughtfully, and helpfully to myself and others, I could have lived on less than half of what it has cost in the city. I should have had leisure for reading, walking, driving, and enjoying things, with ample time to write at regular hours. I should have arrived sooner at the point where I could command good prices for my work, and at the same time have given better, more enduring work. And I should have been younger in spirit, better in health, and more plethoric of pocket than I am to-day.

JANE

BY ARTHUR COLTON

EARLY of a dewy morning the cow, Prudence, driven by Angelica and Willy Flint, came by the house of Mrs. Jerolamon on the Salem road, and, reaching over the fence, ate the tops off the geraniums which stood in brown pots in a row on the edge of the porch. Also she nosed over two of the pots, while Willy Flint looked on and argued as follows: —

"Mrs. Jerolamon 's a scratch cat. She 'll lay for us pretty good."

Mrs. Jerolamon was in the barnyard out of sight, Orphan Jane was in the kitchen. Prudence lumbered innocently up the Salem road, with ruin behind her and pleasure before, namely, the browsings in high pasture below the Cattle Ridge. A half hour passed, and nothing more yet happened at the Jerolamon house.

So it is in this world. Your lumbering and milky instinct upsets your orderly potted plants, devours with large warm mouth your careful blossoms, and goes its guileless way to other pleasures; and therefore if your desires are set on things of fragile artifice, let there be some space between your picket fence and your porch, for life goes vagrantly on the highway.

Prudence, the cow, then floated up the Salem road, and turned through the bars into the cattle lane that led past Cumming's alder swamp and the parti-colored meadows to the hill pastures. Angelica and Willy Flint walked behind her, forgetful almost of Mrs. Jerolamon's geraniums. They plotted how society might be tempted to other explosions.

Angelica had yellow hair, and a taste for swift emotions. Willy Flint had an industrious intelligence, which kept him experimenting with the eruptive forces that lay hidden in nature and society.

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Prudence was a large reddish brown cow with an even disposition, and belonged to Willy and Angelica Flint. Orphan Jane was a person partially adopted by Mrs. Jerolamon. Some unknown ancestor must have passed down to her that temperament which caused her to be fond of silky surfaces; of sucking geranium blossoms, and fingering the leaves, half purring over them the while like a well-fed kitten. She was peculiar in that way, and had two meagre braids of hair, and plump shoulders, and was absent-minded. Life under Mrs. Jerolamon had little that was velvety about it; Mrs. Jerolamon's disposition might well be called "scratchy," whereas Jane's disposition resembled that of all creatures bland and bovine, who show by their looks and manner their love of slothful comforts in the flesh. The Salem road ran from the village of Hagar to the village of Salem.

When Jane came out on the front porch at length, in simple search of fallen geranium blossoms, she stopped and stared, seeing the ruins.

When Mrs. Jerolamon came, she cried out, and seized Orphan Jane by the twin braids, and dragged her within.

"I told you to let those geraniums alone!" she cried, slapping with horny hand. "You don't have any breakfast! You stay there!" She thrust her tyrannically by the shoulders into the coal shed, and locked the door.

Orphan Jane lay stretched on the coal, and wept in the darkness. Black despair was upon her. She had done no wrong, and was beaten for it, thrust into the coal shed on the hard, grimy coal. She hated slaps. Injustice and sharp-edged coal were both uncomfortable. The palm of Mrs. Jerolamon's hand had a scratchy, uneven surface. Jane often wondered why she did not soften and smooth it before slapping; but Jane's questionings never went farther than a certain limpid, incurious wonder.

After a time she lifted her aching eyes, and stared around, and listened; she heard no sound of Mrs. Jerolamon. The only light came through cracks in the boards, and that mainly around the trap-door through which coal was dumped. The trap was fastened with a catch.

She got up on her knees and crept desperately across the rattling coal, unfastened the catch, and lifted the trap.

The Salem road was empty. The barnyard was empty, except for the hens and their drowsy broods. The meadows were empty, and sloped up to the pastures, which lay under the hazy woods of the Cattle Ridge, miles and miles of cool, deep, gracious woods with millions of green leaves.

She climbed through the trap-door, dropped on the grass, and clambered over the back fence. The barn lay between her and Mrs. Jerolamon's notice and pursuit, and Mrs. Jerolamon's slaps.

"I'll run away, I will!" she said through her gulping sobs. "I'll never come back!" She ran across the meadows and past the alder swamp, and followed the cattle lane that wound and lingered upward. In half an hour she came to the hill pastures. The woods were near by.

"There's Jane Jerolamon!" said Angelica. "She's crying." Willy Flint said, "Mrs. Jerolamon scratched her." Prudence did not look up from the placid business of her appetite. Angelica shouted, "Hi! Jane!" and Orphan Jane came in among the ferns breathlessly.

"I'll never go back, I won't!" she broke out, sobbing again.

"Why?" said Angelica with sudden interest.

"I did n't chew no geraniums, and I did n't touch 'em! Oh, Oh!"

"Shut up, Angelica," said Willy Flint calmly.

"Me?"

"You were going to."

Angelica thought it over and admitted that she was. She put aside anger for the sake of interest. It was Prudence and not Jane who had eaten the geraniums, but let that pass. Angelica had thought of

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mentioning the fact, but she knew that Willy Flint's mind worked to ends more important and elaborate than truth. Orphan Jane lay among the ferns and seemed to feel more composed.

"I'm hungry," she sighed.

"You can have some of Prudence's milk," said Willy Flint, dangerously affable. "She's been milked, but she's got some more." He unfastened a tin cup from his belt. "We bring the cup, because sometimes we stay here all day, because it's a good place, because people don't come up so high mostly, and then you can hide in the edges of the woods and watch what they do."

"Hi!" said Angelica, and sprang to her feet. "You can stay up here always, and live on Prudence and huckleberries. They'll never find you, Jane. Gee whacks!" said Angelica, — for she was not subtle but direct, — "you can sleep nights in the woods and watch fireflies. I wish I was you!"

Orphan Jane lay with one cheek in the cool moss and the other warmed by the sun. The contrast between the two sensations was interesting. Presently she drank of the milk of Prudence, and felt in all respects comfortable. Sufficient was the pleasantness of the moment. She had no far-seeing mind, industrious, inquisitive, like Willy Flint's. She had no boiling energy in her, that needs must bubble and burst, like Angelica's. Sleeping of nights in the woods with fireflies and leaves sounded pleasant enough. She had never done it. She imagined it but vaguely. She was satisfied with the blissful stillness of her comfort. There was no dish-washing here; no sweeping, mopping, dusting, ironing, or soaping; no painful cleanness of any kind; nobody to push one into coal cellars or into ways of life against one's nature.

A woodchuck on a near-by hillock came out of his hole and crawled about, sprawling fatly along the ground. Prudence fed between the rocks, cropping violets and columbine, with heavy, somnolent breathing.

Between eleven and twelve by the church clock Willy Flint and Angelica came down the Salem road, and stopped at the Jerolamon house. Mrs. Jerolamon sat in the front room, looking grim.

"Mrs. Jerolamon," said Willy Flint, "Prudence ate your geraniums this morning. She reached over the fence. I guess my mother'll give you some others. I did n't see you anywheres."

"What!" said Mrs. Jerolamon.

"Prudence eats all sorts of things. Her mouth's so big she don't mind."

Late in the afternoon a neighbor came to visit Mrs. Jerolamon, and found her weeping in the front room. She had fought with her conscience since noon, and was beaten.

"She's run away!" she said. "I ain't done right by the child."

From then on inquiry ran through the village of Hagar: "Who's seen Jane Jerolamon?" Willy and Angelica Flint fled from the breath of inquiry.

It was after five o'clock when they came to the hill pastures, and, searching, found no Orphan Jane, no Prudence, and said, "They must be in the woods."

There was only one wood road leading up the Cattle Ridge from the pastures. It went up, winding, grassy, overshadowed, for a half mile, and then split and split again. One could wander back and about a score of miles on the Cattle Ridge, by trail and cart path, and still be in the woods.

The sun was low when they came out into the pastures again.

"Now you've done it, Willy Flint!" said Angelica. "You're too smart for anything!"

"You can say you did n't do it, if you like," said Willy Flint coldly, and Angelica surrendered.

"I won't either;" and she added proudly, "They would n't believe it."

"I guess they're stirred up pretty good," he said, looking down on the village of Hagar, as one looks on an ant-hill after poking it. "I wonder what Jane did."

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A generation ago empty houses, in lonely spots and by-roads of New England, used commonly to disappear piecemeal, as if eaten by mice. Let a few years pass, and nothing would be left but the chimney and cellar and a heap of plaster. Such a house, so deserted, would suffer little change now from year to year. Vagrancy laws have arisen and driven from the country roads those nibbling rodents, happy lotus-eaters, clients of chance and change, snatchers up of the world's overflow, pilferers of the honey of industry. Elsewhere, men say, they are droning still, but no more, as in old times, are they common as bumblebees on summer highways of Hagar. The tramp is a decayed institution in the neighborhood. He has gone elsewhere. But hardly a day would pass then, except we saw one plodding in the sunlit road, or dozing aside in the shadow. They camped in barns and deserted houses, and shiftlessly used up their shelters for firewood.

Looking back through the perspective of years, I fancy they must have varied greatly in type, though most of them were possessed by a common instinct. Some were criminals, or petty thieves; some mere lumps of heavy indolence; some men of character and intelligence, some of intelligence without character; some permanent vagabonds, some temporary. But one and all, they gave to the children of Hagar of that generation an advantage over the children of this, who have lost one of the clues to those kingdoms of infinite outreachings, and to "that untraveled world whose margin fades forever." Where did they come from, and where did they go to? we asked. They were like the winds blowing where they listed. They came and went like night or heat, gradual, leisurely, and elemental.

When the noonday sun, that day, made it too hot among the ferns, Orphan Jane drove Prudence into the grassy cart path that led up the Cattle Ridge. She did not mean to go far from the pasture. The cool green duskiness drew her on, the scent of leaves and moss, and the flutings of wood-thrushes and veeries. Prudence ate a bit of herbage here and there. Paths and cart roads crossed and twisted. No one knows which paths they really followed. Jane could give no account of them, or say whether at some point she entered one that differed in its nature from the others, one that no woodchopper had cut, or cattle trod before. She reveled in the vague green light and the suave sense of idleness. When hungry she milked Prudence sufficiently into the tin cup. Somehow she must have reached the broad crest of the Cattle Ridge, which runs east and west.

Some time — and that far past the middle of the afternoon — she started up from the tufted moss, thinking that Willy Flint and Angelica would be coming to the pasture for Prudence. She realized that she had been asleep. She turned Prudence in the opposite direction from that in which she had come.

In the wood roads of the Cattle Ridge, turning in the opposite direction from that in which one had come did not mean, without doubt, that one got back to the starting point. There were critical choices, paths that hinted, faltered, and misled. Jane hurried on. She came at last into a track that went downward, overarched and grassy. By the growing duskiness it must be late. She saw the light below, where the road broke into the open. She hurried down rejoicing, and came out on a sloping pasture. A wide prospect lay before, of an unknown land.

The sun was setting in the east, instead of in the west as in commonly regulated countries. Far below and beyond stretched strange, dim farm lands, glints of a river, mysterious hills, and a distant lake winding and shimmering. There were spires of leafy villages in sight, but no village of Hagar, no touch of familiar landscape. It was all dim, eerie, and unknown, hushed, motionless, dimly beautiful. On the lower edge of the pasture stood a small, old, half-ruined house.

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Prudence moved down the pasture, lowing uneasily. They came to the ruined little house, whose glassless windows stared at them.

A few hundred feet lower still a highway ran past, plunging downward through the woods.

They came about the corner of the house. A man in a long black coat sat on the grass, listening. He seemed to have been lying down, and was smoking a large whitish pipe with a hanging tassel. Prudence and Jane stopped short and were dumb.

The man in black looked to and fro, from one to the other. He said nothing for a long time, but smoked, looked at them. He seemed somewhat like Alice's Caterpillar, who sat on a mushroom, and smoked a hookah, and was very critical. At last he took his pipe from his mouth, and said in a deep voice: —

"Are you two any relations?"

"I'm Jane, sir."

"And she?"

"She's Prudence."

"But no relations?"

"No, sir. She belongs to Willy Flint and Angelica."

"Ah!"

He put his pipe back in his mouth, and fell to smoking again, contemplative and impassive. Prudence moaned and grumbled. Jane asked timidly: —

"Can you tell me which is the way to go to Hagar?"

"Hagar!" said the man in black sharply. "Ah! Very likely. I suppose you may have been in some such place once. But, child, you don't 'go' anywhere in this country, you know, or come, or travel at all between places. One is here, or there, or anywhere, just as one happens. You must have been translated, too, same as me."

Jane remonstrated. "But I came from Hagar."

"Tut! You are deceived. How do you fancy it happened?"

She came nearer, and stood beside him, and told of the day's adventures, though he smoked silently all the time, and she felt more and more eerie and unsettled, — "different," as she afterwards expressed it. The landscape was vanishing rapidly in the dusk.

"There it is!" he said at last. "I thought so. You go to sleep on the moss. You wake up. You don't notice that things have changed, but they have, in the twinkle of an eye. It's hobgoblins, or genii. They generally do things that way, and they're always hanging around, you know. You come out of the woods, and where do you find yourself? Why, here, of course. It happened to me much the same. Why, you see, my name was Abdullah, Prince of Shinar, and this afternoon I was walking in my palace gardens, and lay down on a — on a bed of roses, and fell asleep, and woke up, and I was here. How? Translated, of course. Where? How should I know? It's all the same thing. There, you see how it is, Jane. We're enchanted, you and I and Prudence. That's the way we're fixed. Perhaps you're not used to it, but it often happens to me. I get enchanted every two or three weeks. Likely we'll both be changed back some time to-night. Maybe Prudence will be translated to Hagar, maybe to Shinar. It depends on who does it. Genii always do things regular, but hobgoblins are tricky, so if you take my advice you shun hobgoblins and tie up to genii. Can you milk a cow?"

"Yes, sir."

"So can I, some, but not well. It dribbles."

He lay on his back and talked while Jane milked cupfuls out of Prudence. They drank, taking turns, until both were satisfied, and Prudence more at ease; and indeed Jane held the state of being enchanted for a comfortable state. Wherever it might be situated, it did very well. The world according to Abdullah differed from the world according to Mrs. Jerolamon in a number of beneficial respects. One did not take pains in it, nor thoughts for the morrow.

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A vast number of things he must have said to Jane, for so many of them to remain in her placid and literal memory. He must have maintained long sentimental monologues, while the great full moon came up and looked at them over the wood's edge. Something about Jane must have pleased him, her serenity, perhaps, her uncritical acceptance.

"I like you, Jane, you and Prudence," he said, "for you are sisters in soul. You never ask 'Why?' You and I, Jane, are also alike. I, too, object to the angles of this world. Its injustice disagrees with me. I think its ugliness not appropriate. Now, over such as you and me strange influences have power, which carry us whither we know not. We become minions of the moon, squires of the night's body, pensioners of nature. Infinity is our patron. In the fashion of common speech, what are we now? Such stuff as dreams are made of, occupants of a sleep." What he was saying when Jane fell asleep, or for some time back, she did not know. His voice died away gradually in her ears, a monotonous murmur.

When Abdullah noticed this, he must have risen, and plucked armfuls of fern and other weeds, and softly covered her, for so covered she found herself in the morning. It may have been then — it was probably at least long before dawn — that he took a blank sheet of paper, perhaps from his pocket, and on it printed in large letters, that Jane might read, supposing her facility small, as follows: —

JANE

Take the road to the right. It leads to Salem. There are witches in Salem. They will tell you how to get to Hagar. Prudence was translated to Shinar.

ABDULLAH.

He thrust a stick through the paper, and the stick upright in front of Jane. Still she slept under her coverlet of weeds. Did he linger to look at her face, pleasure-loving Jane, round-faced, guileless, dreaming Jane, Jane with the moonlight on her eyelashes, Jane watched and wondered at by the stars? Certainly he milked Prudence somewhat, for he left the tin cup full, and on a stone hard by, against Jane's awakening. Certainly he departed, driving Prudence before him, down the open to the highroad. There he must have turned her to the left, and vanished from the moonlight in the woods.

He was seen no more, nor Prudence. The land below had many roads. Whither such roads led, or what would happen to one who set himself to follow them earnestly, was always a mooted point with the children of Hagar.

Orphan Jane found her way back to Hagar, with the tin cup in her hand. Mrs. Jerolamon wavered in mind between weeping over Jane and putting her in the coal shed again, but wept in the end, and let the coal shed go. Prudence was never found. Reddish brown cows are not distinct and memorable, except to their intimates. Was she sold to some migrant cattle dealer? Who knows?

But the adventure of Orphan Jane became one of the possessions in legendry of the children of Hagar. Her shadowy wanderings, the meeting with Abdullah, both came to us only through Jane's confused report. There was Abdullah's letter, besides, which spoke of the translation of Prudence, but no more. Jane did not know how she got to Salem, except that she followed a road. She remembered no directions. Like "Kilmeny," she "had been she knew not where," save that it was on, or beyond, the Cattle Ridge; nor how, except that Abdullah called it enchantment; nor why, which, Abdullah said, was a word that wise persons would have nothing to do with.

Abdullah suffered a change as the myth grew in our minds. Sometimes we thought of him with Prudence in rose gardens of Shinar, but mainly we saw him forever going behind her, through moonlight and shadow, on endless but hopeful roads, on the Cattle Ridge, or the land beyond. The smoke of his pipe clothed the Cattle

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Ridge in haze. We heard the lowings of Prudence in those strange sounds in nature "that come a-swooning over hollow grounds."

In the story which is called *Kilmeny*, one reads, —

"In yon green woods there is a waik," —

which means an open space, pasture, or clearing, —

"And in that waik there is a wene," —

that is to say, a house, —

"And in that wene there is a maik," —

which means, not simply a person, but a *companionable* person, —

"That neither has flesh, nor blood, nor bane,
And down in yon green wood he walks his lane,"

that is, by himself, alone.

But you, O Abdullah, walk with Prudence. Out of your iniquities, which were doubtless many, out of your touch of kindness which was perhaps but casual, came a benefit unforgotten, the fine gift of a fruitful legend. It may well be that you were in fact a man whom some taint or degenerate tendency had driven out to be a pariah among men. It may have been but an odd incident in your singular life, in the course of your adventurous, and no doubt reproachful, career. We never knew, for you out of the unknown came, and went back, much as every soul in this world comes out of the unknown and goes back.

THE JACKSON AND VAN BUREN PAPERS

BY JAMES SCHOULER

After a long era of close secrecy, the manuscript collections of two great Democratic chieftains, presidents in succession, have been almost simultaneously donated to the government, and their contents now lie open to exploration in the Library of Congress.

These collections show somewhat in contrast the idiosyncrasies of the two leaders they severally represent. That of Jackson, consigned to his editorial friend, Francis P. Blair, whether in trust or in beneficial ownership, and passing to the children and grandchildren of the latter in lumbering condition, makes rather a chaotic mass. It contains few letters which Jackson himself wrote, aside from those already familiar; while it preserves, equally with the correspondence of great contemporaries like McLean, Taney, Kendall, Blair, and Benton, a quantity of trivial military material, and of insignificant letters from humble admirers, who, from one cause or another, seem to have touched the general's lingering concern. The Van Buren collection, on the other hand, though seemingly smaller, is choice and valuable, and shows a fine selecting skill in the retrospect. It is full of letters worth preserving permanently, from James Madison and Rufus King downward; it exhibits much of Van Buren's own composition; and it contains the fresh and interesting correspondence which Van Buren himself kept up with Jackson from 1831 to 1845, here (to the loss of the Jackson collection) presented in full, with the letters as they passed on either side. Van Buren lived many years in placid retirement after his presidency, and probably assorted and reassorted his papers, preparing from them some personal memoirs toward the close. His heirs, too, have shown a pious solicitude, as custodians, for his posthumous fame.

While, on the whole, posterity's judgment upon the character and public acts of these distinguished Americans is not likely to be changed by the new revelations of either collection, some side lights are furnished, upon the imperturbable

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humor and amiability which characterized Van Buren, as well as upon the best fibre of his qualities as a statesman and politician. For Van Buren, when a young man, took sage counsel from some of the soundest statesmen who founded the Union; he enjoyed, in the leisure hours of his prime, the companionship of men famous in our literature, such as Irving and Paulding; and when we speak of the "Albany regency" in his native state, which owned in politics his skillful direction, we must not forget that it comprised public men like Marcy, Silas Wright, Azariah Flagg, John A. Dix, and Van Buren's law partner, Butler, — all men of high talent and character, and useful in their day to the republic. Whatever writings might once have existed that showed the deft and cunning hand of our "little magician" in placing or displacing for political discipline have certainly been weeded out of the Van Buren correspondence as it now reaches us. Only such letters are here discoverable as support that leader's claim to a higher posthumous distinction.

Jackson, on the other hand, was somewhat careless and indiscreet in preserving his own papers; and to these papers, it will be recalled, Benton found access when preparing his *Thirty Years' View*, so that whatever vindication Jackson might have needed has long been sufficiently afforded. A careful study and comparison of the contents of these two collections will not essentially change the historical estimate of either president. And yet, while Jackson remains the same earnest, impetuous, willful, quarrelsome leader of men as before, devoted to his country though with a shade of dissimulation in dealing with those he uses for his ends, Van Buren rises to a higher level, perhaps, than his countrymen and contemporaries ever accorded to him, and shows, despite all politic and time-serving propensities while seeking the presidency, a real courage and statesmanship and withal a notable breadth of public conception, while in consummate station and after his defeat in 1840. So, too, as an adviser during Jackson's presidency, though suave and deferential, he gave some good restraining counsel, and showed a judicious temperament.

A few notes, taken from these two valuable sets of papers, may be of interest to present students of American history. And first, with reference to the War of 1812. It is known that our government at Washington received, December 9, and promptly transmitted, the news of the intended British invasion of New Orleans from the West Indies, warning not Jackson alone, but the executives of Tennessee, Kentucky, and Georgia, whose militia were hastened forward. Jackson claims in these papers that the Washington dispatch did not reach him until the 18th of the following February, long after the battle of New Orleans had been fought; and that he hastened his preparations upon other information of the British designs which came to him, December 5, from a surgeon at Pensacola. Yet apprehensive letters, based upon information less certain, must have reached him seasonably from the War Department, and aroused his vigilance.

Gratitude toward benefactors was a sentiment not cherished in this warrior's breast, and those who had shown him repeated favors when he stood in need of friends he disparaged and disdained in the day of his strength. Gratitude or gratulation he claimed rather for himself; and as friends were those who might subserve his immediate ambition, friends and foes changed places often in his estimation. Recalling that strange taint of duplicity with which the Rhea correspondence with ex-President Monroe seemed flavored, I have often wondered whether a closer acquaintance with Jackson's private papers would confirm his own personal connection with that controversy. Aside, indeed, from the ex-President's solemn denial on his deathbed, which Cabinet advisers like Wirt, Calhoun, and John Quincy Adams, honorable like himself, confirmed, there were

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political circumstances of 1818–19 which made it inherently impossible that Monroe should have issued the secret order through Rhea, which President Jackson claimed by 1831 to have acted upon in seizing Pensacola and afterwards to have stealthily burnt at Monroe's special request, sent orally through Rhea.[1] Was it possible that Rhea himself deceived the general in 1818–19, by twice pretending an authority from the White House which he did not possess, and whose falsehood might have been exposed at any moment? Rhea had neither the nerve nor the cunning to play the Iago, and, in his prime at least, cherished the regard of his constituents, while personally devoted to Jackson. Yet the whole tale must have been a fabrication; and that fabrication dates assuredly from 1831. A few months before exploring these Jackson papers, I received through the mail from one of John Rhea's descendants a Tennessee paper, which printed Rhea's retained copy of the letter which he sent to Monroe in June, 1831; and that copy bore the signature of two witnesses, one of whom was Jackson's adopted son, Andrew J. Donelson. This brought the fabrication close to Jackson's own door, and the Jackson papers, as still preserved, complete the evidence. Here several letters from Rhea to the general are seen during the period of the Seminole War, but not in one of them, nor in any other correspondence of the next ten years, is there the least allusion to the order which Jackson claimed later to have burnt. But when the Seminole controversy raged hot with Calhoun in 1831, and Jackson's reëlection to the presidency was at stake, with his quondam friend Calhoun thrust from confidence, this story leaped into life, full clad, and Jackson must have been its responsible author. For to John Rhea (then seventy-eight years old and at home in Tennessee) he wrote, early in the year, suggesting the statement he desired from him; and Rhea, all tremulous and as though forgetful, asked to see a copy of Jackson's letter of January, 1818, to President Monroe, which had mentioned his name. He promises to come to Washington to make the statement; he will help all he can, since Jackson is on the defensive, but he wants everything brought to his recollection. "Say nothing of me in the business," he entreats, "until I speak out as fully as I can, and therefore this letter is so far *confidential*, CONFIDENTIAL." This was in February. In June, at Washington, President Jackson wrote out a full statement to Rhea of the story as agreed upon (his personal friend, General Eaton, late of the Cabinet, attesting the copy), and thereupon Rhea at once wrote Monroe. Was it thought that the ex-President was too old, too feeble, too near to death, to arouse himself for such a controversy? For a few months, Jackson wrote to personal friends, here and there, giving these same details concerning the "confidential order" he had received in 1818. But Monroe died July 4; Rhea's letter had been retained, unanswered; and presently it became known in Jackson's circle that a solemn denial, made by the ex-President *in extremis*, was in possession of the family. Jackson made secret inquiry; and in October, 1832, a discreet friend in New York city informed him confidentially that the Rhea letter had been read over and over again, paragraph by paragraph, to the dying Monroe, whose reply was then reduced to writing and signed in the presence of friends. After this, from one cause or another, Jackson dropped the tale; and when, shortly before his final retirement from office, Gouverneur, Monroe's son-in-law, wrote, January 6, 1837, transmitting to him a copy of Rhea's letter of June, 1831, denouncing the production as an impudent falsehood, a singular epistle on its face in matter and manner, and stated further that the ex-President had left a record of his own views on the subject, made in the

[1] See this writer's article on "Monroe and the Rhea Letter," *Historical Briefs*, p. 97; *History of the United States*, vol. iv, p. 38.

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most solemn manner, Jackson formally acknowledged the receipt of the communication, as requested, and made no other reply. Rhea, we may observe, had died in May, 1832, less than a year after he penned that falsehood.

Jackson, in July, 1843, long after his presidency, received a letter from Anthony Butler, referring to charges just made against him in a Whig pamphlet, and asking the general to sustain him. Butler had been Jackson's minister to Mexico, where, in 1834, he made special effort to procure a peaceable transfer of Texas to the United States, for $5,000,000, advising that out of this fund a certain part should be devoted to bribing Mexican officials (notably Santa Anna) to sign a treaty of cession. Butler now claimed that President Jackson had sanctioned and then angrily denounced the proposed bribery, and then in an oral conversation had signified his willingness, provided the affair was managed without his own cognizance. Jackson in reply roundly denounced Butler as a scamp, and his statement as a tissue of falsehoods. Jackson's disapproval of bribery by his minister may well be believed; but sure it is that Butler's dispatches from Mexico, proposing in a translated cipher precisely such a course, were duly read by the President and placed among his private papers instead of the public archives, and that Butler continued the negotiation, though in vain. Jackson was always strong and sweeping in his asseverations, but in the concentration of immediate purpose he sometimes forgot past facts.

Let us turn to a more amiable phase of the general's character, — his chivalrous regard for woman. The Van Buren collection supplies a novel illustration in this respect. Both Van Buren and Jackson, it will be recalled, were widowers in 1833. During July of that year a long letter reached the Vice President, written from New Haven in a feminine hand and signed with modest initials. The writer asked to become the wife of the President of the United States: first, because she was ambitious, and ambition for a woman lay mainly in the marriage direction; next, because she wished to make her hero happy in his declining years. Her own age was stated at thirty-three. Pleading with Van Buren to advance her suit, if possible, she expressed a few flowery sentiments, and ended her epistle with a verse of poetry. Van Buren transmitted the letter to the President, who, without a word of coarse or jocular comment, returned his written reply for the young lady to peruse, meeting her unconventional proposal with a tender seriousness. He felt honored by her interest in him; but his only answer to such a letter would be, that his heart was in the grave of his dear, departed wife, from which sacred spot no living being could recall it. The sequel to this episode was a curious one. The woman wrote once more to the Vice President, this time over her full signature, to say that a man of her acquaintance had out of revenge written the previous letter, imitating her style and chirography. She besought Van Buren to destroy that "forged" epistle and consign all remembrance of it "to the tomb of the Capulets." As usually happens with such injunctions, the custodian of the correspondence preserved it carefully.

Once clearly associated with Andrew Jackson, by aiding his election in 1828, and entering the Cabinet as Secretary of State, Van Buren, only recently a supporter at all, became a most influential adviser of the long eight years' administration. Jackson in those times sought constantly his advice, and, though not yielding to it, he showed a strong anxiety to learn his associate's point of view, and gain the soothing corrective most needed for his own vigorous plans. For in this aspect, and moreover as a Northern ally of influence, Van Buren was indispensable. The proof of all this is found in the Van Buren collection, where the many autograph letters that passed between himself and his chief, during that period, are brought so happily together, with,

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likely enough, the coöperation of Blair after Jackson's death. Jackson could scarcely bear to be separated from his friend and accomplished associate during the latter's brief absence on the English mission. To him, in 1831, he confides passionately the progress of his own dissociation from Calhoun; he tenderly avows the wish of his heart to have his late Secretary return soon and remain near him for counsel; he affectionately declares his purpose to have him made the next Vice President and placed on the highroad to the succession. Upon Van Buren's rejection as minister by a Senate cabal, "the people will resent" was Jackson's consoling message, sent to London; and scarcely was Van Buren home again from abroad, when the President wrote him earnestly about the bank, internal improvement, and nullification perplexities through which he was now piloting. Van Buren wrote occasionally in reply; but he kept away from Washington that eventful winter, and avoided the turmoil of politics as much as possible until he should be sworn in as Vice President, in March, 1833. Meanwhile Jackson wrote his friend again and again, most of all avowing his determination to drive the nullifiers to the wall. "The moment I am prepared with proof, I will direct prosecutions for treason to be instituted against the leaders. . . . Nothing must be permitted to weaken our government at home or abroad." Van Buren's advice at this crisis was given dispassionately. He encouraged the President to do his duty, but to avoid extremities, if possible, so long as it was a constructive nullification only, without actual force applied.

Jackson's initiative in the removal of the deposits from the United States Bank, soon after entering upon his second term of office, is well confirmed by these manuscript collections. He did not move to his purpose until he felt that the Vice President would sustain him. Van Buren, it seems, had taken up this whole bank subject cautiously, upon his return from abroad, slowly maturing his own views of financial policy. He promptly accepted the President's veto of a recharter; thinking the country might get along for a while without a national bank, and then, if need be, incorporate a central bank, not in any state, but in the District of Columbia, with state branches. As to fighting Nicholas Biddle, however, and the present bank with its unexpired charter, he was more reluctant. But, in the course of Jackson's Northern tour, Van Buren appears to have yielded the point that the deposits should be removed, and this because the chief executive so willed it. Such being the situation, he wrote the President from Albany, September 4, 1833, after a careful conference with his friend Silas Wright. Premising that the people's interests should afford the motive, and not any desire to injure the present institution or to subserve state banks, he states three modes of removal: (1) with prior application to Congress and request for its coöperation; (2) with direct removal and completed state bank arrangements before Congress convened; (3) with completed state bank arrangements, and an order for removal before Congress convened, but so as to defer the actual removal until January 1, and after Congress had come together. Van Buren and Wright advocated skillfully the third plan, promising, however, to stand by the President's conclusion at any rate. This promise was enough for Jackson; and rejecting the third course, which would have been more politic, he took the second, as posterity is well aware.

From this time forward for many years, save only upon one subject, Jackson's correspondence with Van Buren continued frank and intimate, and he found his own resolute plans of administration treated with a deferential assent, not unmingled with wise and judicious suggestions to modify. His soft and conciliatory temper contrasts with the violent and aggressive demeanor of the old warrior, who, though mingling in correspondence his ailments and his political

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views together, as time went on, kept always the upper hand. And here we may remark that Jackson, in letter as in speech, was clear, pungent, and dogmatical; and his facility with the pen was doubtless very great. Page after page of large sheets of paper are seen covered in a bold and characteristic running hand; thought and expression flowing free and scarcely a word or a phrase altered. Political adversaries who sneered at his bad spelling and grammar are confuted; for mistakes of that kind are comparatively few and trivial, while the thought itself stands out clear of misconception. The real point of criticism to which Jackson's letters are liable consists rather in the narrow, passionate, and intensely partisan strain which they constantly betray. Though clearly conveying the purpose he was bent upon, he wrote with little delicacy of appreciation for his political friends and respecters; while to political opponents, Clay for instance, he could scarcely give a decent word, but loaded the "Whiggs" and Whig leaders alike with opprobrious epithets, as though all political opponents were enemies of their country. A correspondence couched in angry temper over old and forgotten things is never meet for posterity, and the composer of such letters may well wish them written in an ink that will speedily fade out. Jackson once wrote to Van Buren that he never read "the papers which diffuse falsehood;" meaning thereby that in a controversy he recognized only presses which were subservient to himself.

When Van Buren succeeded to the presidency the scene was shifted. Andrew Jackson lived in Tennessee and at the distant Hermitage for the rest of his life. Yet his hold was tenacious, still, upon the party management, and he kept up a frequent correspondence both with Van Buren and with Editor Blair. Scarcely had he reached home when he wrote to urge the new President not to repeal the specie circular; and so Van Buren in fact decided, not submitting the question to his own Cabinet counselors, as he has recorded, because he knew them to be divided. When the crash came, Van Buren bore himself with all the calmness possible; and too late had his predecessor betrayed a disquiet, in the midst of self-complacency, by urging him to look out that the deposit banks were safe, and to have the money counted. The new President now devised the plan of a sub-treasury; and he worked out the details of its presentation in Congress with his bosom friend, Silas Wright. Violent in his vituperation of the defaulting banks, Jackson indorsed the new measure heartily and steadily. "Fear not," he wrote to his successor, like a father, "the people are with you and will sustain you." Jackson remained true to his endeavor that Van Buren should have an eight years' administration like himself, and bitterly enough did he fling out at the "hard cider drinkers and coon worshippers" who brought Harrison in with the Whigs in 1840; but for the vice presidency he had pushed Polk's name so vigorously against Johnson of Kentucky, the former associate on the Democratic ticket, that Van Buren had to decline all interference from personal delicacy, while the Democratic convention itself yielded so far to the warrior's wishes as to nominate no one at all to that office, a course which in the end secured Johnson's precedence.

It was not easy to oppose Jackson face to face; and Van Buren, always filial, considerate, and worshipful in corresponding with him, would use his best arts to baffle or divert when pressed too hard. Despite the palpable embarrassments now suffered from his own willful misuse of the patronage, — a great error of his administration, as Jackson's best party friends conceded, — the veteran at the Hermitage urged repeatedly that places should be found by his successor for other favorites of his, regardless of their merits. In these, as in other matters of correspondence, Van Buren would gently parry, but Jackson thrust again

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until his point was gained. None of the minor defalcations of his term hurt Van Buren so much with the public as that of Swartwout, collector at the port of New York, whom Jackson had appointed at the outset of his presidency; and never to Jackson himself did Van Buren murmur a word of complaint. Yet Van Buren's papers show that Swartwout's unfitness to handle public moneys was so well known to him that in 1829 he stealthily set his New York friends to work, though all in vain, to prevent that appointment and to induce the general to find for such a crony a more appropriate place. And it was Van Buren's refusal, when President, to reappoint Swartwout that brought to light the collector's betrayal of his trust.

After Van Buren's retirement from office in 1841, the correspondence of these two great Democrats continued: the one thoughtful and solicitous for his chief's declining health; the other inclined, as he long had been, to make commodity of infirmities, yet showing himself as alert and vigorous as ever in impressing his personal direction upon the party politics. All was affectionate and confiding between them. Van Buren made a journey from New York to Tennessee, to see his preceptor in the flesh once more. He was hospitably welcomed, and his whole tour was one of unbroken enjoyment. Again and again was assurance given him that he would be once more the party nominee for 1844; but as the time approached it also became clear that Polk was the general's determined choice for the second place. "You and Polk," wrote Jackson, late in 1843, would be the next year's ticket.

But, as I have intimated, there was one subject which Jackson and Van Buren seemed mutually to avoid, in all their intimacy of correspondence, and this was the annexation of Texas. And as Northern and Southern men, respectively, from states whose political sentiments on that whole issue of slavery expansion were wide apart, they shrank from comparing views. Jackson, it is well known, favored and sought the acquisition of Texas, to maintain the sectional equilibrium which he believed essential to a permanent union of free and slave states, under the Constitution. Just before retiring from office he recognized Texan independence from Mexico, by nominating a minister to that republic. The Senate laid over this nomination until the new President was inaugurated; then, March 6, it was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations which promptly reported it back, and the Senate consented. No explanations appear to have passed between the two Presidents, but Van Buren, it is well known, so conducted relations with Texas and Mexico as to avoid all cause of offense to the latter power and place our intercourse upon a friendly footing. And so stood the situation, until John Tyler, lifted into supreme magistracy by the accident of Harrison's death, turned upon the Whig party, and the majority wish of the country, by seeking Texan annexation for Southern ends, and forcing artfully that issue for the campaign of 1844. Ex-President Jackson had been drawn into such an advocacy, having, indeed, steadily promoted, or perhaps contrived such a policy. The Texan designs of a recreant administration sought an establishment at the Hermitage; and Donelson, Jackson's adopted son, accepted the new mission to that republic. But Jackson, all the while encouraging Van Buren to consider himself the coming choice of the Democracy, confided not a word as to the new intrigue. Van Buren, however, had been confidentially warned, in March, through Editor Ritchie of Virginia, that Texan annexation was going to succeed, that Jackson was with the movement, had originated it, and would see it through; and that if Van Buren opposed he would be set aside, but otherwise would be renominated and elected. The party convention approached; Van Buren, like Clay, came out in a letter against the whole project, and the result

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is well known. Jackson avoided direct discussion; but shortly before the convention met, he sent a thundering epistle addressed to Butler, Van Buren's confidential friend, in the nature perhaps of a last appeal. In that epistle he bluntly and positively stated his regret that Van Buren had written publicly as he had done; for Jackson had hoped his friend would support Texan annexation and yield to the irresistible force of that issue. Texan acquisition, he argued, was necessary for the sake of the Union, and unless we annexed now, that republic would revert to England. Van Buren did not recant, but maintained a dignified self-respect; he bore his defeat in the party convention manfully; and for once it would seem that the master had miscalculated the depth of compliance into which he could draw one hitherto so docile and submissive.

Van Buren supported faithfully the party candidates, though the South had been untrue to him, and brought the Empire State into line for a Democratic victory. Nor did he permit Jackson to cast him off as the latter had done Calhoun. In due time he wrote his chief once more, and received a kind reply, each avoiding the tender topic. A few more letters passed between them of no special significance, and Jackson's sands of life ran out soon after Polk's accession to office. Polk had promptly expressed his thanks to Van Buren for the political support in New York to which he so largely owed his own election, and invited the latter's advice concerning the new Cabinet. But a misunderstanding arose, and while Van Buren was arranging which of his New York friends to propose (Silas Wright having declined the treasury), Polk chose Marcy, who was not acceptable. Van Buren cooled toward the new administration, and in the course of the Mexican War which soon followed, became completely estranged. On the Wilmot Proviso his views harmonized with those of the lamented Wright; and in a correspondence, November, 1847, with Justice Daniel of Virginia, he maintained such a position. The sentiment of New York state ran strongly at that time against Polk's aggressive policy for a wholesale Southern expansion.

No new light is thrown by these manuscripts upon Van Buren's acceptance, in 1848, of the Free-Soil nomination for President as against Cass and the regular Democratic ticket. But in a public letter he had, months before, expressed himself as opposed to fastening slavery upon new national territory already free. This was, in fact, the strong ground taken at the North concerning the new conquests from Mexico; and to meet such objection, Calhoun and his disciples developed the counter dogma, to which the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case gave later support, that the Constitution, of its own force, carried potential slavery into all territory acquired by the United States, leaving the test of freedom or slavery to await the transition from territory to state. That ultra dogma, with its corollary of intervening protection to the master's rights, as opposed to Douglas's "squatter sovereignty," was what split the Democracy in 1860, in platform and candidates, and assured the election of Abraham Lincoln, the Republican candidate. Van Buren, there is reason to think, had mainly in view, in 1848, the desire to get even with a dough-faced Northerner from whose rivalry he had suffered at the party convention of 1844; and certainly, by dividing the popular vote of the New York Democracy, he brought in Taylor and the Whigs, that year, and compassed Cass's national defeat. In these later years, Van Buren worked New York politics through his son John, a man of wit and bright promise. One of the Cass Democracy, it is said, spoke to "Prince John," deploring the party defeat, that November, and hoping to elicit an explanation. "Yes," was the latter's quick reply, as though misapprehending, "it hurt the old man."

Van Buren shared with the elder

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Blair and Benton a certain isolation in national affairs during the years that followed. He kept up with Blair a desultory intercourse over passing politics; and both together soothed the dying Benton and Clay, their fellow veterans. Donelson remained bitter against Jackson's former friend as a "deserter" on the Texan annexation. Yet Van Buren, in his calm leisure and retirement, did not keep up his new Free-Soil connections, nor did he, like Blair, join the Republican movement which was organized after the Kansas-Nebraska Act. He collected facts and made notes for a review of his past career, touching lightly on things present. Autobiography became his cherished hobby. He dreaded geographical parties and sectional issues. Resolutions which he personally drew up for the Democratic convention of his state in 1860 were not used, because ill adapted to the disposition of that body. Van Buren's ruling idea, the next momentous winter, seems to have been, so far as he expressed himself outwardly, that, as the slave and non-slaveholding states so greatly differed, a division of the whole territory of the Union on the Crittenden basis was desirable; or, if that proved futile, to permit the Southern states to withdraw in peace. But he stood by the government when the crisis of collision came in 1861, and declined the proposal made by Franklin Pierce, that a meeting of the ex-Presidents should be held to consider the alarming condition of the country and make a united appeal.

"The great fault of the American people," observed an intimate friend of Van Buren's, soon after the latter's death, "is to represent him as a politician, when he was rather a patriot; though at the same time he took pleasure and pride in the means by which he carried out his measures."

"IN THE HEIGHTS"

(JOHN R. PROCTER)

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

One who this valley passionately loved
No more these slopes shall climb, nor hear these streams
That like the murmured melody of dreams
His happy spirit moved.

He knew the sudden and mysterious thrill
That takes the heart of man on mountain heights,
These autumn days that flame from hill to hill,
These deep and starry nights.

O vanished spirit! tell us, if so may be,
Are our wild longings, stirred by scenes like this, —
Our deep-breathed, shadowless felicity, —
A mocking, empty bliss?

No answering word, save from the inmost soul
That cries: all things are real, — beauty, youth;

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All the heart feels; of sorrow and joy the whole;
That which but seems is truth.

This mortal frame, that harbors the immortal,
Mechanic though it be, — in our life's fires
Turns spiritual; it becomes the portal
Wherethrough the soul aspires.

The soul's existence in this human sheath
Is life no more than is the spirit's life
In this wide nature whose keen air we breathe;
Whose strife arms us to strife.

And they are wise who seek not to destroy
The unreasoned happiness of the outpoured year.
To him, the lost! this vale brought no false joy,
And therefore is most dear.

Wherever in the majesty of space,
Near or afar, — but not from God afar, —
Where'er his spirit soars, whatever grace
Is his, whatever star, —

The aspirations and imaginings
That in these glorious paths his soul sublimed, —
They are a part of him; they are the wings
Whereby he strove and climbed.

Nature to man not alien doth endure;
His spirit with her spirit is transfused;
On this high mystery dream the humble-pure,
The mightiest poets mused.

The white clouds billow down the blowing sky,
Then, O my heart, be lifted up, rejoice!
The trumpet of the winds, to that wild voice
Let all my soul reply!

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THOREAU'S JOURNAL II

[The following paragraphs as far as the heading 1850 on page 231 are taken from a large commonplace book containing transcripts from earlier journals. Thoreau drew largely from this book in writing the *Week*, and to a less extent in writing *Walden*. From internal evidence it appears that the entries were all written before 1847. The matter headed 1850 is taken from the Journal covering apparently the period from May 12 to September 19 of that year. Many of these entries lack dates. — THE EDITORS.]

CONSIDER the phenomena of morn or eve, and you will say that Nature has perfected herself by an eternity of practice, — evening stealing over the fields, the stars coming to bathe in retired waters, the shadows of the trees creeping farther and farther into the meadows, and a myriad phenomena beside.

I know of no rule which holds so true as that we are always paid for our suspicion by finding what we suspect. There can be no fairer recompense than this. Our suspicions exercise a demoniacal power over the subject of them. By some obscure law of influence, when we are perhaps unconsciously the subject of another's suspicion, we feel a strong impulse, even when it is contrary to our nature, to do that which he expects but reprobates.

No man seems to be aware that his influence is the result of his entire character, both that which is subject and that which is superior to his understanding, and what he really means or intends it is not in his power to explain or offer an apology for.

No man was ever party to a secure and settled friendship. It is no more a constant phenomenon than meteors and lightning. It is a war of positions, of silent tactics.

Beauty is a finer utility whose end we do not see.

Gower writes like a man of common sense and good parts who has undertaken with steady, rather than high, purpose to do narrative with rhyme. With little or no invention, following in the track of the old fablers, he employs his leisure and his pen-craft to entertain his readers and speak a good word for the right. He has no fire, or rather blaze, though occasionally some brand's end peeps out from the ashes, especially if you approach the heap in a dark day, and if you extend your hands over it you experience a slight warmth there more than elsewhere. In fair weather you may see a slight smoke go up here and there. He narrates what Chaucer sometimes sings. He tells his story with a fair understanding of the original, and sometimes it gains a little in blunt plainness and in point in his hands. Unlike the early Saxon and later English, his poetry is but a plainer and directer speech than other men's prose. He might have been a teamster and written his rhymes on his wagon seat as he went to mill with a load of plaster.

October 21, 1842.

The atmosphere is so dry and transparent and, as it were, inflammable at this season that a candle in the grass shines white and dazzling, and purer and brighter the farther off it is. Its heat seems to have been extracted and only its harmless refulgent light left. It is a star dropped down. The ancients were more than poetically true when they called fire Vulcan's flower. Light is somewhat almost moral. The most intense — as the fixed stars and our own sun — has an unquestionable preëminence among the

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elements. At a certain stage in the generation of all life, no doubt, light as well as heat is developed. It guides to the first rudiments of life. There is a vitality in heat and light.

Men who are felt rather than understood are being most rapidly developed. They stand many deep.

The truly noble and settled character of a man is not put forward, as the king or conqueror does not march foremost in a procession.

Commonly we use life sparingly, we husband it as if it were scarce, and admit the right of prudence; but occasionally we see how ample and inexhaustible is the stock from which we so scantily draw, and learn that we need not be prudent, that we may be prodigal and all expenses will be met.

I am sometimes made aware of a kindness which may have long since been shown, which surely memory cannot retain, which reflects its light long after its heat. I realize, my friend, that there have been times when thy thoughts of me have been of such lofty kindness that they passed over me like the winds of heaven unnoticed, so pure that they presented no object to my eyes, so generous and universal that I did not detect them. Thou hast loved me for what I was not, but for what I aspired to be. We shudder to think of the kindness of our friend which has fallen on us cold, though in some true but tardy hour we have awakened. There has just reached me the kindness of some acts, not to be forgotten, not to be remembered. I wipe off these scores at midnight, at rare intervals in moments of insight and gratitude.

What is called talking is a remarkable though I believe universal phenomenon of human society. The most constant phenomenon when men and women come together is talking. A chemist might try this experiment in his laboratory with certainty, and set down the fact in his journal. This characteristic of the race may be considered as established. No doubt every one can call to mind numerous conclusive instances. Some nations, it is true, are said to articulate more distinctly than others; yet the rule holds with those who have the fewest letters in their alphabet. Men cannot stay long together without talking, according to the rules of polite society. (As all men have two ears and but one tongue, they must spend the extra and unavoidable hours of silence in listening to the whisperings of genius, and this fact it is that makes silence always respectable in my eyes.) Not that they have anything to communicate, or do anything quite natural or important to be done so, but by common consent they fall to using the invention of speech, and make a conversation, good or bad. They say things, first this one and then that. They express their "opinions," as they are called.

By a well directed silence I have sometimes seen threatening and troublesome people routed. You sit musing as if you were in broad nature again. They cannot stand it. Their position becomes more and more uncomfortable every moment. So much humanity over against one without any disguise, — not even the disguise of speech! They cannot stand it nor sit against it.

Not only must men talk, but for the most part must talk about talk, — even about books, or dead and buried talk. Sometimes my friend expects a few periods from me. Is he exorbitant? He thinks it is my turn now. Sometimes my companion thinks he has said a good thing, but I don't see the difference. He looks just as he did before. Well, it is no loss. I suppose he has plenty more.

Then I have seen very near and intimate, very old friends introduced by very old strangers, with liberty given to talk. The stranger, who knows only the countersign, says, "Jonas — Eldred," giving those names which will make a title good

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in a court of law. (It may be presumed that God does not know the Christian names of men.) Then Jonas, like a ready soldier, makes a remark, — a benediction on the weather it may be, — and Eldred swiftly responds, and unburdens his breast, and so the action begins. They bless God and nature many times gratuitously, and part mutually well pleased, leaving their cards. They did not happen to be present at each other's christening.

Sometimes I have listened so attentively and with so much interest to the whole expression of a man that I did not hear one word he was saying, and saying too with the more vivacity observing my attention.

But a man may be an object of interest to me though his tongue is pulled out by the roots.

Men sometimes do as if they could eject themselves like bits of packthread from the end of the tongue.

Scholars have for the most part a diseased way of looking at the world. They mean by it a few cities and unfortunate assemblies of men and women, who might all be concealed in the grass of the prairies. They describe this world as old or new, healthy or diseased, according to the state of their libraries, — a little dust more or less on their shelves. When I go abroad from under this shingle or slate roof, I find several things which they have not considered. Their conclusions seem imperfect.

Buonaparte said that the three o'clock in the morning courage was the rarest, but I cannot agree with him. Fear does not awake so early. Few men are so degenerate as to balk nature by not beginning the day well.

I hold in my hands a recent volume of essays and poems, in its outward aspects like the thousands which the press sends forth, and, if the gods permitted their own inspiration to be breathed in vain, this might be forgotten in the mass, but the accents of truth are as sure to be heard on earth as in heaven. The more I read it the more I am impressed by its sincerity, its depth and grandeur. It already seems ancient and has lost the traces of its modern birth. It is an evidence of many virtues in the writer. More serenely and humbly confident, this man has listened to the inspiration which all may hear, and with greater fidelity reported it. It is therefore a true prophecy, and shall at length come to pass. It has the grandeur of the Greek tragedy, or rather its Hebrew original, yet it is not necessarily referred to any form of faith. The slumbering, heavy depth of its sentences is perhaps without recent parallel. It lies like the sward in its native pasture, where its roots are never disturbed, and not spread over a sandy embankment.

All parts of nature belong to one head, as the curls of a maiden's hair. How beautifully flow the seasons as one year, and all streams as one ocean!

I hate museums; there is nothing so weighs upon my spirits. They are the catacombs of nature. One green bud of spring, one willow catkin, one faint trill from a migrating sparrow would set the world on its legs again. The life that is in a single green weed is of more worth than all this death. They are dead nature collected by dead men. I know not whether I muse most at the bodies stuffed with cotton and sawdust or those stuffed with bowels and fleshy fibre outside the cases.

Where is the proper herbarium, the true cabinet of shells, and museum of skeletons, but in the meadow where the flower bloomed, by the seaside where the tide cast up the fish, and on the hills and in the valleys where the beast laid down its life and the skeleton of the traveller reposes on the grass? What right have mortals to parade these things on their legs again, with their wires, and, when heaven has decreed that they shall return

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to dust again, to return them to sawdust? Would you have a dried specimen of a world, or a pickled one?

Embalming is a sin against heaven and earth, — against heaven, who has recalled the soul and set free the servile elements, and against the earth which is thus robbed of her dust. I have had my right-perceiving senses so disturbed in these haunts as to mistake a veritable living man for a stuffed specimen, and surveyed him with dumb wonder as the strangest of the whole collection. For the strangest is that which, being in many particulars most like, is in some essential particular most unlike.

We pass through all degrees of life from the least organic to the most complex. Sometimes we are mere pudding-stone and scoriæ.

The present is the instant work and near process of living and will be found in the last analysis to be nothing more nor less than digestion. Sometimes, it is true, it is indigestion.

It is one great and rare merit in the old English tragedy that it says something. The words slide away very fast but toward some conclusion. It has to do with things, and the reader feels as if he were advancing. It does not make much odds what message the author has to deliver at this distance of time, since no message can startle us, but how he delivers it, — that it be done in a downright and manly way. They come to the point and do not waste the time.

After all, we draw on very gradually in English literature to Shakespeare, through Peele and Marlowe, to say nothing of Raleigh and Spenser and Sidney. We hear the same great tone already sounding to which Shakespeare added a serener wisdom and clearer expression. Its chief characteristics of reality and unaffected manliness are there. The more we read of the literature of those times, the more does acquaintance divest the genius of Shakespeare of the in some measure false mystery which has thickened around it, and leave it shrouded in the grander mystery of daylight. His critics have for the most part made their [sic] contemporaries less that they might make Shakespeare more.

The distinguished men of those times had a great flow of spirits, a cheerful and elastic wit far removed from the solemn wisdom of later days. What another thing was fame and a name then and now! This is seen in the familiar manner in which they were spoken of by each other and the nation at large, — *Kit* Marlowe, and *George* (Peele) and *Will* Shakespeare, and *Ben* Jonson, — great *fellows*, — *chaps*.

It is hard to know rocks. They are crude and inaccessible to our nature. We have not enough of the stony element in us.

It is hard to know men by rumor only. But to stand near somewhat living and conscious! Who would not sail through mutiny and storm farther than Columbus, to reach the fabulous retreating shores of some continent man?

Yesterday I skated after a fox over the ice. Occasionally he sat on his haunches and barked at me like a young wolf. It made me think of the bear and her cubs mentioned by Captain Parry, I think. All brutes seem to have a genius for mystery, an oriental aptitude for symbols and the language of signs; and this is the origin of Pilpay and Æsop. The fox manifested an almost human suspicion of mystery in my actions. While I skated directly after him, he cantered at the top of his speed; but when I stood still, though his fear was not abated, some strange but inflexible law of his nature caused him to stop also, and sit again on his haunches. While I still stood motionless, he would go slowly a rod to one side, then sit and bark, then a rod to the other side, and sit

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and bark again, but did not retreat, as if spellbound. When, however, I commenced the pursuit again, he found himself released from his durance.

Plainly the fox belongs to a different order of things from that which reigns in the village. Our courts, though they offer a bounty for his hide, and our pulpits, though they draw many a moral from his cunning, are in few senses contemporary with his free forest life.

It is the saddest thought of all, that what we are to others, that we are much more to ourselves — avaricious, mean, irascible, affected, — we are the victims of these faults. If our pride offends our humble neighbor, much more does it offend ourselves, though our lives are never so private and solitary.

If the Indian is somewhat of a stranger in nature, the gardener is too much a familiar. There is something vulgar and foul in the latter's closeness to his mistress, something noble and cleanly in the former's distance. Yet the hunter seems to have a property in the moon which even the farmer has not. Ah! the poet knows uses of plants which are not easily reported, though he cultivates no parterre. See how the sun smiles on him while he walks in the gardener's aisles, rather than on the gardener.

How many young finny contemporaries of various character and destiny, form and habits, we have even in this water! And it will not be forgotten by some memory that we *were* contemporaries. It is of *some* import. We shall be some time friends, I trust, and know each other better. Distrust is too prevalent now. We are so much alike! have so many faculties in common! I have not yet met with the philosopher who could, in a quite conclusive, undoubtful way, show me *the*, and, if not *the*, then how *any*, difference between man and a fish. We are so much alike! How much could a really tolerant, patient, humane, and truly great and natural man make of them, if he should try? For they are to be understood, surely, as all things else, by no other method than that of sympathy. It is easy to say what they are not to us, *i. e.*, what we are not to them; but what we might and ought to be is another affair.

Carlyle's works are not to be studied — hardly read. Their first impression is the truest and deepest. There is no reprint. If you look again, you will be disappointed and find nothing answering to the mood they have excited. They are true natural products in this respect. All things are but once and never repeated. The first faint blushes of the morning gilding the mountain tops, with the pale phosphorus and saffron colored clouds, — they verily transport us to the morning of creation; but what avails it to travel eastward or look again there an hour hence. We should be as far in the day ourselves, mounting toward our meridian. There is no *double entendre* for the alert reader; in fact the work was designed for such complete success that it serves but for a single occasion.

For every inferior, earthly pleasure we forego, a superior, celestial one is substituted.

1850

The Hindoos are more serenely and thoughtfully religious than the Hebrews. They have perhaps a purer, more independent and impersonal knowledge of God. Their religious books describe the first inquisitive and contemplative access to God; the Hebrew bible a conscientious return, a grosser and more personal repentance. Repentance is not a free and fair highway to God. A wise man will dispense with repentance. It is shocking and passionate. God prefers that you approach him thoughtful, not penitent, though you are the chief of sinners. It is only by forgetting yourself that you draw near to him.

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The calmness and gentleness with which the Hindoo philosophers approach and discourse on forbidden themes is admirable.

What extracts from the Vedas I have read fall on me like the light of a higher and purer luminary, which describes a loftier course through a purer stratum, — free from particulars, simple, universal. It rises on me like the full moon after the stars have come out, wading through some far summer stratum of the sky.

The Vedant teaches how, "by forsaking religious rites," the votary may "obtain purification of mind."

One wise sentence is worth the state of Massachusetts many times over.

The Vedas contain a sensible account of God.

The religion and philosophy of the Hebrews are those of a wilder and ruder tribe, wanting the civility and intellectual refinement and subtlety of the Hindoos.

I do not prefer one religion or philosophy to another. I have no sympathy with the bigotry and ignorance which make transient and partial and puerile distinctions between one man's faith or form of faith and another's — as Christian and heathen. I pray to be delivered from narrowness, partiality, exaggeration, bigotry. To the philosopher, all sects, all nations, are alike. I like Brahma, Hari, Buddha, the Great Spirit, as well as God.

When the rocks were covered with snow I even uncovered them with my hands, that I might observe their composition and strata, and thought myself lucky when the sun had laid one bare for me, but [now] that they are all uncovered I pass by without noticing them. There is a time for everything.

The year has many seasons more than are recognized in the almanac. There is that time about the first of June, the beginning of summer, when the buttercups blossom in the now luxuriant grass, and I am first reminded of mowing and of the dairy.

Every one will have observed different epochs. There is the time when they begin to drive cows to pasture, — about the 20th of May, — observed by the farmer, but a little arbitrary year by year. Cows spend their winters in barns and cow-yards, their summers in pastures. In summer, therefore, they may low with emphasis, "To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new." I sometimes see a neighbor or two united with their boys and hired men to drive their cattle to some far-off country pasture, fifty or sixty miles distant in New Hampshire, early in the morning, with their sticks and dogs. It is a memorable time with the farmers' boys, and frequently their first journey from home. The herdsman in some mountain pasture is expecting them. And then in the fall, when they go up to drive them back, they speculate as to whether Janet or Brindle will know them. I heard such a boy exclaim on such an occasion, when the calf of the spring returned a heifer, as he stroked her side, "She knows me, father; she knows me." Driven up to be the cattle on a thousand hills.

I once set fire to the woods. Having set out, one April day, to go to the sources of Concord River in a boat with a single companion, meaning to camp on the bank at night or seek a lodging in some neighboring country inn or farmhouse, we took fishing tackle with us that we might fitly procure our food from the stream, Indian-like. At the shoemaker's near the river, we obtained a match, which we had forgotten. Though it was thus early in the spring, the river was low, for there had not been much rain, and we succeeded in catching a mess of fish sufficient for our dinner before we had left the town, and by the shores of Fair Haven Pond we proceeded to cook them. The earth was uncommonly dry, and our fire, kindled far from the woods in a sunny recess in the hillside on the east of the pond, suddenly caught the

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dry grass of the previous year which grew about the stump on which it was kindled. We sprang to extinguish it at first with our hands and feet, and then we fought it with a board obtained from the boat, but in a few minutes it was beyond our reach; being on the side of a hill, it spread rapidly upward through the long, dry, wiry grass interspersed with bushes.

"Well, where will this end?" asked my companion. I saw that it might be bounded by Well Meadow Brook on one side, but would, perchance, go to the village side of the brook. "It will go to town," I answered. While my companion took the boat back down the river, I set out through the woods to inform the owners and to raise the town. The fire had already spread a dozen rods on every side, and went leaping and crackling wildly and irreclaimably toward the wood. That way went the flames with wild delight, and we felt that we had no control over the demonic creature to which we had given birth. We had kindled many fires in the woods before, burning a clear space in the grass, without ever kindling such a fire as this.

As I ran toward the town through the woods, I could see the smoke over the woods behind me marking the spot and the progress of the flames. The first farmer whom I met driving a team, after leaving the woods, inquired the cause of the smoke. I told him. "Well," said he, "it is none of my stuff," and drove along. The next I met was the owner in his field, with whom I returned at once to the woods, running all the way. I had already run two miles. When at length we got into the neighborhood of the flames, we met a carpenter who had been hewing timber, an infirm man who had been driven off by the fire, fleeing with his axe. The farmer returned to hasten more assistance. I, who was spent with running, remained. What could I do alone against a front of flame half a mile wide?

I walked slowly through the wood to Fair Haven Cliff, climbed to the highest rock, and sat down upon it to observe the progress of the flames, which were rapidly approaching me, now about a mile distant from the spot where the fire was kindled. Presently I heard the sound of the distant bell giving the alarm, and I knew that the town was on its way to the scene. Hitherto I had felt like a guilty person — nothing but shame and regret. But now I settled the matter with myself shortly. I said to myself, "Who are these men who are said to be the owners of these woods, and how am I related to them? I have set fire to the forest, but I have done no wrong therein, and now it is as if the lightning had done it. These flames are but consuming their natural food." It has never troubled me from that day to this more than if the lightning had done it. The trivial fishing was all that disturbed me and disturbs me still. So shortly I settled it with myself and stood to watch the approaching flames. It was a glorious spectacle and I was the only one there to enjoy it. The fire now reached the base of the cliff, and then rushed up its sides. The squirrels ran before it in blind haste, and three pigeons dashed into the midst of the smoke. The flames flashed up the pines to their tops, as if they were powder.

When I found I was about to be surrounded by the fire, I retreated and joined the forces now arriving from the town. It took us several hours to surround the flames with our hoes and shovels and by back fires subdue them. In the midst of all I saw the farmer whom I first met, who had turned indifferently away saying it was none of his stuff, striving earnestly to save his corded wood, his stuff, which the fire had already seized and which it after all consumed.

It burned over a hundred acres or more and destroyed much young wood. When I returned home late in the day, with others of my townsmen, I could not help noticing that the crowd who were so ready to condemn the individual who had kindled the fire did not sympathize

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with the owners of the wood, but were in fact highly elate and as it were thankful for the opportunity which had afforded them so much sport, and it was only half a dozen owners so called, though not all of them, who looked sour or grieved, and I felt that I had a deeper interest in the woods, knew them better, and should feel their loss more, than any or all of them. The farmer whom I had first conducted to the woods was obliged to ask me the shortest way back, through his own lot. Why, then, should the half dozen owners [and] the individuals who set the fire alone feel sorrow for the loss of the wood, while the rest of the town have their spirits raised? Some of the owners, however, bore their loss like men, but other some declared behind my back that I was a "damned rascal;" and a flibbertigibbet or two, who crowed like the old cock, shouted some reminiscences of "burnt woods" from safe recesses for some years after. I have had nothing to say to any of them. The locomotive engine has since burned over nearly all the same ground and more, and in some measure blotted out the memory of the previous fire. For a long time after I had learned this lesson I marvelled that while matches and tinder were contemporaries the world was not consumed, why the houses that have hearths were not burned before another day, if the flames were not as hungry now as when I waked them. I at once ceased to regard the owners and my own fault, — if fault there was any in the matter, — and attended to the phenomenon before me, determined to make the most of it. To be sure, I felt a little ashamed when I reflected on what a trivial occasion this had happened, that at the time I was no better employed than my townsmen.

That night I watched the fire, where some stumps still flamed at midnight in the midst of the blackened waste, wandering through the woods by myself; and far in the night I threaded my way to the spot where the fire had taken, and discovered the now broiled fish, — which had been dressed, — scattered over the burnt grass.

To-day, June 4th, I have been tending a burning in the woods. Ray was there. It is a pleasant fact that you will know no man long, however low in the social scale, however poor, miserable, intemperate, and worthless he may appear to be, a mere burden to society, but you will find at last that there is something that he understands and can do better than any other. I was pleased to hear that one man had sent Ray as the one who had had the most experience in setting fires of any man in Lincoln. He had experience and skill as a burner of brush.

You must burn against the wind always and burn slowly. When the fire breaks over the hoed line, a little system and perseverance will accomplish more toward quelling it than any man would believe. It fortunately happens that the experience acquired is oftentimes worth more than the wages. When a fire breaks out in the woods, and a man fights it too near and on the side, in the heat of the moment, without the systematic coöperation of others, he is disposed to think it a desperate case, and that this relentless fiend will run through the forest till it is glutted with food; but let the company rest from their labors a moment and then proceed more deliberately and systematically, giving the fire a wider berth, and the company will be astonished to find how soon and easily they will subdue it. The woods themselves furnish one of the best methods with which to contend with the fires that destroy them, — a pitch pine bough. It is the best instrument to thrash with. There are few men who do not love better to give advice than to give assistance.

However large the fire, let a few men go to work deliberately but perseveringly to rake away the leaves and hoe off the surface of the ground at a convenient distance from the fire, while others follow with pine boughs to thrash it with when it reaches the line, and they will finally

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get round it and subdue it, and will be astonished at their own success.

A man who is about to burn his field in the midst of woods should rake off the leaves and twigs for the breadth of a rod at least, making no large heaps near the outside, and then plough around it several furrows and break them up with hoes, and set his fire early in the morning before the wind rises.

As I was fighting the fire to-day, in the midst of the roaring and crackling, — for the fire seemed to snort like a wild horse, — I heard from time to time the dying strain, the last sigh, the fine, clear, shrill scream of agony, as it were, of the trees breathing their last, probably the heated air or the steam escaping from some chink. At first I thought it was some bird, or a dying squirrel's note of anguish, or steam escaping from the tree. You sometimes hear it on a small scale in the log on the hearth. When a field is burned over, the squirrels probably go into the ground.

The fire stopped within a few inches of a partridge's nest to-day, June 4th, whom we took off in our hands and found thirteen creamy-colored eggs. I started up a woodcock when I went to a rill to drink, at the westernmost angle of R. W. E.'s woodlot.

I saw a striped snake which the fire in the woods had killed, stiffened and partially blackened by the flames, with its body partly coiled up and raised from the ground, and its head still erect as if ready to dart out its tongue and strike its foe. No creature can exhibit more venom than a snake, even when it is not venomous, strictly speaking.

My friends wonder that I love to walk alone in solitary fields and woods by night. Sometimes in my loneliest and wildest midnight walk I hear the sound of the whistle and rattle of the cars, where perchance some of those very friends are being whirled by night over, as they think, a well-known, safe, and public road. I see that men do not make or choose their own paths, whether they are railroads or trackless through the wilds, but what the powers permit each one enjoys. My solitary course has the same sanction that the Fitchburg Railroad has. If they have a charter from Massachusetts and — what is of much more importance — from Heaven, to travel the course and in the fashion they do, I have a charter, though it be from Heaven alone, to travel the course I do, — to take the necessary lands and pay the damages. It is by the grace of God in both cases.

(*To be continued.*)

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PET'S HUSBAND

BY JENNETTE LEE

I

It was generally thought that Pet had done very well for herself when she married him. She was the third daughter of Mr. Wainwright of Dedham, and he was Instructor in English at the —— College for women. I spell Instructor with a capital, since it is so spelled in the institution in which he served. The branch of English that he elected to teach — and that his official superior graciously permitted him to teach — was a mysterious branch of Gaelic. It had to do with North of Ireland ballads and Scottish Border poems, enlivened by dabs of Chaucer. It may easily be understood that neither the trustees of the institution nor his official superior were altogether fitted to pronounce on the thoroughness of his knowledge or the range of his equipment; and he was popularly supposed to have received his appointment on the strength of poems published in the *Century Magazine*. Those who took the trouble to look up the poems found that they were three in number and of remarkable length. They dealt with supernatural powers and gnomes, and gave the reader a sense of wind soughing through empty boughs or ghosts striving to lift a trap-door of ebony. No one pretended to understand the poems. But it was conceded that they were remarkable work, — for a young man, — and that they promised yet more remarkable things in the future.

He was therefore elected to the instructorship; and he and Pet were married in June. In September he took up his duties at the college. He offered two courses in his subject, and they were elected by ten students each.

There was a feeling in the college that since so erudite a subject was offered it would be, in a certain sense, a disgrace to the college should no one elect it. It might seem to indicate that women were not the intellectual equals of men, or something to that effect. The student body had a courageous conviction that women were in all respects the equals of men, as well as their superiors. They held themselves ready to elect any number of subjects to prove it. Moreover, the new Instructor had an interesting lock of hair that fell across his forehead and required brushing back absently as he talked. This stimulated the imagination. It was held, by some at least, to offset the difficulties of the course.

It was soon found, however, that, except for the lock of hair, the new Instructor added no personal inducements to the study of Gaelic. He worshiped his subject — and Pet. His mind was preoccupied with poetic dreams, and his gaze was, for the most part, turned inward. He was blind to the very intelligent faces that confronted him in the front row. His dark eyes rested on them impartially, and his lips, framed to utter musical sounds, expounded learnedly the secrets of middle-high Gaelic.

Pet meanwhile had settled down to the career of being a professor's wife, with exalted joy. That she was as yet only the wife of an Instructor did not trouble her. She knew that Alwyn had in him lofty powers, that he was destined for high places. She accepted, without question, the responsibility of assisting his great career, and of rising beside him to stand at last in the full radiance of glory. She was curiously unalive to the possibility of failure. She knew Alwyn for what he was, and she believed in him to the utmost. Meantime it was her obvious duty to fail him in no particular. She kept her

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pretty new clothes in the freshest order, and received and returned her calls with promptness. It was not always easy to cajole Alwyn into accompanying her on the calling expeditions, and he was sometimes guilty of stealing away through the side door to the little grove that flanked the house, when callers appeared at the front door. Pet's manner on these occasions did duty for two. She did not attempt to conceal the flight or excuse it. She took the public boldly into her confidence. She assumed that they, too, admired Alwyn's genius and were proud of it, and, with her, shared the responsibility of preserving it to the world. She so far succeeded that, whatever the public might think of the new Instructor's manners, they agreed in pronouncing those of his wife charming. She was a distinct acquisition to the slow-moving life of the place. The wives of countless professors had exercised themselves through endless years in inventing appropriate social excuses for delinquent husbands. It had not occurred to them to acknowledge the thing openly and glory in it. Pet's frankness toward life entertained them. It might easily have shocked them. And the sense of license and wild risk involved added to her charm.

Before the close of the first year the Condors held an assured place in the community; and when, on the opening of college in September, it was known that the baby that had come to them in the vacation had died, the sympathy of the whole community went out to them. They were knit into the life of the place by social dependence, and now by sympathy.

II

It was near the close of the first semester of the second year that Alwyn came in one afternoon with a disturbed face. Pet, who was writing out the menu for a little dinner party the following week, put down her papers and came across to the fire.

He sat leaning forward, looking into the fire and rubbing his long fingers.

She took the hearth-brush and brushed away infinitesimal specks. She hung the brush on its nail and sat down near him. He smiled at her absently.

She nodded, with a quick look, leaning forward, "Everything all right?"

"Not — quite."

She waited in silence.

"It's nothing." He pushed back the lock of hair. "Only my classes" —

"Don't they work?"

"What there is of them — yes."

Her eyes grew quickly round. "What do you mean? You have almost as many as you had last year."

"About half," he corrected. "And they're going to drop it."

"All of them?"

"There will be one student left in the three-hour course, and none in the two-hour. The list came in to-day." He smiled at her a little apologetically.

She smiled back bravely. "Sillies!" She moved nearer to him, brushing his sleeve with her fingers. "What do you suppose made them?"

He shook his head. "Just the freak — perhaps."

"Yes?"

"There's another course in Economics, — a new man."

"They're sheep. What one takes, the rest will!"

"I have sometimes thought they don't elect a subject because they care for the subject?" He put it tentatively.

"They don't elect subjects — nor even professors," she said with decision; "they just elect each other. — You have one left?"

"Yes. I have one."

"I'm going to make you a cup of tea," she said, "and then we'll go for a long walk. I want to take you to that place up the glen where I found the ice crystals. They're beautiful." She busied herself among the tea-things. "Besides, dear, the fewer you have, the more time you'll get for yourself and your writing. It's

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really better." She looked up with a smile.

He returned the smile, his eyes lingering on the trim figure and peach-blossom skin and wide eyes. "It's really better," he assented. "So long as I keep enough to draw my salary."

Something in the tone reached her. She dropped the sugar-tongs. "So long as" — She gave a quick laugh. "How silly, Alwyn! Of course you'll draw your salary."

"If I have a student," he said. "I imagine the trustees won't feel justified in paying me a salary just as an ornament."

"They ought to."

"Well — perhaps."

"It is n't like most subjects," she said indignantly. "Of course the classes will be small."

"Small — yes," he assented.

"The college ought to be proud to keep you even if you had n't a student — just for glory."

He laughed shortly.

She came across to him, bringing the cup of tea.

He took it from her absently. "It's not a rich college," he said.

"Neither are we," she replied.

"I know. I've thought of that. I must do something."

"You will do nothing," she said promptly, "except be a poet." She bent and kissed the lock of hair on his forehead lightly. "Now I'm going to put on my walking-skirt. Finish your tea, dear, and then we'll go out." She flashed from the room and tripped up the long stairway, humming a little song. She closed the door of her room softly. She stood very still, staring before her with wide eyes.

III

In the summer the Condors went to the White Mountains. Alwyn was not strong. A slight cough troubled him. The doctor had ordered a bracing climate. They settled down comfortably in the small hotel in which they found themselves. The other guests were pleasant people, and they had a large room facing to the east. Alwyn began to take long walks by himself among the hills. He gained in color and weight. They resolutely turned their thoughts from the coming year and from college. Unless some student should alter her election when college reopened, Alwyn would have no classes. His one student had finished her course in June, and the lists handed in for the coming year furnished no one to take her place. Pet refused to admit that the situation was serious. Even if no one should elect the work, she pointed out, the college could not turn him adrift at the opening of the year. They must, in common decency, carry him on for a while, and there would be a revival of interest in Gaelic before another year. Alwyn admitted the possibility, and the subject was dropped.

He continued his long walks in the hills, and Pet devoted herself to the guests of the hotel. She would have preferred to go with Alwyn. She would have tramped by his side for miles without a word. But since he did not wish her, she served him, staying behind. There might be something she could do for him if she were watchful and ready.

She made friends with women from New York and Boston, and with one from Philadelphia. There was always the possibility of lectures in the winter. The hotel responded warmly to her advances. She was tactful and spontaneous, and she never drew a breath without devoting it to Alwyn. The hotel pronounced her charming, and her husband distinguished and interesting.

When they had been five weeks at the hotel a new guest arrived. She was from Maryland, a young woman with a Southern accent and reddish brown hair. She and Pet at once became good friends. They walked together, and drove and played golf, and sat on the piazza and made doilies. When Alwyn returned from his walks he found them always to-

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gether. It came about naturally that he read to them both the verses he had formerly read to Pet. The Southern girl sat with downcast eyes listening to the strange lines. As she listened a flush crept into her face, and when she lifted her eyes they were shining. Pet, watching her, smiled serenely. If one woman were so moved by it, what would be the result when all the world should hear it! She begged him to publish something now. But he put her aside. It was not finished. It must wait.

When the summer was almost done, and they were about to return to college, she made a discovery to him. He was going for a last walk across the hills, and seeing the look in her eyes, he had asked her to go with him.

They spread their luncheon on a rock, mid-stream in a tumbling brook. Pet made her way back and forth from the bank to the rock, bearing great handfuls of leaves and branches and flowers to deck the table. Alwyn, lying on his back on the rock, watched her from under his hat-brim as she flitted from rock to rock, breathless, laden with trailing green. Her hair, curling in tendrils, blew about her face, her eyes glowed, and her color came and went softly. She was supple and vigorous. There was something of the woods about her,— cleanliness and abandon. She laid the last branches on the rock, and pushed back the hair from her face, leaning over the side of the rock to dash the water across her face and neck. She dried it on a fresh napkin that she took from the basket.

He pushed back his hat and sat up. She regarded him critically. "You might wash your face," she said, "and comb your hair a little."

"With my fingers?" He held them up.

"When they're washed," she assented.

He leaned over, dabbling them in the water where it foamed against the rock.

She watched him with clear eyes. "Who do you think is going to college next year?" Her voice laughed.

"To our college?"

"Yes."

"Anybody I know?"

"Yes."

He considered, dipping his fingers up and down in the water and letting it drip from them as he held them up. "Somebody here?" he asked.

"Yes."

He sat up. "Not — Miss Leffingwell?"

She nodded, her eyes dancing.

"She said she was going back to Maryland." A shadow from a pine tree flecked his face.

"She is. But she's coming North again — later."

There was silence. The air stirred freshly about them. Alwyn had taken a sandwich from its green plate and was breaking it absently in his fingers. "What is she going for?"

"To study ballad poetry and Gaelic."

"What!" He sat up suddenly.

She smiled at him.

He returned the look with sternness. "You have told her" —

"I have *not* told her a thing," she said slowly, "except what you teach."

"She will be the only one in the class."

"Perhaps not," said Pet. "Eat your sandwich. I told her," she went on, watching with satisfaction as his teeth closed on the morsel, "I told her the classes were very small."

"You can't call nothing small." He was looking at her searchingly.

She laughed out. "You need n't be suspicious, Alwyn. I did n't deceive her in the least. She just wanted to come."

"Very likely," he responded.

IV

Miss Leffingwell was a distinguished looking girl. It soon became known that she had come from Maryland for the express purpose of taking Mr. Condor's work. The effect was what might have been foreseen, even by a less astute person than Alwyn's wife. Other students reëxperienced a desire for Gaelic. The

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classes started off with good numbers. Had Alwyn been endowed with ability to carry on a mild and legitimate flirtation while expounding the subtleties of language, his career — and Pet's — might have been different. His classes would have grown in numbers, and his reputation would have been heard in the land. This does not mean that he would have done anything unworthy of a dignified gentleman, — only that he would have treated his students as individual human beings. His classes laid at his feet respectful admiration, tempered by a desire for personal recognition. He fixed his dreamy eyes on the admiration, blinked at it a little, uncomprehending, and, planting his foot upon it, walked calmly on.

The classes dwindled again. Miss Leffingwell stayed till the end of the year. Pet had her often to dinner. Sometimes Alwyn read to them as in the summer. In June Miss Leffingwell went away.

"I could n't help — any one — by staying another year," she said. She stood on the lower step, looking up to Pet. Something in Pet's face stayed her. "I could n't help?" she repeated.

"No, dear, you can't help," said Pet.

The girl stood with one foot slightly raised to the step above, her head, with its reddish crown, lifted proudly. "I'd be glad to stay, you know?" She looked up with frank eyes.

Pet nodded. "Yes, I know. Thank you, dear."

At luncheon Pet mentioned that Miss Leffingwell had gone. "She came to say good-by," she said casually.

"Did she? I meant to see her. — A nice girl," he added, waking out of a study.

"A thoroughly nice girl," said Pet.

The next year the President arranged for a certain amount of clerical work for Alwyn. Pet did the work, and Alwyn had a free year for writing. Before the next year came round, Pet's plans were made. In the fall she opened her house to students. The rooms were large. Pet was an excellent housekeeper, and the house became very popular. Perhaps its chief attraction was the young poet. He gave a charm to the place, an other-worldliness that the college lacked as a whole. It was rumored that he was at work on a great book. The girls vied in thoughtfulness. They felt vaguely that they assisted at the birth of literature. They formed themselves into a guard. Newcomers were tried by the shibboleth of his genius.

Near the close of the year Alwyn's cough returned. He and Pet were unable to go away for the summer. The following winter he went South. He soon returned. He could not be contented away from Pet. She arranged her affairs and went with him. They were gone two months.

When they came back every one knew that the poet would not recover. He spent his days in an upper room looking to the east. No one in the house saw him, but his presence was on the place. The girls came and went in the shadow of it. It spread about them luminously.

V

In his upper room the poet sat with his face toward death. He could hardly be said to fight it. Sometimes one watching him, as Pet watched him, might fancy that he moved toward it a step, deliberately. He did not speak of dying.

Pet cared for him now as she had always cared for him, surrounding him with love and pansies and nourishing broths. She shared his defeat, as she would have shared his glory, outside of it, but serene and poised. He watched her without words. Then when the sun came in at the east, and she left the room, he turned toward it, impatient. He tarried too long. He was a burden to Pet and to the house. A dying man would sadden it. The girls would grow tired, as they had grown tired of his classes. They would leave Pet, — and there was no money.

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His eye rested on the desk across the room. It was filled to the lid. Pet had urged him once or twice, gently, to let her copy something and send it to the publishers. She had thought it might rouse him. He had put her off. He looked to the sun, blankly. — A thousand years, as yesterday when it is past. He saw the procession across the years: Homer, groping blindly — Milton — Dante in exile — Keats — and Lanier. He stretched out his hands to them. The hands dropped helpless. *They* had achieved. — Only long enough for that!

Pet came in, bringing his breakfast. She had placed the strawberries among their leaves, and they glowed freshly. His eye lighted. He lifted his hand and stroked her cheek.

She smiled at him and sat beside him, talking of little things while he ate.

When she had gone he lay thinking. In another week college would be done. He must make haste. There would be time for Pet to rest. It must be over before they came back. Dear Pet! She was brave. He turned his face with a sigh.

When the girls came back in the fall, their first question was for him. Pet's face had grown a little thin under its courage. "He is no better," she said. "But not — perhaps — not worse."

Then, to the surprise of the doctor and of every one, he took new life. He insisted on sitting up. Pet's face filled with light. Her lips sang as she went about the house.

So it happened that the poet fought against death, — fought it inch by inch. He was very weary. Often he longed to sleep. He was dead, — all but his heart. That beat still for Pet, — to save her disaster. A death might drive the girls away. He put it crudely to himself. His soul was dead, locked away there in the desk. He saw nothing but Pet's face and its courage.

Pet sat in his room, waiting for the tea-bell to ring. It was late November.

She leaned toward him, smoothing out the spread with little touches. "Comfortable, dear?"

"Yes." His hand reached out for hers.

She took it, stroking it as she talked. "The girls go to-morrow," she said.

His gaunt eyes turned to her out of the dusk. "Go — where?"

"Home. It's Thanksgiving. Had you forgotten?"

He drew a slow breath. "Thanksgiving — so it is — Thanks—giving."

He lay so quiet that she thought he was asleep. She slipped from the room.

The next day he was not well. Pet told the girls when they said good-by. They went away soberly.

The noise of moving trunks and footsteps disturbed him. He was restless, sleeping fitfully. Late in the afternoon he woke, startled.

"What was that?"

"One of the trunks," said Pet. She came across to the bed and patted him lightly. "They're all gone now, dear. You can rest."

"Yes, I can rest. Kiss me, Pet."

He turned to the wall and slept.

Pet sat alone in the silent house. To-morrow the girls would have returned. Tonight was her own — and Alwyn's. In her hand she held a bundle of papers. She had been sorting them, rearranging them. She had been surprised to find them so neatly copied. Everything was ready. To-morrow she would send them off. She had been reading them till the light failed, dumbly, with vague stirring of heart. She could not understand. But the world would know. She remembered the look in Miss Leffingwell's face. The world would know. Her husband's memory was safe with the world. — To-morrow they should go to the publisher.

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SINGERS NOW AND THEN

BY W. J. HENDERSON

THE first half of the eighteenth century is accepted by historians of musical art as the golden age of singing. Nevertheless, it is often questioned whether the singers of to-day are not as great as those who caroled the arias of Handel in the Haymarket. To the typical opera-goer of the present the names of Caffarelli, Farinelli, Senesino, Faustina, and their contemporaries are not even echoes. His acquaintance with the names of singers goes back only as far as the halcyon days of Grisi and Mario. Jenny Lind and Tietjens he may have heard of, and the name of Giorgio Ronconi may not be altogether strange to him.

But he who reads the records of song knows that according to all accounts, contemporary and subsequent, the singers of the early eighteenth century were the demigods of a sort of age of fable. They seem now to have moved through a rosy mist of glory with their sublime heads haloed by the radiant stars. They were princes and queens; at their feet the world bowed and fell. Furthermore, they were the first and the only authentic exponents of that most adorable of all arts, the Italian *bel canto*, the art of singing beautifully. They drew their knowledge from the original and unpolluted fountain. They poured it in rivers of pure water through Europe, and made the land glow with the verdure of a spring that has never returned.

At any rate, that is how it all appears to one who looks back into the record of the time or turns the pages of histories compiled by men who never heard a songbird earlier than Piccolomini. What, then, are we to think of our idols of to-day? How does our adored Jean de Reszke compare with the princes of song in the early eighteenth century? What rank would have been accorded to the suave and polished Plançon or to the beloved Sembrich?

These are questions which cannot be answered to general satisfaction. To project a de Reszke into the serene atmosphere of the era of "Radamisto" or "Almira" would be to thrust upon a comfortable public a problem quite insoluble. To ask the votaries of *Siegfried* and *Otello* to listen to Caffarelli or Farinelli singing one of their elaborate exfoliations of a melodic idea would be to invite an emphatic expression of impatience. The singers of the golden age sang with a totally different purpose from that of the singers of to-day, and to that purpose their style was adapted. They were singers pure and simple. They had to contend with no obstacles of textual significance. No strange and ear-testing intervals confronted them. The orchestra never obtruded a vigorous independence of utterance upon their ears. And above all, they were not called upon to unite with the graces of song the interpretative functions of the actor.

If we go back to the very beginnings of operatic art, we find that the recitative invented by the Florentine adventurers into music was very elementary in its demands on the artist. It serves to convince us that the characteristics of fine singing in the days of Francesca Caccini, daughter of Giulio Caccini, author of the *Nuovo Musiche*, must have been smoothness, purity, and equability of tone, and a fluent emission of the successive notes. These are the basic qualities of the Italian legato, the foundation of all good singing. Caccini, however, wrote some simple ornamental passages, and from these and similar ones in the works of his contemporaries were developed the

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longer and more elaborate ones found in the operas of composers of the latter half of the seventeenth century.

At the end of that century the Italian method of singing was complete. The great Pistocchi school of Bologna was ready to send into the world its wonderful pupils, and Porpora was prepared to instruct the youthful Caffarelli. How thorough the instruction of that time was we learn from the often told anecdote of Porpora's keeping Caffarelli at work for six years on a single sheet of music paper, on which the teacher had written all the possible feats of vocalization. At the end of the period of study the teacher said to the pupil, "Go, my son, you are the greatest singer in the world."

The achievements of these rigorously trained singers founded that firm faith in mere singing which still exists among Italians. The history of opera in the time of Handel is well known, and it exhibits a curious state of musical art. The singer was the monarch of the musical kingdom. Composers were merely tailors who made garments of vocal glory for these potentates. The adulation which is now poured at the feet of a Calvé or a Caruso, when compared to the blind devotion offered to Crescentini or Faustina, is as the gentle sigh of a summer zephyr in the presence of a cyclone.

The great Handel had to write his operas according to the dictation of these lords of song. It was not for him to say where he would introduce a duet or a solo. It was not for him to say what kind of an aria he would write at any given place in his score. All these things were laid down in the vocal code of the singers. They decreed what solos and duets they were to have, and where they were to be introduced, and what their character was to be. No Gounod could have bestowed the patriarchal osculation upon the brow of the successful Marguerite in those days. The prima donna, if pleased with the jewel song, might have held out her little finger for the composer to kiss kneeling. No Wagner would have dared in 1735 to tell a soprano how to phrase a declamation. The spectacle of the bowed heads of Materna and Winkelmann and Scaria at Baireuth would have started the princes of the early eighteenth century to writhing in their tombs. They would have made this Wagner wriggle at their feet like his own "Wurm."

Nevertheless, these singers had great and sound merits which lay at the foundation of their influence in the world. The stories told of them sound fabulous, yet they are well attested. Farinelli's beautiful voice and exquisite singing certainly did cure Philip V of Spain of an attack of melancholy which threatened his reason. When the Princess Belmont was almost insane from grief, it was Raff who saved her life by singing so that he moved her to tears. Senesino threw off the assumption of his rôle and rushed across the stage to embrace Farinelli, who had just sung an air marvelously. Crescentini in *Romeo e Giulietta* wrung moisture from the eye of the Man of Destiny, and wet the cheeks of all his court. These are not fables; they are facts. Yet the accomplishments of these singers were all in the domain of vocal finish. What they did, they did by pure beauty of tone and phrasing.

In purity and beauty of tone, in command of breath, in accuracy of intonation, in smoothness and agility in the delivery of ornamental passages, the singers of this first great school were the greatest that have ever lived. With all deference to the opinion of Porpora, Farinelli must have been the supreme master of them all. My colleague, H. E. Krehbiel, owns the collection of musical manuscripts made by the poet Gray. In writing about it in his charming volume, *Music and Manners in the Classical Period*, he draws some valuable information from the music as to the vocal abilities of the eighteenth century. He gives the crown to Farinelli, and adds, "One of the things which Gray's music can teach us is that, taking the art for what it was one hundred and fifty years ago, the greatest operatic artists

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of to-day are the merest tyros compared with him." Notice the qualification. We are to take the art as it was a century and a half ago. "It would be idle to attempt comparisons on any other basis than mere technical skill, however," says Mr. Krehbiel; and that fairly sums up the matter.

How are we to reconcile this view with the stories of those singers so deeply moving their hearers? In so far as they relate to the tributes paid by one artist to another, we may fairly presume that the emotion was aroused by the perfection of the art, for among vocal masters and mistresses technical finish counts for more than all other qualities together. Go where you will among singers, and listen to their talk; you shall hear them discussing method, method, and only method. Doubtless it was so among the pupils of the first great school of Italian cantilena.

As for the audiences, they were easy to move. It was a happy day for the musician. He had no soul problems to solve in his music, no philosophic riddles to expound. His theory was external beauty; his system, symmetry of construction. The music of Handel was a series of exfoliations of thematic trunks. Text was employed rather as an index to the character of an air than as a dominant power, to which the music must be subservient. The prima donna had to have her *aria d'agilita* that she might display the range and flexibility of her voice, and her aria of more dramatic nature that she might exhibit the beauty of her crescendo and diminuendo and her marvelous finish of phrasing. Nine times out of ten one of these airs would cover six or eight pages of printed music, while the text would consist of four lines of verse, to be sung over and over again, with endless repetitions of a word here and a word there. Even the mighty Sebastian Bach, than whom no more serious composer ever lived, was not a stranger to this method of vocal composition.

To bring ourselves to a full realization of the public attitude toward the singers and their music, we would have to carry ourselves back to the ante-Haydn period, when external beauty rather than detailed expression was the aim of musicians. Above all, composition was at that time what Dr. Parry in his *Evolution of the Art of Music* has so aptly named "organized simplicity." If we would realize how the audiences of the early eighteenth century melted and swayed under the magic spell of the art of Farinelli, we must think of people hanging breathless on the accents of Patti singing *Home, Sweet Home*, or Brignoli singing *Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye*. Sentiment, grace, gentleness, but no note of the great tragedies of human life, lie in such music, and these qualities lay in the music which the princes of the operatic stage sang in the days of the great Handel and Porpora.

The construction of the operas was wholly favorable to the performance of feats of singing. The story of the work was told in the recitative. The airs were the embodiments of certain sentiments suitable to situations indicated rather than actually reached in the development of the plots. In singing these airs the artists were not expected to act. They were not expected even to gesticulate freely. Repose and dignity were their aims, together with the preservation of the perfect control of the breath. The recitatives were declaimed in a broad and noble style in which accent and nuance did the work now done by declamatory emphasis and action. The entire purpose of an opera seemed to be to tell a story which should serve as a basis for the setting of certain sentiments to songs in aria form. The art of libretto construction was to arrange the succession of sentiments in such a way that the proper series of solos, duets, choruses, and ensembles should be made, and that the arias of different character should enter in such a way as to provide variety of style, and give the singers opportunities to display all their accomplishments.

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In short, everything was made tributary to that marvelous art of song in which these singers excelled. Nothing was ever permitted which could mar its perfection.

It was an interesting state of musical art, the age of simplicity, of receptivity, of public juvenility. But it could not last. Sophistication was bound to come, and even if the public was willing always to eat candy, the composers were not satisfied to remain mere confectioners. It was not in Italy, however, that the change made itself visible first. France must have the credit, if credit it be, of having led the movement toward a return to the dramatic ideals of the inventors of opera.

Lulli, a transplanted Italian, with a political spirit and a meagre share of musical invention, sought to impart influence to his operas by setting the text to an imposing style of musical declamation. He never had a grasp of the lucid aria form of the Italians; his mind was too poor in melodic ideas. Neither could he deal happily with voices in mass. His choruses are as thin as the easy unisons of Verdi's earlier works, and his duets are only dialogues. But, on the other hand, he sincerely tried to make his music convey the feeling of the text, and he made his choruses appropriate to the general tone picture.

Rameau, who worked about a century later than Lulli, was much farther along the road toward dramatic verity. In fact, Rameau had just what Lulli lacked, namely, musical invention. Hence in plasticity of form and variety of expression his operas were far in advance of the earlier master. They were farther than the lapse of time alone could have carried them. Gluck, who was a younger contemporary of Rameau, was deeply influenced by him, and struck out a new path toward dramatic truth in operatic music. But all of these composers were the slaves of the innate Gallic love of refinement and elegance in art. They gradually lessened the amount of purely ornamental singing in opera, but they did not rob the music of its polish and its fluency. Musical form was preserved at all cost, and the aria came again into its own.

Gluck, with all his originality and sincerity, did not know how to escape its domination. But the old-fashioned roulades, the shakes and jumps of the early masters and mistresses of vocal technic, now became few and far between. The broad, noble, classic style, which was withal as cold as it was statuesque, was developed by these composers. The battle between their ideas and those of the Italians was fought out on Parisian ground. The great singers of the Italian school carried the public with them. For a time, indeed, the master works of Gluck overcame all opposition, and the public confessed to a perception of their greatness. But it could not last. The desire for mere amusement won, and with the advent of Rossini Europe went back to the old strumming airs of the popular Italian style.

Yet singers had been influenced by the modifications which had been made. The mere fact that a composer had compelled a public to accept his ideas of opera showed that temporarily at any rate the domination of the singer had ceased. The vocal artists had been led to modify their style to suit the requirements of the operas, and something of the wonderful finish of the early days gradually gave way to energy of manner and vivacity of articulation. Of course there was no chronological line drawn between the two styles. They existed side by side for a period.

In the early years of the nineteenth century Angelica Catalani, the Melba of her day, ravished the ears of Milan, Lisbon, and Paris with her exquisitely beautiful voice, her wonderful compass, which ranged to the high G (Sybil Sanderson's "Eiffel Tower" note), and her dazzling brilliancy and accuracy of execution. At the same period Pierre Jean Garat, the tenor idol of Paris, showed how beauty of voice and perfection of technic could be united with

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perfect taste and exquisite sensibility. If Fétis is to be trusted, Garat was almost the first singer to study the æsthetic plan of an aria and design his reading of it in accordance therewith. This can hardly be quite correct, however, for it was in the purely musical features of their delivery that the master singers of the preceding epoch had excelled.

In 1822, six years before Catalani's retirement, and one year before the death of Garat, two vocal comets flashed upon the firmament of opera. One was that strangely gifted and unequal genius, Giuditta Pasta, and the other that superb musical tragedienne, Wilhelmina Schroeder-Devrient. The latter startled the world with her imposing and passionate impersonation of Beethoven's Lenore in the revival of *Fidelio* in 1822. A long career of dramatic song was hers. She was great in several rôles, such as Adrianno in Wagner's *Rienzi*, Euryanthe, Senta, and Preciosa. She failed as Venus in *Tannhäuser*. Wagner said she did not like the rôle. Schroeder-Devrient was not a singer; she was a dramatic artist with extraordinary declamatory force. She was the forerunner of the early school of Wagner interpreters, who knew little or nothing of the graces of song as practiced by the great artists of the Catalani type.

Pasta was a singer more closely approaching the type of the great dramatic sopranos of to-day. She united admirable singing with tragic acting of the classic style. She was undoubtedly the Lilli Lehmann of her time. If she had been called upon to sing rôles of the early Wagnerian kind, she would have succeeded in them. For her Donizetti wrote *Anna Bolena*, Bellini *La Sonnambula* and *Norma*, — her greatest part, — and Pacini *Niobe*.

With the advent of the works of Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, and their contemporaries, the demands upon singers changed. Certainly when Beethoven wrote *Fidelio* he had no thought of catering to the old appetite for exquisite finish and brilliant execution. He was seeking for the embodiment of tragic emotion; hence action, facial expression, and declamatory force had to contribute to the achievement of his end at the sacrifice of that bodily repose which made the singing of Farinelli and his peers what it was. Close upon the heels of Beethoven came Weber with his dramatic operas, and he too dragged singing as then understood from its pedestal. Wagner, as we well know, went still farther; but it was long after the period of the reign of Donizetti when Wagner came into his own.

We are far in these complacent days from regarding Bellini and Donizetti as "cocksparrow revolutionaries," but they cut niches in the steps of progress just as assuredly as did Beethoven and Wagner. Their niches, however, were of a different kind. These masters were in the line of succession of the old Neapolitan school of composition, the school which sought always to conserve in opera the element of pure vocal beauty; but they yielded to the growing demand for dramatic intensity, and in so doing sacrificed some of the reposeful features necessary to the art of perfect singing.

The recitative of their operas was far more animated and varied than that of the earlier works. Much less of it was of the *secco* kind, the kind supported merely by chords on a harpsichord or a few stringed instruments. The new combination of instrumented recitative with *aria parlante* and *aria di bravura*, called the "dramatic scene," demanded a wider range of expression and style than singers had hitherto sought to put into one number. It aimed chiefly at dramatic color, and it robbed the singer of those nicely contrived opportunities for the preparation of breathing which the old arias afforded.

Yet these were the days of singers who to us seem to be creations of overheated fancy. What marvels have we poor twentieth-century opera-goers not heard of Grisi, Mario, Malibran, Rubini, Tam-

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burini, and Ronconi! Yet we know it was Rubini, long the tenor idol of Paris, who introduced into the art of song the trick called the vibrato, without which no well-regulated singer now regards himself as properly equipped. The vibrato is the mother of the tremolo, that pernicious vice which leads to so much tawdry sentiment and such a wilderness of singing out of tune.

If, however, we are to believe the enthusiastic accounts of contemporaries and the memories of very wise old men, these singers had as much technical skill as the princes of Handel's day, together with much more emotional warmth. Certainly the music which they sang, and which few singers of to-day can deliver beautifully, is in itself evidence of the extraordinary development of their powers. The numbers of *Norma* are not for any singer but one capable of hurling into an auditorium with perfect freedom the measures of Weber's "Ocean, thou mighty monster," a dramatic *scena* of the most exacting sort, and only to be well sung by a great singer.

But it was not in works of this sort that the famous singers of the early thirties and forties at the Italiens in Paris and at the opera in London made their fame. Grisi was indeed hailed as the successor of Pasta, but it was in *Anna Bolena* that she succeeded her. In this now forgotten opera of Donizetti the great quartet, Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache, set London afire. It was for this quartet that Bellini in 1835 composed *I Puritani*, and when Rubini retired, Mario succeeded to his place in the quartet, and with it created Donizetti's exquisite comic opera, *Don Pasquale*.

Grisi was the queen of the operatic circle. Her voice was described by the London *Times* as "a pure, brilliant, powerful, flexible soprano." It was conceded to be one of the finest ever heard. "As an actress Mlle. Grisi exhibits discriminative powers of no common order," said the Thunderer. This does not sound extravagant, yet Grisi's praises have not ceased to echo down the corridors of operatic history.

More enthusiastic are some of the accounts of Lablache. His bass voice is said to have equaled his enormous physical strength, which was so great that he could hold a double bass viol at arm's length. Yet he roared gently on most occasions, and used his thunders only when art demanded that he should. He was huge of frame, and was as clever in comedy as in tragedy. His Leporello has never been surpassed. What a Wotan he would have made! Tamburini was a handsome, graceful fellow with a smooth, liquid voice of two octaves, and a facility of execution in florid music which would make any contemporaneous baritone stare. Those were the days of Rossini's popularity, we must remember, and every one, from the soprano down to the bass, had to sing roulades.

But perhaps the best understanding of the vocal art of the period may be gathered from the comments upon Rubini. He had a chest register running from E of the bass clef to high B, and his falsetto went on to the high F. He used the head tones too much, but the public liked to hear them. He could pass from one register to the other so that no one could detect the change. "Gifted with immense lungs," said Escudier, "he can so control his breath as never to expend more of it than is necessary for producing the exact degree of sound he wishes. So adroitly does he conceal the artifice of respiration that it is impossible to discover when his breath renews itself. . . . In this manner he can deliver the longest and most drawn out phrases without any solution of continuity."

His appearance was not good, and he was awkward. He was no actor at all, and his recitative was poor. In ensembles he never opened his mouth to sing. He would walk through a third of an opera, only to sing like a veritable demigod when his great aria was reached. Then he poured forth his splendid voice, his passionate delivery, his new and

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startling vibrato, his equally novel and affecting sob in the closing cadence, — hear Caruso do it, — till the most critical lost their judgment and acclaimed him a master of art. So indeed he was, but he was an aria singer pure and simple. He cared nothing for dramatic impersonation, and waited always for the supreme vocal moment. At any rate, that is the opinion of Chorley, who was, taking him all in all, the most observant critic of that period.

Mario, the idol of London, the adored of all womankind, was surely not so great a singer as Rubini, but he was a finer operatic artist. He was the perfection of theatrical grace, and he had an unmistakably fervent temper, which inspired his best scenes with communicative ardor. He was a master of the art of dress, and he always presented to the eye a delighting picture. As Chorley said, he was "the most perfect stage lover ever seen whatever may have been his other qualities or defects." The same commentator notes that he was a great Raoul in *Les Huguenots*, and that in the fourth act he rose to the full requirements of the masterly duet.

Throughout all the accounts of these singers of the elder days, one finds chiefly consideration of purely technical perfections. If behind the finish of the art of delivering the notes and phrases there lay a warmth of temperament or a grace of natural manner, well and good; but you may search in vain for any study of the intellectual attributes of these princes of the operatic stage. The era of philosophical music had not yet arrived. Sublimated sentiment was about the highest achievement of operatic composition, and the old sovereignty of musical forms, which made the librettist a servitor of the composer, had not ceased.

The great revolution in operatic art was brought about by the radical reforms of Wagner. When his sensational theories, demonstrated in his equally sensational works, spread through Europe, singers were called upon to study new problems. The proposition that the drama was the thing, and that the music was simply a means of expressing the poet's thought, was in itself sufficient to startle operatic Europe, and it did. It is needless now to describe the battle that was waged over this theory. The fight is over, and even the modern Italians accept the Wagnerian theory up to that point. The result of the spread of Wagnerian ideas has been the development in the last quarter of a century of a new school of singers. I do not mean the Wagnerian singers of the early sort, for they were not singers at all, except in a few brilliant instances. They were declaimers and singing actors, whose vocal powers were imperfect, but whose dramatic temperaments and intelligence enabled them to affect their public powerfully. The new school of singers is that of which Jean de Reszke is the supreme master, and of which Lillian Nordica, Lilli Lehmann, Edouard de Reszke, Delmas, Renaud, and a few others, are the leading members. There is little room for doubt that these singers would make an inferior showing in pure technical brilliancy as compared to the singers of the epoch of Farinelli.

Their entire schooling has been directed to a different end. They have not sought to stand still and amaze audiences by the mere beauty of their tone, the polish of their delivery, the length of their phrases, the exquisite finish of their sentiment. The emission of tone has been with them a means, not an end. It is one of their interpretative materials. Hand in hand with it go clear enunciation of the text, phrasing which sets forth not simply musical beauty, but the significance of the poetic lines, verbal emphasis utilized as carefully as in speech, dramatic expression designed on lines closely resembling those of elocution rather than song. Furthermore, action of the most imposing and delineative sort is demanded by the methods of this school.

The question may well be raised, then, whether the greatest dramatic singers of

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to-day are not artistically the peers of the princes of 1770, though they are less accomplished as singers. What could the pupils of the Pistocchi school have achieved if confronted with the same tremendous demands upon their resources as are the operatic impersonators of to-day? Compare any one of the airs of Handel with the tremendous duet of Raoul and Valentine in the fourth act of *Les Huguenots*. Analyze the enormous difference in style between a scene of Gluck and the last act of Verdi's *Otello*. Set the third act of *Aïda* against one of the early works. The amount of physical force required in these modern creations is far greater than that demanded by the older operas, and the opportunities for reposeful singing, in which complete command of the vocal resources may be had, are fewer indeed.

But this is not all. There is the enormous volume, the gorgeous sonority, of the modern orchestra to be considered. The singer of to-day does not rest upon a simple accompaniment. He himself accompanies an orchestral description of brilliant character, an instrumental depiction of emotional struggle far more eloquent than his own utterances. If he is to dominate this, he must be capable of producing a notable volume of tone, and of making all his expressive modulations upon a gigantic scale. This is the day of big voices; the little, sweet organ has no place in the monster opera house behind the thundering modern orchestra.

Still another consideration must be brought forward. Above all things the successful dramatic singer of to-day must have brains. He cannot content himself with the study of vocal technics and the plan of arias. He has to construct an impersonation upon the highest poetic lines. Even the Italians are demanding this of their singers, and such rôles as Mascagni's Osaka or Puccini's Scarpia, while requiring powerful voices and declamatory skill, need in even greater measure intelligence and theatrical subtlety.

Wagner was the father of it all, and he must be thanked for the more intellectual impersonations given now to characters which used only to be sung. Gounod's *Faust*, Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots*, Verdi's *Il Trovatore*, are all better interpreted now than they were a quarter of a century ago, because the singers who then sang only these have since turned their attention to the works of Wagner, and have learned the meaning of the philosophic and poetic musical drama. Jean de Reszke, who has sung Faust and Tristan, Romeo and Siegfried, with equal beauty and truthfulness, is, taking him all in all, a more influential dramatic artist than Farinelli. Yet there can be no doubt that Farinelli was a better singer than de Reszke.

Some remnants of the middle school, that of Grisi and Mario, are left us in the persons of Sembrich, Melba, Caruso, and their kind. It is well for us that they are here, for otherwise we might lose sight of the possibilities of pure singing, which is the true basis of all operatic impersonation. These are the artists who have the true schooling, and in all probability, when we hear Sembrich and Caruso in *L'Elisir d'Amore*, we are not an immeasurable distance away from a performance of *Don Pasquale* with Grisi and Mario in the cast.

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THREE POEMS

BY EVELYN PHINNEY

PRODIGAL SONG

I WILL arise and turn my face unto the morning.
I will arise, arise and go away!
I sicken of idle praise and idle scorning
And chambers close shut against the day;
And empty-shrilling, meaningless laughter,
And weak tears following after,
And unfaith and unreality alway!

Last night, as on my pillow I lay dreaming,
I heard the swift whir of gusty wings.
I heard sea gulls to their gray mates screaming,
As of old, where the wild south current swings;
Caught the old tang, the salt perfuming,
Of the Sea's glorious spuming
When on the shore the joyous tide he flings.

I saw the great billows landward rolling,
Rolling and thundering to the strand;
Heard the hoarse buoy funeral-tolling
O'er the graves of sailors blest or banned;
And the thin echo, faint replying,
As of ghosts of mariners dying
Who turn their souls shoreward to the land.

I saw the swift spears of shining grasses
Clash in the radiance of the noon;
Watched how the shadow of clouds passes,
Caught the quick diving of the loon;
Saw the sun sink in twilight vapors,
The pale Night light her tapers,
Laved in the full glory of the moon.

Midnight came on with gusty groaning,
With sound of the far and driving gale;
And then — on my pillow I lay moaning,
With dawn in the casement, foul and pale!
On my sick thought memories stirring
Of all that is hope-deferring
And nauseous and lean of joy and stale!

Oh! for the old life, strong and fearless!
Oh! for what is honest, free and wild!

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The old days, be they bright or cheerless,
The old sleep, sound as that of a child!
For a soul washed clean in the good gale's blowing,
For the sound of God coming and going,
And all that is pure and undefiled!

Give me of pastures for my tilling,
Toil of the uplands hot and gray;
For joy, strain of the sail slacking and filling
And the bright waves dancing in the bay.
Oh! for a man's work and a man's duty!
And one still brow of beauty . . .
I will arise, arise and go away!

THE MEADOW LARK

I HEARD a Lark in the meadow sing:
"Life soon passes!"
He called from his throne of grasses,
"Life is vanishing, vanishing!"

I saw him, jubilant, afar —
Wind-swept rover —
Perched in my field of clover.
Insistent he as prophets are.

Such sky, such scent, such plains of air!
Such waters flowing!
Yet: "Life is going, going!"
He sang and sang, ecstatic, there.

"O Bird," I cried, "what hope is thine,
What longed to-morrow,
That thou shouldst such contentment borrow,
Nor for thy little day repine?"

I watched him and I pondered long.
On my ear beating,
Came to me dominant, entreating,
That liquid affluence of song.

What hope, what rapture in that strain!
Like flaming fire
My soul swept up and could not tire,
Borne on those gusts of bliss and pain.

I mounted, at heaven's gate to cling.
"Life soon passes!"
O joy! O voice from the grasses!
Life is vanishing, vanishing!

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I 'LL LOOSE THE WEB OF MY DESIRE

I 'll loose the web of my desire:
I'll let thee free, I'll let thee free!
Fly forth on wings that never tire —
Nor think of me.

To farthest kingdom of delight,
My lover, roam! my lover, roam!
But when comes on the solemn Night —
Come home!

SIX CLEOPATRAS

BY WILLIAM EVERETT

THAT the life and character of Cleopatra are among the most exciting and instructive in all history, and afford admirable material for dramatic writing, sounds like stiff commonplace. Yet purposing to compare in this paper some of the more important plays founded on that story, I cannot "want the thought" that the serious crisis at which the last queen of Egypt appeared, and the extraordinary influence she exerted, are but half understood by many to whom the incidents are familiar.

The Land of Egypt has always exercised a fascination on other nations. Everything about it is marvellous to the point of contradiction. Historically among the oldest of lands, it is geologically one of the newest; exuberant in fertility, it has never a drop of rain. Its one river has had its course celebrated for ages on ages, and its source only known for a few decades. Its buildings combine the extreme of material stubbornness with the extreme of artistic labor; its inscriptions are as conspicuous and as mystical as the Nile. Its native kings, dynasty upon dynasty, now appear as fixing the pillars of their conquest in far distant lands, and now as driven far up the valley by invading shepherds. Its teeming population, forced by their rulers to construct works of matchless magnificence and durability, seem to count in the scale of being for much less than cats or crocodiles. Its religion is a medley of animal worship more degraded than anything in Hindostan, and lofty views of death and judgment worthy of Plato. Above all, the united energy of kings, priests, and people seems to have been given to exalt the dead above the living. Fascinating to the inhabitants of every western nation, Egypt is doubly so to all who accept the Hebrew Scriptures as part of their religion.

And this land of marvels, after holding itself high among the nations for centuries on centuries, suddenly sank with scarcely an effort under the dominion of Persia. A despot as wanton as Caligula or Rufus brought Egypt to her knees with scarcely a blow struck in her defence. For nearly two hundred years she remained a part of the Persian Empire, though a few bold patriots maintained with the help of Athens a fairly successful revolt in the marshes. But in 332 B. C. Alexander stepped across the line of Asia and Africa, and Egypt experienced the

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strangest change of dynasty in all her annals.

There is a fashion among some historians nowadays to depreciate the genius and fame of Alexander the Great, setting him as a soldier below Hannibal, and as an organizer far below Cæsar. Considering that he never was defeated by any enemy, domestic or foreign, in campaigns extending over thirteen years, and ranging from Thrace to the Punjab, that the kingdoms founded by his generals, and organized on his principles, were not all finally extinguished for two centuries and a half, that his name is still attached to cities of every degree of importance from Egypt to India, and that one of them has maintained unbroken life and importance as a first-class commercial port for over twenty-two centuries, we may think twice before consigning to any second rank the author of such works. Egypt was assigned to his most cautious and judicious general, and at once rose to a more commanding place than she had held for centuries, under a dynasty whose country had been pronounced by Demosthenes not fit to breed a decent slave. But that dynasty, though exhibiting wonderful foresight and enlightenment in the person of many monarchs, sank ultimately from a strange and revolting cause; one which, carried to a much less repulsive point, has in recent centuries sapped the strength of the Portuguese monarchy. The Ptolemies, to maintain the integrity of their race, had married their own sisters in generation after generation. This unnatural conjunction produced its inevitable result in mental degeneration, though, as seems to be the rule in like cases, the women maintained the spirit and energy of the stock far longer than the men.

But the end was bound to come. The arms and policy of Rome steadily crowded closer and closer on Egypt, and forced her from a position equal to that of any independent nation into submission verging dangerously on vassalage. The kindred monarchies, which like hers had sprung from the seed of empire sown by Alexander, had one after another been absorbed. The eleventh Ptolemy, a mere boy, was governed by counsellors who felt an uneasy consciousness of their country's subjection, and a feeble longing for independence, but were destitute of every kind of manhood. When at last the inevitable struggle between Cæsar and Pompey burst into warfare, their nerveless and faithless counsels were divided. Ptolemy owed the very existence of his kingdom to Pompey, and after the rout of Pharsalus Egypt was the point to which Pompey turned for merited protection. He was enticed from his ship into an open boat, stabbed in the back and beheaded in sight of his wife, his body left unburied on the shore, and his head exhibited to the victor Cæsar on his arrival, to his utter disgust.

Egypt was now at the feet of Rome and Rome's dictator; and what might have been her fate at that dictator's hands is beyond conjecture; for at that moment Cleopatra, the sister and wife of the king, once his colleague, now an exile in Syria, gathering forces to recover her share of the throne, suddenly threw into the scale the weight of her irresistible fascination. She came to Alexandria; she obtained admission to the presence of Cæsar by stratagem; and at the age of twenty-one, she conquered the conqueror of Gaul and Pompey, who was at least fifty-two, and probably fifty-five. He took up her cause against her brother's, at the risk of his fortunes and his life; made her his companion till his return to Rome and then till his death; would have made her his wife, had there not been a point beyond which even Roman submission could not go. On his death she returned to Egypt, and there maintained the state of a queen against the world for years.

Plutarch has told us, and Shakespeare has told us after him, how that work was done. It is best read in their pages. By the mere force of personal charm this woman succeeded in holding one of the mas-

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ters of the world — a man of undoubted craft and courage, a man who had the making of a hero in him — the slave of her caprices; in thwarting all the influences of one wife after another, of soldiers, of colleagues, of friends, of enemies, in drawing him to destruction at the very crisis of fate, and then when, faithless at the last moment, she had compassed his death without accomplishing her own deliverance, taking her own life rather than be less than a queen. No woman who ever filled or aspired to a throne has exercised such dominion by her unaided personal resources, — not Mary of Scotland, nor Catherine of Russia. She held the Roman arms at bay for thirteen years like Hannibal himself.

The moment her death was announced at Rome, the genius of Horace broke forth into a song of triumph which refutes all feeble criticisms of him as unoriginal and unreal; but in this splendid burst of patriotic exultation, which does justice even in its hatred to the majesty of the Macedonian, so far beyond her contemptible court, there is no mention of the Roman whom she won to his ruin.

The intensely dramatic nature of her career, the high-strung emotions, the deep intrigue, the conflict of passion, the rapid changes of fortune, seem to mark it out at once as a fit subject of tragedy, and it is my intention in this paper to compare the dramas of some writers of the first eminence, who have put their hands to it.

Of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* it is difficult to speak in terms of moderation. We do not usually hear it ranked among his best plays; yet in what dramatic excellence is it lacking? It is taken incident for incident, almost word for word, from Plutarch's biography; yet it has all the effect of a purely original composition, neither the biography nor the drama detracting a whit from each other's interest and value. It may seem to a hasty reader a mere string of scattered adventures and unconnected characters, hurrying him from Alexandria to Rome and back again, then to Misenum, then to Syria, and returning at last almost "spent with the journey." We cannot help being fascinated with the characters, amused with the wit, thrilled by the passion, and touched by the catastrophe. But it requires a second reading to discern the unity and proportion of the whole. It will then appear that from the very first lines, where Philo says, —

> "Nay, but this dotage of our general's
> O'erflows the measure,"

a single controlling purpose runs through the entire work. Every incident, every speech, every personage, even the most apparently insignificant, bears its definite part in working out the grand theme, — the reduction of an all but heroic soul to the slavery of an all but superhuman sorceress, who is forced herself to break down as the result of victory. All the characters, from the triumvirs who rule the Roman world to the clown who brings the aspic, and the guard who comes too late for anything but the last words of Charmian, — priests, soldiers, courtiers, pirates, Cleopatra's majestic rival Octavia, whom all the haughty traits of a Roman matron cannot help against the enchantress, the frivolous waiting women, whom their mistress's despairing courage elevates into kindred dignity, — are tools in the hand of a mysterious Fate, working out the ruin of two mighty souls. Every lofty motive combines to draw Antony out of the snare. Ambition, interest, patriotism, friendship, domestic honor, jealousy of his competitors, are united to no purpose. He resists, he struggles, he breaks away, — and he is drawn back by an influence like the loadstone mountain, which pulls all the iron from his blood. According to all the elaborate traditions of the French stage he is unworthy to be a hero of tragedy; he is too weak, too vacillating, too little under the sway of a great principle, to win our sympathies. To all which scholastic criticism the answer is — he wins them. History represents him to us as the most unprincipled of men; — Shakespeare takes the narrative as history gives

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it, — and we rise from his drama with an indulgence for Antony, amounting to affection, which the stern principle of Brutus or Coriolanus never can secure.

And Cleopatra, — the same charm which brought Cæsar and Antony to her feet breathes from the page that repeats the story of nineteen centuries old. It is best described in the oft quoted lines,

> "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
> Her infinite variety."

A captive to her very prisoner; a victor over her very conqueror. We hang on every word of her lips as we cannot on the wit of Beatrice, or the passion of Juliet, or the loyalty of Imogen. In no play has Shakespeare poured out more lavishly the treasures of his pen. From the wit which just touches the line of buffoonery, through every rush of passion and every turn of policy, till at last the devotion has almost the elevation of prophecy, there is no chord untouched, no taste unsatisfied. It is a theme which might be dwelt on without end; to quote all the striking passages would be to copy out the play. But before passing to other dramas, let us note a touch of contemporary gossip to which the Baconians are welcome, if it will do them any good. The enquiry of Cleopatra into Octavia's beauty and her comment on the information bear a marvellous resemblance to Queen Elizabeth's dialogue with Sir James Melville with reference to the looks of Mary Queen of Scots.

Shakespeare has had no equal nor second in the handling of this story. But the work of several of his successors deserves notice.

In the collection of plays usually named "Beaumont and Fletcher," appears one on the story of Cleopatra, entitled the *False One*. Its prologue distinctly calls it the work of two authors; but from other indications it would seem that Fletcher produced it after the death of Beaumont, with Massinger for his coadjutor. The prologue further has evident allusions to Shakespeare's plays of *Julius Cæsar* and *Antony and Cleopatra*, with which the authors express their unwillingness to compete, preferring to deal with both Cæsar and Cleopatra at an earlier period, when those two great spirits encountered each other.

The *False One* is a good specimen of the free and vigorous spirit and method of those who took up the torch of dramatic poetry from Shakespeare's hands. There is a frank and manly breath about it all; not quite the wanton, almost buccaneering temper of Marlowe or Greene; there is more self-restraint, and even of convention; but the whole has a solid and sincere reality, as of poets who lived in the open air, among true men and women. It is the writing of workmen, men who pursued the drama for their daily bread, under pressure from managers and audience; a new subject must be seized on at short notice, and cast into dramatic shape to meet the demand of the hour, when playhouses were attended in real earnest by spectators who had no nonsense about them, and expected authors and actors to have none either. Yet it is the work of poets and artists; of men who knew good literature and loved it; who wrote for the balcony as well as the pit; who meant that their plays should be read as well as acted; obliged, as all playwrights must be, to court the popular taste, yet doing all they could to guide and elevate that taste, by good poetry, good sentiment, and good action. It was a time when all classes from the highest to the lowest loved the stage; and such men as Fletcher met this love in a generous, straightforward spirit never surpassed. They made it a truly national institution; and though their themes are mostly foreign, their language is never such. No clearer, nobler, livelier English has ever been written. It speaks to us through eight generations as if they were no more than three; and we cannot help feeling that Chaucer might have enjoyed it as we do.

The plot is drawn from classical authorities, but not so exclusively from Plutarch as are Shakespeare's Roman

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plays. The play opens with the speculations of the boy king and his courtiers as to the civil war; one of Pompey's lieutenants arrives wounded to announce his rout at Pharsalus and flight to Egypt. Achoreus, the priest of Osiris, advises Ptolemy to receive Pompey, to whom he owes his kingdom, in a spirit of gratitude. Photinus the Eunuch advises that he be murdered, and his head delivered to Cæsar who is known to be in hot pursuit; this advice is seconded by the soldier Achillas (who is represented — contrary to history — as having some touch of gallantry), and is adopted unreservedly by Ptolemy. Meanwhile Cleopatra is planning with her sister and attendants how she may assert her right to share in the kingdom, and hearing that Cæsar has prevailed, declares she will escape from the imprisonment in which her brother holds her and plead her cause before him.

Cæsar appears, and is horrorstruck at the sight of Pompey's head, but treats the king and his advisers better than they deserve; but before their fate is settled Cleopatra makes her way into his tent, and overcomes him completely, in spite of the remonstrances of his bravest soldier. The rest of the play, strictly following history, shows how Ptolemy, a mere degenerate, is persuaded to rise against Cæsar as easily as he had been to fall before him; how Cæsar, in spite of all threats and persuasions, adheres to Cleopatra, though blockaded in the palace by all the forces of the Egyptians, and separated from his fleet; how he bursts away by a prodigy of daring, regains his ships, conquers and slays the wretched king, and prepares to return to Rome with Cleopatra as his queen.

The adherence to history gives a connection and unity to all the incidents too often wanting in Fletcher's plays, where plot and underplot are often alternated with as little connection as if they were two plays on two stages. Of the characters, what Dyce says of Cleopatra is not inapplicable to all: —

"Cleopatra is not, indeed, delineated with those exquisitely subtle touches of character which Shakespeare gave her, and which he alone could give, but still 'with her great mind expressed to the height,' and in all respects fit to captivate the conqueror of the world." The personages are all bold and large; eminently real, and not, like some of Jonson's men and women, mere "humours;" but at the same time with a certain simplicity and absence of light and shade which is effective on the stage, but too positive to the reader. The only person who does not always act out the simple nature with which we first see him is Ptolemy, — but vacillation and unreality are his character, or rather his no-character. There is plenty of force and richness, — but, as Dyce says, a lack of subtlety. The *False One*, from which the play derives its name, is Septimius, the hired murderer of Pompey; who, having "filed his mind" for royal bribes and favor, finds himself detested and despised by every one, from the penniless Roman soldier, to whom in vain he offers a share of his wages, to the very conspirator who has bought him, and dies as wretched a death as that he had inflicted on his benefactor. It is a spirited character, well fit to raise tears and shuddering in the audiences of the day, or of any day, — but when one thinks of Iachimo and Parolles, to say nothing of Iago or Falstaff!

The verse, though, like all Fletcher's, sometimes wildly irregular, is full of nervous and sonorous poetry. The authors could draw, as Shakespeare could not, from Lucan; and some of his fiery rhetoric is adapted to very grand declamation. The following bits will well repay reading aloud: —

On seeing Pompey's head, Cæsar exclaims, after his first burst of horror, —

> Oh thou conqueror
> Thou glory of the world once, now the pity,
> Thou awe of nations, wherefore didst thou fall
> thus ?
> What poor fate followed thee, and plucked thee
> on,

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To trust thy sacred life to an Egyptian ?
The life and light of Rome to a blind stranger,
That honourable war ne'er taught a nobleness,
Nor worthy circumstance showed what a man was ?
That never heard thy name sung, but in banquets,
And loose lascivious pleasures ? to a boy,
That had no faith to comprehend thy greatness,
No study of the life to know thy goodness ?
And leave thy nation, nay, thy noble friend,
Leave him distracted that in tears falls with thee,
In soft relenting tears ? Hear me great Pompey !
If thy great spirit can hear, I must task thee ;
Thou hast most unnobly robbed me of my victory,
My love and mercy !

Septimius, when he finds his employers walk off with the rewards and leave him only the discredit of his villainy, tells us:

I now perceive the great thieves eat the less,
And the huge leviathans of villainy
Sup up the merits, nay the men and all,
That do them service, and spout 'em out again
Into the air, as thin and unregarded
As drops of water that are lost i' th' ocean.

When Cleopatra's sister, in consternation at the revolt, says, —

Can you stand unmoved
When an earthquake of rebellion shakes the air
And the court trembles ?

She replies, —

Yes, Arsinoe,
And with a masculine constancy deride
Fortune's worst malice, as a servant to
My virtues, not a mistress ; then we forsake
The strong fort of ourselves, when we once yield
Or shrink at her assaults : I am still myself.
And though disrobed of sovereignty, and ravish'd
Of ceremonious duty that attends it :
Nay, grant they had slaved my body, my free mind,
Like to the palm tree walling fruitful Nile,
Shall grow up straighter and enlarge itself
Spite of the envious weight that loads it with.
Think of thy birth, Arsinoe ; common burdens
Fit common shoulders : teach the Multitude,
By suffering nobly what they fear to touch at,
The greatness of thy mind does soar a pitch,
Their dim eyes, darkened by their narrow souls,
Cannot arrive at.

In 1641, rather more than twenty years after the probable date of the *False One*, Corneille produced the *Mort de Pompée*, with a dedication to Cardinal Richelieu. The first part of this play so precisely follows the lines of Fletcher's that one is strongly disposed to believe the impossible, and think that the *False One* had somehow drifted over to the court of Louis XIII. Corneille was now at the height of his glory. The *Cid*, *Horace*, *Cinna*, and *Polyeucte* had forced themselves upon the favor of court, cardinal, and city. It would have been difficult for their author to maintain his reputation, and in fact he never did. His admirers say as little about the *Death of Pompey* as they can. The opening discussion, derived, like Fletcher's, from Lucan, is fine; and much praise is given to the character of Cornelia, the widow of Pompey, a person forced in against all history as well as probability, who defies Cæsar, her husband's virtual murderer, to open combat, but disdains to strike hands with the faithless King of Egypt, and reveals to her greatest enemy the plot against his life. But Cleopatra herself has no particular force or charm, and Cæsar is reduced to a mere "lover, sighing like furnace." The proprieties of the French stage considered the actual production of Pompey's head too revolting, and the entrance of Cleopatra into Cæsar's tent, wrapped up in a roll of carpeting, too comic, and only suited to the barbarous taste of the English stage, — if, indeed, Corneille knew that Fletcher had employed them. As it is, the critics fall foul of Corneille without mercy for several expressions which they deem *bourgeois* and undignified. A very few lines may serve to show Corneille's Cleopatra at her best, where, after recognizing all the risks that attend her acceptance of her rightful crown from Cæsar's grace, she goes on: —

Yet will I dare, since I behold your power,
To bid my hopes forecast a brighter hour.
So great a man, that hath such foes o'ercome,
I know of right may curb the whims of Rome.
Her unjust horror at the royal name
To juster laws your mandate may reclaim ;

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I know that other barriers you can break
And for these miracles your promise take;
By stronger blows your arm Pharsalia knew;
I ask them from no other Gods than you.

In 1679, not quite two generations from the appearance of the *False One*, John Dryden presented the story of Cleopatra in his play of *All for Love, or the World Well Lost*. He has given us in clear, vigorous prose a full account of his purpose in writing this play, — it was to imitate Shakespeare. Under the Commonwealth, the players had been silenced; at the Restoration, Charles II had brought with him from the Continent the French theory of tragedy, with its rhymes, its unities, its stilted heroes and heroines above humanity in passion and will, its confidantes, its long declamations and jejune action. Dryden, conscious of an original genius far above the common, yet pressed to the ground by the needs of daily life, had yielded to the times, and done his utmost to put life and truth into such monsters as the Indian Emperor and Almanzor. Yet he knew all the time, he could not help knowing, that the old dramatists had been right, and his contemporaries wrong. He never misses an opportunity to praise the Elizabethan dramatists of whom he says,—

Their's was the giant race before the flood.

Of Shakespeare he speaks with an admiration amounting to idolatry, as "the man, who of all modern and perhaps ancient poets had the largest and most comprehensive soul." Therefore, after giving all the best years of his life to a style of writing he despised, he started at the age of forty-eight to recall the unpopular and almost forgotten temper of the older English stage, and to write a play in avowed imitation of Shakespeare "to please himself." The result is *All for Love*.

It seems strange that if Dryden desired to write a play under the inspiration of Shakespeare, he should not have taken some plot not handled by his master, or, at least, recast one of the inferior plays, instead of one of the grandest. Having selected a tragedy where competition was of the hardest, he deliberately subjects Shakespeare to those very rules of the French stage under whose weight he had been chafing, and which, as Professor Lounsbury seems to have proved, Shakespeare had known and refused to obey, — the unities of time and place; absurd conventions attributed without warrant to Aristotle, as supplementary to his rule of Unity of Action. Dryden cuts down the story of Antony and Cleopatra to the events following the retreat of the queen from Actium and the triumvir's pursuit of her, and the entire action goes on in the city of Alexandria. On this sacrifice to the ghosts of the Unities Sir Walter Scott has the following amazing remarks: "Dryden, who was well aware of the advantage to be derived from a simplicity and concentration of the plot, has laid every scene in the city of Alexandria. By this he guarded the audience from the vague and provoking distraction which must necessarily attend a violent change of place. It is a mistake to suppose that the argument in favor of the Unities depends upon preserving the deception of the scene; they are necessarily connected with the intelligibility of the piece. It may be true that no spectator supposes that the stage before him is actually the court of Alexandria; yet when he has once made up his mind to let it pass as such during the representation, it is a cruel tax, not merely on his imagination, but on his powers of comprehension, if the scene be suddenly transferred to a distant country," and more to the same purport.

What Sir Walter Scott could have been thinking of when he wrote this is hard to say. He was, all his life, from his very childhood, an ardent lover of the theatre; he was a devoted admirer of the old dramatists; and that he ever felt his love for them shocked or cooled by the frequent changes of scene is hard to believe. When the physical scene was never changed at all; when a placard hung out from the balcony was the only indication

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that the action had passed from Venice to Belmont, or from the "blasted heath" to the court of Edward the Confessor, there might be some momentary confusion in a dull spectator's mind; but how after the introduction of movable scenery any one could be confused by a change from the colonnades of Alexandria to those of Rome is incredible.

One may regret that Dryden, after deliberately seeking to recall the ancient freedom of the English drama, should have sought to confine it by so many self-imposed barriers. But when all is urged that can be against his method, the result is a very grand and moving tragedy. It is as if Shakespeare and Dryden had both been present at Alexandria, seeing and describing many things in common, but each seeing and describing something which his rival overlooked or forgot.

In Dryden's Antony we have a character more susceptible to influence, and with less support from within than Shakespeare's: he is swayed hither and thither by the appeals of Cleopatra and of Ventidius, his most trusted and loyal soldier. This personage is the chief addition which Dryden has made to Shakespeare's list of characters, from which he has struck out so many. The name just appears in *Antony and Cleopatra*, but his real prototype is in the *False One*, where the blunt and brave veteran Scaeva is the only force which even tries to withstand the charms of Cleopatra. By Fletcher the character is drawn with life and vigor, but with Dryden he rises to the first rank. In Antony's utter debasement after Actium Ventidius approaches him, rouses him, encounters his sad and ferocious mood, argues with him, now sternly and now affectionately, in a dialogue which Dryden tells us was directly modelled on the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius, and, though somewhat prolix, is well worthy to rank as its parallel. Throughout the play this fearless and faithful counsellor is at Antony's side as his good angel, and all but saves him in his own despite.

On the other hand, the character of Dolabella, Antony's youthful friend, whom he employs as a mediator in a moment of estrangement from Cleopatra, is scarcely as successful: but as history tells us nothing of Dolabella but what is feeble and contemptible, it might have proved hard for any poet to give dignity to the character. A still more doubtful device is bringing Octavia to Alexandria, for the sake of an encounter with Cleopatra face to face, and two scenes of remonstrance with Antony, which only illustrate the corruption which the court of Charles II had cast upon the greatest souls. History tells us, and Shakespeare had to follow it, that the mistress prevailed to steal Antony away from his wife. But we feel that his Octavia is a noble woman wronged, and she keeps our sympathies even when, like Antony, we yield to the superhuman charms of Cleopatra. Dryden did his best to produce the same effect; but the Restoration atmosphere is too strong for him; and after hearing all that Octavia has to plead, we do not wonder that Antony left her. For Dryden's Cleopatra need not fear comparison with Shakespeare's, and has far more charm than Fletcher's. She does not appear as prominently as Antony; in the first act not at all; and in much of the play she is rather felt behind the scenes than presented to us. But when we do see her, she is a worthy replica of her original; a woman who determines that if Antony will lose the world for her sake, he shall never regret the loss, even though it be fatal to both.

Dryden has compressed much, which Shakespeare has given us in full, especially the last scene of all; but there is seen throughout the play the extraordinary fascination of his unique command of English; less free, less joyous, less spontaneous than Fletcher or Massinger; but the work of a master forcing our noble tongue to yield him treasures from its oldest mines, that none of his predecessors ever extracted.

Among the striking passages is one which Sir Walter Scott has justly ex-

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tracted for commendation, — the vision of the priest of Isis: —

Last night between the hours of twelve and one
In a lone aisle of the temple while I walked
A whirlwind rose, that with a violent blast
Shook all the dome: the doors around me clapt,
The iron wicket, that defends the vault
Where the long race of Ptolemies is laid,
Burst open, and disclosed the mighty dead.
From out each monument, in order placed,
An armed ghost starts up; the boy-king last
Reared his inglorious head; a peal of groans
Then followed, and a lamentable voice
Cried, "Egypt is no more." My blood ran back,
My shaking knees against each other knocked;
On the cold pavement down I fell entranced,
And so unfinished left the horrid scene.

When Ventidius has brought Antony over to his duty, and urges him to stand firm, even against Cleopatra, he listens for some time, gradually finds his resolution melt, and at length bursts out in a splendid lover's hyperbole. — Ventidius asks, —

What 's this toy
In balance with your fortune, honour, fame?
Why, we have more than conquered Cæsar now.
Faith, honour, virtue, all good things forbid,
That I should go from her, who sets my love
Above the price of kingdoms. Give, you gods,
Give to your boy, your Cæsar,
This rattle of a globe, to play withal,
This gewgaw world, and put him cheaply off;
I 'll not be pleased with less than Cleopatra!

When Cleopatra has dismissed Iras and Charmian for her crown and robes, and is alone with Antony's body: —

'T is sweet to die when they would force life on me,
To rush into the dark abode of death
And seize him first; if he be like my love,
He is not frightful sure.
We 're now alone, in secrecy and silence:
And is not this like lovers? I may kiss
These pale cold lips: Octavia does not see me.

In many cases Dryden has taken groups of lines solid from one or other of Shakespeare's plays; in others he has taken his master's words as a hint for exquisite glosses. When Ventidius has killed himself before him: —

Gone so soon?
Is death no more? He used him carelessly
With a familiar kindness; ere he knocked,
Ran to the door, and took him in his arms
As who should say — You 're welcome at all hours;
A friend should give no warning.

There is something truly touching in this labor of Dryden's to return to the right path. One can see it is a struggle; his sublimity touches hard on bombast; his ease on vulgarity. But it is noble to think how, at the age when Shakespeare finally retired from the stage, Dryden all alone, with no one but young Otway, so early lost, to help him, made his mighty effort to bring back into the sickly, foul atmosphere of the Restoration court, the free healthy air in which laughed and wept the long company of the great men of old from Marlowe to Shirley. He is glorious John, after all!

Some French dramatists of the eighteenth century undertook the story of Cleopatra; but they were inferior men, whose names and work are alike forgotten. The only one who has any rank in literature is Marmontel, whose *Cléopatre* failed on its first representation in 1750, and being recast by the author and reproduced in 1784, was received with even less favor. The author thought his play was too simple to be appreciated by any but a few literary men. The comment in the *Biographie Universelle* is this: "Strange illusion of self-conceit! The veritable cause of this indifference exists in the faulty nature (*vice*) of the subject; Cleopatra with her artifices cannot inspire interest; the blind and contemptible Antony is not more worthy of it; Octavia, by her virtuous resignation, degrades these two personages still further. In vain does the poet supply them with elevated sentiments, in order to ennoble them; a story so well known does not admit of complete alteration." So thinks a French writer in 1820 of what is a fit theme for tragedy!

The next Cleopatra is of particular interest because it is the first tragic essay of a mighty genius, who has himself told the history of its composition, and estimated its value with as severe criticism

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as his bitterest enemy could wish. Vittorio Alfieri, after a stormy boyhood and youth, having rushed through nearly all the countries of western Europe without learning to speak accurately a single language, even his own, had paused for a while — we can hardly call it settling — in his native capital of Turin, where his profuse expenditure and intense nature had gathered round him a set of companions of very moderate culture, but, like himself, inspired with a restless eagerness to do something. He had a smattering of French, Italian, and Latin literature, and had seen something of the French tragic stage. He had been drawn into an absorbing love affair, which kept him almost constantly in his own house, or that of his charmer opposite, except when he gave way to one of his chief ruling passions, the possession and exercise of fine horses. Eager to win some literary fame, but scarcely knowing how to set about it, he tells us precisely how he came to handle the story of Cleopatra. Sitting unoccupied in the saloon of his lady love, whose health required long periods of retirement and silence, he took up half-a-dozen leaves of paper that lay at hand, and sketched upon them two or three scenes of dialogue, naming the principal speaker Cleopatra. This name was suggested by the story woven on the tapestries of the apartment, otherwise he says he might just as well have called his heroine Berenice or Zenobia. When his paper was exhausted, he thrust the leaves under the cushion of a sofa, and there they remained for over a year, during which he visited Rome, and went through other experiences wholly alien to composition. Finding his passion exercising a baleful influence on his life, he determined to break it off, and in one of his last visits to the lady's house, he withdrew from under the cushion his attempt at a drama, and proceeded to recast it, still with no very definite plan. Having shut himself up a good deal after breaking off his love affair, he again attacked his Cleopatra; remodelled it a second time; studied, thought, worked to make something of it, and finally,

With many a weary sigh and many a groan,

completed five acts, which were performed by an amateur company at Turin in 1775 more successfully than the author had dared to hope.

As he has condemned his own performance as feeble dramatically, and uncouth poetically, in no measured terms, a foreign critic is not required to be enthusiastic. It is difficult for such a one to see the painful ignorance of pure Tuscan to which Alfieri declared he was a slave at this time. What one must recognize is the weakness of construction, which, departing widely from history, offers no adequate substitute. Augustus appears at Alexandria in wrangling declamation with Antony and Cleopatra. The two Romans both show Roman nobility, and Antony some genuine passion. But Alfieri has succeeded in depriving Cleopatra of all charm. Her share in the plot is to cajole Antony till she has made peace with Augustus, and when both prove too lofty for her, she tries unsuccessfully to assassinate her lover, and stabs herself at last with not a sign of that grace, dignity, and tenderness so rich in Shakespeare and in Dryden. Perhaps the lines where Antony refuses to accept Augustus's clemency if it is to be coupled with Cleopatra's humiliation, are worth translating closely: —

Enough; I know thee; from thy lips the names
Of Citizen of Rome, of Senate, names
Sacred in days of yore, and vain to-day,
Are but a lying veil, while underneath
A pious cloak there lurks a guilty Tyrant.
Triumph in cruelty; I asked a boon,
Thou did'st deny it, and my shame is full.
But not for that shall ever be beheld
In Rome, Augustus' slave, that very Dame
Who of the love of Antony was worthy.
She is a Roman too, and needs must learn
Thee to despise and o'er Augustus triumph.

It would be hard to guess that from the halting pen that wrote these lines would come *Philip* and *Don Garcia*, *Myrrha* and *Saul*.

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The last effort to dramatize the story of the Queen of Egypt comes from a very different hand; a lady addressed herself to the task of bringing on the French stage the greatest lady of history. Madame Émile de Girardin, — Delphine Gay, — who has deserved so well of literature not in France only, but all over the world, wrote for Rachel a tragedy by the name of *Cléopatre*, first exhibited in Paris in 1847.

The play is written with great force and beauty of expression, and deserves no inferior place among those we are discussing. It could hardly help being superior to Alfieri's boyish effort, — but it has more dignity than the *False One*, with less appearance of being hurried for the stage; the scope and field is wider than *All for Love*, and *le grand Corneille* must confess his brilliant countrywoman excels him in manliness. Madame de Girardin does not, as might be expected from a French writer, fetter herself by the Unities of place and time; the action covers a considerable, though undefined period, and the scene is once moved to Tarentum, where Octavia not only deprecates her brother's wrath against her faithless husband, but is visited by Cleopatra, who has come over from Alexandria, disguised as a Greek slave, to see for herself the beauty of which in Shakespeare and, indeed, in Dryden she is informed by hearsay.

The action is made to turn on a conspiracy between Ventidius and one of Cleopatra's courtiers, each believing it is for the interest of his own country to separate the triumvir and the queen; this is to be done by means of a personage of the author's invention, or rather adaptation. Madame de Girardin's great friend and admirer, Théophile Gautier, wrote and published in 1838 a story called *Une Nuit de Cléopatre*, where an Egyptian of the humblest rank is inflamed by love for Cleopatra, and freely offers to die if he can possess her for a single night. The intriguers in the play are represented as restoring him in the very death agony, to bear witness to Antony of his lady's unworthy love. The formation of the intrigue, with the poisoning and the revival of the slave, occupies the whole of the first act, during which neither Cleopatra nor Antony appears, which seems a strange fault of dramatic construction. In the second and third acts the author handles the story in her own way; but the two last show unmistakably that while we can hardly suppose her ignorant of Shakespeare, she had certainly read *All for Love*. More than one incident, more than one expression, seem exactly reproduced from Dryden. The hyperbole quoted in our discussion of *All for Love* appears in the line of which this is the exact translation: —

Leave me Cleopatra and keep the universe.

As by Dryden, Octavia is brought to Alexandria; but she is introduced immediately after Antony's death. Like Dryden, Madame de Girardin, exerting all her skill to win our sympathies for Octavia, cannot succeed in winning our hearts any more than Octavia could Antony's. The catastrophe with the asp, and the coronation before it, is compressed into a very few sentences, as it is in *All for Love*, instead of being drawn out into the intensely poetic and intensely dramatic beauty of Shakespeare.

The aspic is brought to Cleopatra by the slave, who, when he discovers that he is to be a tool of the conspirators, attaches himself like a dog to Cleopatra, follows her everywhere, warns her of her danger, and proves himself her only efficient friend. He assures her of Antony's undying love by what he knows of his own in these passionate lines: —

On peut vivre sans pain dans des murs qu'on assiège,
On peut vivre sans feu dans des deserts de neige,
On peut vivre sans eau dans le sable Africain,
On peut vivre sans air dans l'antre de Vulcain,
Mais dans cette démence dont ma tête est bercée,
On ne pourrait pas vivre un jour sans ta pensée !

Now these lines irresistibly suggest the exquisitely amusing passage in Lord Lytton's *Lucile*, which I only hint, that

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the reader may have the pleasure of looking it up in the original.

We may live without poetry, music, or art,
etc.

And the resemblance seems to force one into a version hardly conformed to the spirit of the play: —

One may live without bread within walls under
leaguer,
One may live without drink in Sahara the
meagre,
One may live without fire in the snows of the
Balkan,
One may live without air in the cavern of Vulcan, —
But rapt in the frenzy whose visions I see
One can live not a day without thinking of thee.

The character of Cleopatra herself is handled by the gifted author with great originality and beauty. Her devotion to Antony, her jealousy of Octavia, her resistless charm over all who encounter her, and the touching sway she holds over Charmian and Iras, are exhibited as Plutarch leads, and Shakespeare and Dryden follow. But there is added the new and very subtle touch that Cleopatra's restless, fiery, eager spirit is sick of the monotony and deadness of Egypt, and longs for the stir and life of Europe. She had hoped to be Cæsar's queen, and reign in Rome; she longs just so to share Antony's empire and escape from the soul-chilling dreariness of the Delta. This thought is expressed in a fine soliloquy, of which some lines follow: —

How stifling is this heat where stirs no air;
No cooling cloud in all this stainless heaven,
No tear to fall from this relentless blue;
This sky no winter, spring nor autumn knows,
Nought to relieve its brilliant monotone,
These desert bounds aye show the ruddy sun
That seems to watch you like an eye of blood.
My mind is wearied with this constant blaze.
O if I could but feel one drop of rain,
Iras, I 'd give these pearls, this diadem —
O life in Egypt is a heavy load,
This wealthy country with its vast renown,
I, its young queen, find but a realm of death.
They boast their palaces, their monuments,
The mightiest of them are but sepulchres.
One's every step is conscious that beneath
Ages of mummies make the very soil.
It seems a land of murder and remorse,
The living work but to embalm the dead.
On every hand the cauldron boils its corpse —
On every hand sharp naphtha scents the air —
And all the wretchedness of human pride
Wrestling in madness with eternity!

The radical defect, to Saxon taste, is the spirit of declamation that dominates situation and poetry. Ventidius, Diomedes, the slave, Antony, Cæsar, Octavius, Cleopatra, all have to develop their feelings in long tirades — *le recit de Théramene*. One does not question that Rachel and her coadjutors could have given them with immense spirit and feeling; one feels that the point and wit of the French language is here elevated to a dignity worthy of Bossuet and Vergniaud. But in *Antony and Cleopatra* there is not a single speech twenty lines long; the rhetoric which, in *Coriolanus*, in *Julius Cæsar*, in *Henry V*, in *Henry VIII*, unless that is Fletcher's, throws all Corneille and Racine into the shade, is laid aside for fear it should mar the dramatic perfection of the character and incidents. We may freely accord the laurel of noble language and of profound feeling to Delphine Gay, as to John Fletcher and John Dryden, — but the Antony and Cleopatra that hold our hearts are still the creations of the one master.

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MATTHEW ARNOLD INTIME

BY PETER A. SILLARD

MANY books have been published about Matthew Arnold since his death in 1888. We have monographs by Professor Saintsbury, and the brilliant essayist, Mr. Herbert Paul, as well as a literary life from the pen of Mr. George Russell, the intimate friend who edited Arnold's *Letters* in 1895; and there has been published, quite recently, a wide survey of Arnold's work by Mr. Harbutt Dawson. But surpassing all these in value is the selection from his own *Note Books*, for which we are indebted to his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Wodehouse. In her preface she tells us: "My father used often to say, half jokingly, that if any one would ever take the trouble to collect all the extracts from various writers which he had copied in his note books, there would be found a volume of priceless worth."

But it is on other grounds that the volume is so valuable. We have all of us, probably, at one time or another, felt with regard to some eminent man of letters that we should like to know him: that is, to know him as he really was in his innermost self, and not only as seen through his writings. Letters, when they are not written with a thought of publication, are illuminating; but, somehow, the letters of Matthew Arnold that have been published are not satisfying in this respect. We want to know the man who charmed us, and instructed us while he did so. We want to get nearer to him; and that is what this book does for us. It is the key to a very beautiful disposition. It admits us to a more intimate knowledge of Arnold's nature than we could have ventured to hope for. It increases the worth of his writings by its revelation of the nobility of his character, and of his unabated devotion to high ideals. It is, of course, as a poet and a literary critic that Arnold will live, and the importance of his work lies in the inculcation of the need for light and leading, and the attainment, through culture, of high ideals. Those letters of his which were published a few years ago did not shed fresh light on his character as we knew it through his books. But here in these *Note Books*, which for thirty-seven years were the receptacle of some portion of his daily reading, we see the mind of the man as he was to himself; and high as the standard was which he set for others, higher still was that which he placed before himself. We see that the urbanity, the *gaieté littéraire*, which sometimes proved so disconcerting to those whom he criticised, was not an affectation, but was the reflection of the inward sunshine which brightened his life; and that the largeness of mind which helped him to the appreciation of the widely different types with which his criticism was concerned was the fruit of severe mental discipline.

The soul of the man is reflected in this unique volume: austere, but never harsh. The harshness and rigor that an austere philosophy tends to induce were with him counteracted by natural kindliness of heart. The reading that makes a full man; the catholicity; the unerring instinct for the best, that marked him as a born critic, are here unmistakable, as well as the desire always to commune with noble minds: so much "a man's life of each day depends for its solidity and value on whether he reads during *that* day, and, far more still, on what he reads during it." "To know the best which has been thought and said in the world" is here seen to have been his life-long study.

If we would discover the mainspring

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of all his works, we shall find it in those words of his: "We are all seekers still;" not to imagine that we have heard or uttered the last word, "not to strive or cry, nor to persist in pressing forward, on any one side with violence and self-will," but patiently to investigate, and sift, and interpret, until we find the Truth. "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." Being of the "guild of the studious," this afforded him the keenest intellectual enjoyment, and deepened his sense of what is beautiful in character and admirable in conduct. "Il avait un sens pénétrant pour tout chose d'expérience et de vérité." "The importance of reading, not slight stuff to get through the time [he writes], but the best that has been written, forces itself upon me more and more every year I live; it is living in good company, the best company;" and in *Essays in Criticism* he tried to show us how to get at the best. These *Essays*, and the *Discourses in America*, contain, as it seems to me, the residuum of his prose writings. We may put aside as "touched with caducity" the theological excursions that he permitted himself in the belief that the type of religion to which the British middle class has sacrificed so much is defective; and as he himself did not regard his contributions to politics as being more than tentative, we need not enter upon them now. What is valuable in them we shall find in one form or another in the books that worthily represent him.

There is a line from à Kempis that recurs frequently in the *Note Books*, and it is eloquent of his own practice: "Semper aliquid certi proponendum est:" "Always place a definite purpose before thee." Probably no man ever wrote who more keenly appreciated the importance of this counsel. All his writing was inspired by a definite purpose, and toward making clear that purpose (whatever at the particular time it happened to be) he brought the resources of his richly equipped mind, and the effective instrument, a beautiful style.

Another frequent quotation is

> Knowledge dwells
> In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
> Wisdom, in minds attentive to their own.

That he drew upon these sources of knowledge and wisdom, this book bears eloquent testimony. Besides abundant quotations from the Bible, the mere enumeration of the authors from whom he noted down passages that specially struck him as helpful toward keeping in the right course through outward troubles and inward perplexities, is to realize what a daily education he imposed upon himself. Pindar, Sophocles, Euripides, Plato, Aristotle, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, Cicero, Lucan, Dante, Leopardi, Lessing, Heine, Vauvenargues, Voltaire, Victor Hugo, Renan, Condorcet, Littré, Rochefoucauld, Pascal, Senancour, Bishop Wilson, Bishop Butler, Barrow, Burke, Clarendon, Paley, Johnson, Goethe, Bunsen, Vinet, "George Sand," Joseph de Maistre. A catholic taste, truly. "He that reads many books," says Johnson, "must compare one opinion or one style with another; and when he compares, must necessarily distinguish, reject, and prefer." The naturally fine literary sense with which Arnold was endowed was made more delicately keen by the range of reading indicated in the list above, as remarkable for what it omits as for what it contains. His deep reading in and love for the classics endued him with that sweetness and light which he inculcated so persistently, rightly believing that the "two noblest things," as Swift termed them, were the essence of true culture. That one who would have chosen a diplomatic career should find an inspectorship of schools occasionally irksome is easily conceivable; but Arnold was wise, and in his *Note Books* we find entries like these: —

"Grant that I may this day omit no part of my duty."

"I pray God preserve me from ease, idleness, and trifling away my precious time (Bp. Wilson)."

"Thorns and snares are in the way of the froward; he that doth *keep his soul* shall be far from there."

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"For Thy sake!

A servant, with this clause,
Makes drudgery divine.
Who sweeps a room, as for God's laws,
Makes that *and the action* fine."

"The more graces a man has received, the more reason he has to fear, and the greater obligation to labour for God."

"Look up to God at all times, and He will, as in a glass, discover what is fit to be done."

"Give me grace to make amends, by my future diligence, for the many days and years that I have spent unprofitably."

"It is a part of special prudence never to do anything because one has an inclination to it; but because it is one's duty, or is reasonable."

"Not to desire to be ministered unto, but rather to minister; never to make it my object to live in ease, plenty, luxury, and independence."

"L'homme est en ce monde pour profiter de l'école de sa destinée et pour travailler à son salut."

"The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts; therefore guard accordingly (Marcus Aurelius)."

"Rien ne sauve dans cette vie-ci que l'occupation et le travail."

"Une vie laborieuse, une succession de travaux qui remplissent et moralisent les jours!"

"La gaieté clarifie l' esprit, surtout la gaieté littéraire. L' ennui l'embrouille."

"Omnia vanitas, praeter amare deum, et illi soli servire (à Kempis)."

"Angelica hilaritas cum monastica simplicitate."

The value of these quotations consists, of course, in the light they throw on the mind of Arnold in noting them down for his daily guidance and support, while his life illustrated their truth. His own heart beat an echo to the sentiment contained in:

"Le cœur humain a en soi-même un élan vers une beauté inconnue."

Against the drudgery incident to school inspection he set such truths as that; and braced himself by the determination:—

"Through the contemplation of works of art, to keep alive in the mind a high, unapproachable ideal."

That the drudgery helped to sap the springs of poetry within him would appear evident from his almost complete abandonment of the practice of poetry after 1867. "Carmina secessum scribentis et otia quaerunt." But then, as he himself has said, "Poetry and the poetic form of expression naturally precede prose." To him poetry was a forgetfulness of evils, and a truce from cares; "a divine plaything," as Heine said. Yet many good judges are inclined to set his poetry above his prose. Perhaps it will prove to be his passport to immortality. But when the serious business of life began he found his best utterance in prose, in which, with him, the utilitarian and artistic elements united in a most fascinating manner. Unlike the conscious stylist, he wrote because he had something to say, and he naturally took pains to say it in the very best way. The Greek word *Eutrapelia*, on which he discoursed so entertainingly to the Eton boys, well describes his style. It had the flexibility without which it would not have been easy for him to convey the subtle shades of meaning, the delicate *nuances*, with which his prose abounds; or to indulge the lambent humor which makes his essays such delightful reading. In his case there is no need to exclaim with Émile de Girardin, "Ah! si l'on voulait lire les Préfaces!" for every one knows that they contain some of his best and most piquant writing, and are on no account to be missed. We may rank him as next to Newman, if not sometimes his equal. There is a simple directness in Newman that we do not find in Arnold. Newman is winning, Arnold persuasive; and if he fails to convince us at all times, he is invariably charming. In his hands language becomes a living thing, instinct with spirit and grace. In his poetry, his exquisite sagacity of taste may almost be said to have never failed him. It is always severely correct, beautiful with the *symmetria*

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prisca of the Greeks, his chosen models.

There are many reasons why we cannot afford to be without his poetry. It is helpful and healing. Poetry cannot, of course, as Strauss reminds us, take the place of real religion. Man is religious by instinct. But poetry such as Arnold's sustains us against what we may term the crudities of life: "Quid enim non carmina possunt?" Do we not feel this when we read *Self-Dependence* for instance? "He remains the especial friend and comforter of all clear-headed and scrupulous, yet pure-hearted and upward striving men. . . . He cannot give such souls, perhaps, all they yearn for, but he gives them much; and what he gives them they can receive."

How applicable to him are these words from his essay on Marcus Aurelius! In the light of the *Note Books* we understand why that essay is so good, is, in fact, the very best of all in the volume published in 1865. The subject was one with which he was in full sympathy. He found in the writings of the Roman emperor "food for men engaged in the current of contemporary life and action," and "a source from which to draw example of life and instruction of manners." This is just what we get from Arnold. We can learn from him (who lived in our own day), as the imperial moralist learnt from Maximus, "Cheerfulness in all circumstances as well as in illness; and a just admixture in the moral character of sweetness and dignity." And Arnold had the "emotion which lends to his voice so touching an accent;" he too yearned for something unattained by him; he too kept watch over himself that the springs of action might be right within him, and that the minute details of action might be right also. His emotion was "a spirit, not so much of gladness and elation, as of gentleness and sweetness; a delicate and tender sentiment, which is less than joy and more than resignation."

It was the knowledge that the human spirit cannot live aright if it lives at one point only, that gave such variety to his literary interests; but in all that he has written there is a unity, an equality, a continuity, resulting in a harmonious and lasting impression; while for a moral teacher there is an absence of *emphase* that is admirable. "He that hath knowledge spareth his words." "Donner aux hommes un amour intelligent et passionée du bien!" he quotes from Saint-Hilaire; and this intelligent and passionate love of what is good breathes all through his work. It is the spirit that inspired the *Discourses in America*, the *Essays* and the *Poems*. It pervades the discourse on "Numbers" with its beautiful application of Philippians iv 8 to the practice of every-day life. There is in this discourse a striking instance of his clearness of vision with regard to current events, and their inevitable tendency as shown in affairs in France: —

"The French have always had a leaning to the goddess of whom we speak [Aselgeia], and have been willing enough to let the world know of their leaning, to pride themselves on their Gaulish salt, their gallantry, and so on. But things have come to their present head gradually. Catholicism was an obstacle; the serious element in the nation was another obstacle. But now just see the course which things have taken, and how they all, one may say, have worked together for this goddess. . . . Let us say that, by her present popular literature, France gives proof that she is suffering from a dangerous and perhaps fatal disease; and that it is not clericalism which is the real enemy to the French so much as their goddess; and if they can none of them see this themselves, it is only a sign of how far the disease has gone, and the case is so much the worse. The case is so much the worse; and for men in such case to be so vehemently busy about clerical and dynastic intrigues at home, and about alliances and colonial acquisitions and purifications of the flag abroad, might well make one borrow of the prophets and exclaim, 'Surely ye are perverse!' perverse to neglect your really

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pressing matters for those secondary ones. . . . And the present popular literature of France is a sign that she has a most dangerous moral disease."

"Literature and Science," the second of the *Discourses*, is eloquent with its plea for the humanities; for the acquisition of knowledge that can be brought into intimate relation with our sense for conduct and our sense for beauty.

"Magis utile nil est
Artibus his, quae nil utilitatis habent."

Arnold rightly held that they refine the manners, and make men mild and gentle in their conduct. "So long as human nature is what it is, their attractions will remain irresistible. As with Greek, so with letters generally: they will some day come, we may hope, to be studied more rationally, but they will not lose their place. What will happen will rather be that there will be crowded into education other matters besides, far too many; there will be, perhaps, a period of unsettlement and confusion and false tendency; but letters will not in the end lose their leading place. If they lose it for a time, they will get it back again. We shall be brought back to them by our wants and aspirations. And a poor humanist may possess his soul in patience, neither strive nor cry, admit the energy and brilliancy of the partisans of physical science, and their present favour with the public, to be far greater than his own, and still have a happy faith that the nature of things works silently on behalf of the studies which he loves, and that, while we shall all have to acquaint ourselves with the great results reached by modern science, and to give ourselves as much training in its disciplines as we can conveniently carry, yet the majority of men will always require humane letters; and so much the more, as they have the more and the greater results of science to relate to the need in man for conduct and to the need in him for beauty."

But perhaps the best of the three *Discourses* is that on Emerson, wherein he penetrates to the core of the philosopher's work, and plucks out the heart of his mystery. "We have not in Emerson a great poet, a great writer, a great philosophy-maker. His relation to us is not that of one of those personages; yet it is a relation of, I think, even superior importance. His relation to us is more like that of the Roman emperor, Marcus Aurelius. Marcus Aurelius is not a great writer, a great philosophy-maker; he is the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit. . . .

"Emerson's abiding word for us, the word by which being dead he yet speaks to us, is this: 'That which befits us, embosomed in beauty and wonder as we are, is cheerfulness and courage, and the endeavour to realize our aspirations. Shall not the heart, which has received so much, trust the Power by which it lives?'

"One can scarcely overrate the importance of thus holding fast to happiness and hope. It gives to Emerson's work an invaluable virtue. As Wordsworth's poetry is, in my judgment, the most important work done in verse, in our language, during the present century, so Emerson's *Essays* are, I think, the most important work done in prose."

Besides the searching criticism of Emerson, this discourse is remarkable for the insight disclosed in resting Carlyle's chance of immortality, not upon the history and the other works which cost him such travail, but upon his letters, his correspondence with Emerson especially. And then there is the beautiful passage about Newman, which falls on the ear like music: —

"Forty years ago, when I was an undergraduate at Oxford, voices were in the air there which haunt my memory still. Happy the man who in that susceptible season of youth hears such voices! they are a possession to him for ever. No such voices as those which we heard in our youth at Oxford are sounding there now. Oxford has more criticism now, more knowledge, more light; but such voices as those of our youth it has no longer. The name of Cardinal Newman is a great name to the imagination still; his genius

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and his style are still things of power. But he is over eighty years old; he is in the Oratory at Birmingham; he has adopted, for the doubts and difficulties which beset men's minds to-day, a solution which, to speak frankly, is impossible. Forty years ago he was in the very prime of life; he was close at hand to us at Oxford; he was preaching in St. Mary's pulpit every Sunday; he seemed about to transform and to renew what was for us the most national and natural institution in the world, the Church of England. Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music, — subtle, sweet, mournful? I seem to hear him still."

In deciding that he would elect to be represented in prose by these *Discourses*, I cannot but think that he was right. They display his prescience in a remarkable degree; and they have that quality of style which, in criticising Emerson, he declared marks the great writer, the born man of letters. "It resides in the whole tissue of his work, and of his work regarded as a composition for literary purposes. Brilliant and powerful passages in a man's writings do not prove his possession of it; it lies in their whole tissue."

That is what gives their great charm, likewise, to the *Essays in Criticism*, of which there is no need to speak. Who is not familiar with them? do we not return to them again and again to enjoy their perennial freshness? Many of the truths for recognition of which he pleaded have since become commonplaces; proof, if it were needed, that his principles are sure guidance to what is sound and true, and that he was one of the greatest intellectual forces of his century. The *Discourses*, the *Essays*, and the *Poems* worthily represent him; they are *des choses qui durent;* the rest we may give up to "envious Time." That, as he has said himself, is the safer course. "Time has no indulgence; any veils of illusion which we may have left around an object because we loved it, Time is sure to strip away." His other writings are not, of course, without their interest and value; but they are lacking in the qualities of universality, the qualities that make for permanence. The mystery of life pressed upon him as it did upon Ruskin, but it could not crush the buoyancy of his nature. "One can scarcely overrate the importance," he says, "of holding fast to happiness and hope."

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and
flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

The emotion with which his poetical voice is often touched must save him from the charge of coldness, a charge which, we know, has been preferred against his poetry. The fire of passion does not burn in it, it is true; but it is animated with the warmth of his serene and generous nature, so vividly reflected in the *Note Books*.

"We none of us," as Ruskin says, "need many books;" but as an aid to the better understanding of Arnold's work and teaching, his aims and motives, it would be difficult to overestimate the usefulness of this collection from the best that has been thought and said by saints and sages. It is like the voice of Matthew Arnold himself: defunctus adhuc loquitur.

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SIGNIFICANT ART BOOKS

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

THE prevailing tendency amongst the authors and publishers of art books today may be expressed in one word, — "Thorough." From twenty to thirty works in this field appear in English every year, not counting the many little volumes which go to form one popular series or another; and what has impressed me most in going through the annual collection has been the obvious effort made to give it a serious and permanent character. The change from the old days of the meretricious "gift book" is due in great measure, as I have pointed out in these pages before, to the development of reproductive processes, which have made good illustrations easily possible. But it is also due to a marked improvement in public taste and to the rise of an extraordinary number of writers keenly interested in the study and criticism of art. Women, especially in England, are flinging themselves upon the subject with ardor, and keep the presses busy with their monographs on this or that historic figure. Few amongst the newcomers of either sex bring inspiration to their task, but few are deficient in the equally necessary virtues of industry and good sense. The result is that we have in the world of book-making an atmosphere too long absent, an atmosphere altogether favorable to the production of the art book as a thing indispensable to modern culture. As I write, the announcement comes to hand of an exhaustive book on Francesco Guardi, which Mr. George A. Simonson is bringing out in London. It is to contain new documents, a full catalogue of the Venetian painter's works, and, of course, many plates. Fifteen years ago no one writing in English would have undertaken to prepare a work of the sort. If any one had been rash enough to do so, he would probably have had to put his text in French, for the benefit of a Parisian publisher. Decidedly, things have changed.

They have changed, but we have still to reckon with the fact that the brilliant critic is born, not made. He is as rare now as he ever was, and only one of the books published in the last twelvemonth serves to remind us that he exists. The tendency I mentioned at the outset has this advantage, or disadvantage, that it does not need a man of genius for its effective exploitation. Given his hero, the average historian of art now knows just what to do, and does it with exemplary system. He travels up and down Europe, visiting all the public galleries and many private collections, and makes himself acquainted with his master's works. At the same time he reads the literature of his subject, particularly the contributions made to it by the followers of Morelli in Germany, Italy, and France. Then he writes a biography, adds descriptions, — the critical elements in which are largely colored by the conclusions of the authorities, — introduces as many illustrations as possible, and, winding up with a carefully compiled catalogue, sends his book forth. It is, in most cases, a book to be welcomed. "Here," says the reader, "are all the facts;" and the facts are valuable. What one misses is the insight, the kindling emotion, which will turn a book from a work of reference into a source of pleasure. The missing qualities cannot, I repeat, be acquired by deliberate endeavor. If they do not come naturally to a writer he will never possess them. Nevertheless, I cannot help wondering

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if current art criticism would not have a little more vitality if it were written with a little less complacency. Your latter-day expert takes himself with appalling seriousness, and stands up so straight that now and then he falls backwards. He is afraid to take a natural, human view of his subject, being fearful that if he does so he will be regarded as an amateur. Enthusiasm he shuns as a purely Ruskinian vice. There are exceptions, of course. Mr. Gerald S. Davies, for example, showed in the admirable folio on Frans Hals, which he published two years ago, how easy it is to be at once instructive and exhilarating. But usually the critic's responsibility weighs so heavily upon him that he forgets — assuming that he knows how — to be freely and richly suggestive. That is why I feel a peculiar gratitude to the author of the single individualized art book which has lately been published.

He is Mr. Charles S. Ricketts, and his book is called *The Prado and its Masterpieces.*[1] Before analyzing its quality it is perhaps worth while to say a word or two about the author, since he belongs in the narrow category of artists who write. When I first saw his work he was associated with Mr. Charles H. Shannon, now one of the most brilliant painters in England, in the publication of a somewhat astonishing periodical, *The Dial.* This short-lived magazine, which appeared at irregular intervals, and ceased to appear at all after three or four numbers, was one of those miscellanies in which "temperament" is writ large across every page. Mr. Shannon made lithographs for it; Mr. Ricketts embellished it with wood engravings; and Mr. Sturge Moore, who has since developed into a very charming poet, had a hand in the enterprise both as artist and writer. The whole thing seemed to me compounded of cleverness and decadence. It was a kind of superior "Yellow Book." Now the interesting circumstance, the one that justifies allusion to Mr. Ricketts's earlier performances, is that he looked at art in those experimental days from the inside, looked at it both as a craftsman and as a man of imagination. Underneath the affectation of *The Dial* one divined a certain sincerity. That it was there, in so far as Mr. Ricketts was concerned, is made doubly plain by his book on the Prado. To me it seems as if he had at last come into his own, as if his book were the product of a steady growth. It is a sumptuous affair with nearly a score of beautiful photogravures, but it is the kind of book which one would like to see printed in convenient form so that it might be put in a traveling bag and carried not only to Madrid, but to all the other art capitals of Europe, as a really illuminating companion. It is a mature piece of work, alive with sound thoughts on great subjects. Of it we may say, as we may say so seldom of a book on art, that it relates "the adventures of a soul among masterpieces."

The Prado is a monument by itself. No other great museum offers one quite the same sensations. It has its limitations. I remember that when I entered it for the first time, after long experience in the galleries of Italy, I felt, for a moment, a little wave of disappointment. It was difficult to be reconciled to the absence of so many of the earlier Italian masters. This disappointment has, I believe, been shared by many travelers. But it lasts only for a moment, and is never felt again, for in place of the Tuscans you have in this famous museum a collection of works by the *painters* of Europe, using the word in its strictest sense, such as you can find nowhere else. Velasquez and Titian, Rubens and Van Dyck, El Greco and Goya, combine in the Prado to illustrate with unique fullness the sheer power of the brush. Other masters uphold their hands, so to say, and the student who submits to the influence of the glorious company

[1] *The Prado and its Masterpieces.* By C. S. Ricketts. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904.

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discovers, after a while, that he is positively saturated in the charm of technic. Mr. Ricketts's sympathy for the collection is readily to be understood. As an artist he could not resist so magnificent an exhibition of painter's painting. But what makes him delightful in his book is his refusal to remain merely an artist, to look for technic and nothing more. On the contrary, he is not ashamed to read an artist's nature into his work. Interpreting Velasquez, for example, no less as a man than as a craftsman, he boldly remarks that if we like his pictures for their mere paint, "we also like them for the sake of the man who painted them." He is nothing if not well balanced. It is the fashion among many artists, and among many writers, to speak of Velasquez as a demigod lifted high above all the painters who have ever lived. Mr. Ricketts can laud him without losing his head. His summing up of the matter is at once so measured and so true that I must quote it intact:—

"The marvellous art of Velasquez is one of balance, moderation, and self-control. Few artists of his rank have contented themselves with a field so restricted, or have concealed with such naturalness and tact the effort or ease with which their work was done. In a subtle blending of forces, none of them quite supreme or unsurpassed by others, he is able to conceal the effort of fusion by a lack of all affectation, and beat out into a middle course without conveying a latent sense of effort or mediocrity.

"Other artists have revealed new aspects of nature, or combinations of aspects, have founded schools or destroyed them. Velasquez did no such thing; his aim was the perfection that lies in reason and moderation.

"He is the profound student who makes no parade of his knowledge, the profound observer for whom observation and mere curiosity is not an end in itself. His native gifts, at the first neither ample nor original, were husbanded till they yielded one of the most delicate examples of what painting can do to interpret or transmute what in any other man's work would have been little more than fine piece-painting.

"We forget that he was neither in line or colour a creative painter as Rubens is or Rembrandt is; we yield to the freshness of his vision, the delicate science of his brush, the gravity and charm of his artistic personality, — to his supreme distinction."

The note in this is one of sympathetic understanding; it is also the note of common sense, and that is what Mr. Ricketts gives us all along the line. He has enthusiasm in abundance, but he knows when to keep it in check. Nothing could be better than his analysis of El Greco, whose violent genius has recently moved some commentators to highfalutin. He has one particularly happy phrase on that artist, — "His pictures might at times have been painted by torchlight in a cell of the Inquisition," — but in this instance, as in others, he walks all around his subject as well as goes to the heart of it, and leaves in the long run an impression of reason as well as of swift intuition. Altogether, this is a book to be read and re-read, a book calculated to make one think.

Mr. Ricketts is this year, at all events, the only English critic who has produced what we may call a germinal book. The publications of his countrymen in the field of art stand more particularly for those serviceable routine labors at which I have already glanced. Several of their books, when taken together, and with reference to events in the last four or five years, bring up the question of what we owe in these matters to fashion. American collectors have for a couple of decades been known for their purchases of French landscapes. For a long time no private gallery on this side of the water was considered complete unless it contained souvenirs of the Barbizon school, and to this day they are more or less indispensable. But the building of great mansions in our chief

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cities, and, even more, in the country, has been accompanied by a new movement in the picture market. Big decorative canvases have been wanted for big wall spaces, and the dealers have met the demand with a voluminous supply of portraits by the old masters. Spanish, Italian, and French paintings have been imported in great numbers for this purpose, but the Englishmen of the eighteenth century have led all the rest in popularity. It has been a notable coincidence, if nothing more, that the publishers have kept pace with the dealers, and that in every year's body of art books portraiture as a subject has been remarkably conspicuous. Mr. Davies took it up in his books on Hals and Holbein. Sir Walter Armstrong celebrated it in his stately volumes on Gainsborough and Reynolds. Only last year one of the principal books of the season was devoted to the work of Mr. Sargent, most of it in portraiture. This year the same story is to be told, with the difference that the old English school is very much in the foreground.

We have had, as noted above, definitive works on Gainsborough and Reynolds. Justice has also been done to Raeburn and Sir Thomas Lawrence. Hoppner alone remains to be commemorated with all the luxury of broad pages and beautiful photogravures, for Romney [1] has just been made the hero of two imposing quartos written and compiled by Mr. Humphry Ward, the art critic of the London *Times*, and Mr. W. Roberts, whose bibliographical contributions have long been valued by readers of the *Athenæum*. These collaborators have done their work well. Mr. Ward's biographical and critical essay is brief and sufficiently edifying, though it contains no especially original views. Mr. Roberts has framed a useful catalogue raisonné of Romney's paintings, and between this and the essay his diaries are transcribed, showing that he gave nearly nine thousand sittings in something less than twenty years. The diaries form a bald record, with no passages that are readable for their own sake, but they are useful in fixing the chronology of the works. Naturally much stress is laid upon the illustrations, seventy photogravures of the finest quality forming a kind of gallery in little. They explain, by the way, why fashion is now going to Romney, or to his colleagues, for paintings wherewith to decorate its walls. He delineated the great world of his day, a world dominated by brilliant men and beautiful women, especially beautiful women, and he went about his business with resources that flowered in perhaps the most purely charming contributions ever made to English portraiture. Reynolds and Gainsborough both surpassed him along certain lines. The former was a born court painter, and could produce a state portrait with a certain grandeur quite out of Romney's reach. Gainsborough, a far subtler, fresher, and more distinguished manipulator of pigment, had a good deal of Sir Joshua's sophistication. Romney differed from both in his art, as he differed from them in his nature. He was one of the shyest of men, passionately absorbed in his work. According to one of his pupils, "in his painting room he seemed to have the highest enjoyment of life." Mr. Ward dismisses the Emma Hamilton episode as having influenced the painter's state of mind without drastically affecting his career. "My own opinion, stated in a single sentence," he says, "is this: that Romney was really in love with Emma, but that Emma probably never knew it, and that it never occurred to her to return the passion." Though he loved her, she could not detach him from his painting, or diminish the fervor of his devotion to abstract beauty. There is a letter of his written from Venice to a friend in Rome and describing his emotions on leaving that city, which is worth quoting as a clue to the spirit in which Romney worked: —

[1] *Romney.* By Humphry Ward and W. Roberts. Two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

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"Something hung about my heart that felt like sorrow, which continued to increase till I reached the summit of Mount Viterbo. I arrived there about half an hour before the vetturino; indeed, I hastened to do so, as well knowing it would be the last time I should see Rome. I looked with an eager eye to discover that divine place. It was enveloped in a bright vapor, as if the rays of Apollo shone there with greater lustre than at any other spot upon this terrestrial globe. My mind visited every place, and thought of everything that had given it pleasure: and I continued some time in that state, with a thousand tender sensations playing about my heart, till I was almost lost in sorrow — think, O, think! my dear Carter, where you are, and do not let the sweets of that divine place escape from you; do not leave a stone unturned that is classical; do not leave a form unsought out that is beautiful, nor even a line of the great Michael Angelo."

Gainsborough was a sensitive man, and so was Reynolds, in his way, but it is doubtful if either of them could have written the foregoing letter. As Mr. Ward says, "there is nothing in Reynolds's Italian notes so personal and so self-revealing as this passage." Gentleness, even a kind of sad sweetness, are what we feel in it, and these are the things that are disclosed in Romney's paintings. The courtly elegance of his sitters was modified by him as he reproduced it on canvas, and made womanly and tender. Limpid, delicate, spontaneous, these are the epithets that spring to the lips when one is in the presence of a fine example of his art. I say a "fine example" advisedly. He could not have given those nine thousand sittings without, on occasion, feeling fatigue. He could not have produced the hundreds of portraits enumerated by Mr. Roberts without leaving some of them coldly conventional performances. But even in a poor Romney there will be discernible, sometimes, a passage of delightful execution; not ravishing as in Gainsborough or powerful as in Reynolds, but simple, pure, and most beguilingly suave.

That last merit is the salient merit of the school of English engravers from which Mrs. Julia Frankau, the novelist and amateur of prints, has drawn the subjects for her latest book, *William Ward, A. R. A. and James Ward, R. A.*[1] The mezzotints of the eighteenth century were the direct consequence of the paintings of that period. The men who scraped them not only devoted themselves to reproducing the works of Reynolds and the rest, but were animated by much the same spirit. They were, like the artists, part of a social epoch. They cultivated precision and grace. Above all they cultivated suavity, and in the velvety tones of their plates they echo the refinement and luxury characteristic of the best society of their time. Incidentally they were superb technicians, but that their masterpieces are to-day valued more for that fact than for anything else is open to question. It is true that it is only the flawless impression of a great mezzotint that makes a sensation in the auction room, and here and there there are doubtless collectors who admire a plate by John Raphael Smith, or Valentine Green, or William Ward, for its own sake. Mrs. Frankau is plainly one of them. But there is no denying that here, again, modern fashion has exerted a tremendous influence in an artistic matter. Prints are substituted for paintings, when the latter are not available, as objects of decoration, and even in houses full of pictures they are used for the same purpose with inimitable effect. I note this, not in criticism, but simply as a sign of the times.

Mrs. Frankau has the courage of her convictions. In the regal portfolio of forty engravings which forms part of her work, she gives most of her plates to William Ward, who reproduced paint-

[1] *William Ward, A. R. A. and James Ward, R. A.* Their Lives and Works. By Julia Frankau. One volume and a portfolio. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

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ings like Hoppner's famous Miranda in noble fashion, when he was not designing and stippling dainty circular or oval portraits of feminine types. But in the octavo which contains her text, she fills much of her space with a biographical sketch of James Ward, who valued his gifts as an engraver less than he valued his gifts as a painter. He was a curious man, morbid and conceited. Accomplished as an animal painter, he wasted an immense amount of his time and energy on allegories which he was hopelessly unfitted to produce. Mrs. Frankau has done well to paint his portrait and to put on record a favorable estimate of his animal pictures and his engravings. The thirty photogravures from his works, which she scatters through her text, are important to the student. But this publication of hers will necessarily be valued in great measure for the engravings after William Ward's mezzotints and stipples. They give us equivalents for the originals so exact that they might easily deceive the inexpert collector. The mezzotints are wonderfully rich in tone. The stipples are as successful in color. Their publication at this time, if not significant of any tendency in art criticism, is, on the other hand, clearly significant of a phase of modern taste. They point to that interest in portraiture which is at present one of the most noticeable phenomena on the artistic horizon.

Dr. Williamson's work in two richly illustrated folios, *The History of Portrait Miniatures*,[1] points to the same thing. The audience he addresses is composed in part of students, but much more of collectors. The latter are supplied in these volumes with all the information requisite to profitable indulgence in their hobby. The author has made minute investigations into his subject, exploring innumerable collections and overhauling many historical documents. He traverses the works of all the masters, and with the aid of his excellent plates reduces a somewhat complicated subject to a practicable condition. The reader who studies in this book the traits and historical relations of the painters described ought to be able to start out upon a search for interesting examples uncommonly well equipped. The art of the miniaturist is still a living art, inasmuch as there are competent painters here and in Europe producing good miniatures. Nevertheless, the great tradition of the art is dead. There is no point of contact between the modern miniature, brilliant though it may be, and the miniature of the golden era in England. We know how to draw, but not as Holbein drew. We know how to paint, but not as Holbein and his followers painted. The German master, though rivaled by Clouet in France, had a manner all his own, one of incomparable breadth and precision, on which, when he came to England in the sixteenth century, he founded the one school of miniature painting that is superior to all the others, — the English. He was as much the painter when he executed a tiny portrait as when he covered a spacious panel, and he was, into the bargain, as strong an interpreter of character when working in the one form as in the other. He taught the English, not only of his own day, but of later generations, to avoid the pitfall of the miniaturist, a lack of proportion. Nicholas Hilliard, Isaac Oliver, and Samuel Cooper, who came after him, carried on his noble style.

It was noble because it implied, within the cramping limits of a miniature, all those qualities of brilliant draughtsmanship, subtle modeling, and inner vitality which belong to a work of art on any scale, without seeming in any way ill at ease. Adjustment is the secret of a good miniature, the accommodation of breadth to narrowness. Every good miniature has been a *tour de force*, a miracle worked through consummate tact, taste, and

[1] *The History of Portrait Miniatures.* By GEORGE C. WILLIAMSON. Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

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deftness. The English went on working these miracles down into the eighteenth century. Cosway, who is beside Holbein like a butterfly beside an eagle, was at any rate worthy of his German predecessor in that he adapted his means to the end he pursued. Holbein, working in the grand style, and Cosway, working in merely exquisite vein, were at one on the point of making a miniature as free a painting, within its close boundaries, as the amplest mural decoration might be. This is the lesson enforced by Dr. Williamson's numerous examples. It should be taken into consideration by collectors as one touchstone to use in the market. It should also, obviously, be noted by miniaturists, but few of them seem inclined to take the hint given them by the masterpieces of the past. The common practice nowadays is to make a miniature look either like a postage stamp enlarged or an easel picture reduced. It occurs to only a few artists to accept the hard and fast conditions imposed by the miniature, and to attempt to triumph over them without violating what is essential to their character.

An interesting illustration of the fidelity with which a true artist adheres to the principles of the form in which he works is provided in Fabriczy's *Italian Medals*,[1] which has lately been put into English by Mrs. Gustavus W. Hamilton. The book gives a scholarly but not pedantic account of Pisanello and his followers, clear half-tones from many of their most characteristic works adding to the value of the text. Herr von Fabriczy does not fail to point out that the medal of the Renaissance was regarded by the princes of that time as "a portable monument," and developed by the sculptors with a full consciousness of its potentiality in that direction. He takes sufficient account of the historical value of the medal. But he realizes, too, that the importance of this product of the Renaissance lies largely in its æsthetic relations. Pisanello, in practically creating the medal, might have followed the methods of the mint. He remembered in time that he was working, not in a mint, but in a studio, and made his medals, not coins, but pieces of sculpture. He did in bronze what Holbein was to do when he came to paint miniatures: recognized the limitations of his medium and conquered in spite of them, or, rather, through meeting them halfway, and adapting the language of plastic art to a delicately decorative purpose. It is odd that while historic miniatures have been assiduously collected by American connoisseurs, the latter have steadily neglected the Italian medalist. No one in this country has even attempted to bring together such a collection of medals as that which belongs to M. Gustave Dreyfus, in Paris, for example. Perhaps it is because the subject has rarely been brought up amongst us. Talking about it with a well-known Roman worker in bronze a year or so ago, I suggested that a good beginning might be made if he were to cast reproductions of some of the best medals by Pisanello, Matteo de Pasti, and others, existing in Italy, and exhibit them in America. A recent letter informs me that he has adopted the idea and is preparing about a hundred examples. These may do promising missionary work in the United States, and the translation of Fabriczy's book may likewise be of service. The medalists of the Renaissance should be known here as amongst the great masters of art, and their works should have an influence upon American sculptors and students as exemplifications of the rectitude of form. Almost any one of Pisanello's little bronzes constitutes a lesson in proportion.

I may appropriately touch at this point upon the one or two other recent publications dealing with Italian themes. None of them has the importance of such books as Kristeller's *Mantegna* or Ricci's *Pintoricchio*, to name only two of the works in this field brought out not

[1] *Italian Medals.* By Cornelius von Fabriczy. Translated by Mrs. Gustavus W. Hamilton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904.

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long since, but they are books of interest just the same. Dr. Gronau's *Titian*,[1] which has been translated from the German for the Library of Art, is not so specialized a piece of work as is the standard biography by Crowe and Cavalcaselle. It is tersely and vividly written, precisely the book for the general reader. The author pays special attention to the emotional and intellectual forces in the nature of his master, and brings out with emphasis the fact that Titian was a colorist not so much because he made his canvases glow as because he made them supremely harmonious. He speaks of the painter as having, indeed, achieved most in color in his latter years, when, "while depending less and less on the help of strong tints and the use of contrast, he was trying to reach the highest effect of color by the employment of the simplest possible means." This remark is characteristic of modern criticism. It goes constantly deeper and deeper below the surface, and tries to pluck the secret of a man's work out from the heart, exposing the organic life within it. Dr. Gronau goes so far in his analysis of Titian that we wish he had gone farther and had treated the Venetian painter's points of contact with the earlier Tuscans. Titian had something of the mixed pagan and pietistic feeling which we associate more particularly with the Florentine school. He could be religious and he could be classical, the Madonna and Venus both inspired his brush. It is this duality of his nature, quite as much as the pomp and splendor of his color, that makes him a type of Venice, where, to adapt a phrase of Mr. Hardy's, it was difficult to tell whether a breeze blew from Cyprus or from Galilee.

In the same series with Dr. Gronau's book, Miss Maud Cruttwell publishes a good study of Verrocchio.[2] It is a thorough-going essay, notable for its clarification of the master's works. Miss Cruttwell is ever careful to distinguish between the genuine pieces and the things by inferior imitators which have been attributed to Verrocchio. But she is even more useful, I think, in her patient unraveling of the different strains in his art, showing that if he was a profound realist, he was also too passionate a lover of beauty to stop at accurate imitation of fact. It is the old story of using technic simply as the vehicle for the expression of ideas. Verrocchio abounds in ideas: of design, of character, of beauty. Miss Cruttwell has a good passage on this point, based on a comparison between her sculptor and Pollaiuolo: —

"Antonio Pollaiuolo, concentrating his faculties on a thorough understanding of the human frame, and particularly its muscular system, represented the nude figure in action in higher perfection than even Donatello had attained. His interest in the muscles and movements of joint and limb, and his consequent emphasis of violent action, gives his figures at times a truculence which verges on brutality. Verrocchio, while equally interested in interpreting human power and energy, expresses it less by its external manifestations of thews and sinews than by the intellectual force of character. The impression of strength received from the statue of Bartolommeo Colleoni is given less by his superb physique and audacious bearing than by the vitalizing power and concentration of will interpreted in the features. Here lies the chief distinction between these two artists. To Pollaiuolo strength meant muscle and sinew trained to an iron tenseness. The type chosen by him to express his ideals is the athlete brutalized by savage passion, with knotted joints, bent, sinewy legs, and huge torso; the forehead is deeply corrugated, the jaw square, the lips parted, bull-dog fashion, over the set teeth. His scenes are chiefly of ferocious combat waged with ungoverned fury. Nothing but the innate poetry of his temperament saves his art from the

[1] *Titian.* By Georg Gronau. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

[2] *Verrocchio.* By Maud Cruttwell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

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charge of brutality. With Verrocchio intellectual power dominates the physical energy."

It is the story of Verrocchio's art, and of his place in Italian sculpture, in a nutshell. He realized, with Donatello, the founder of his school, that a knowledge of anatomy was essential to him; but, again with Donatello, he went, above all things, for character and beauty. It is pleasant to see that Miss Cruttwell, who is not without erudition, cannot be lured by questions of attribution or what not from the appreciation of Verrocchio as a creative artist, whose essence is an imaginative quantity. In other words, her book has gusto; it is written with equal knowledge and enthusiasm. It is one of the best of those monographs to which I have referred as based on system and industry rather than on an original impulse. Miss Cruttwell may not touch the reader with a sense of new and fructifying criticism, but at least she appeals to him with the warmth of conviction.

Less spirited in its movement, and less learned, but on the whole a similarly workmanlike and creditable volume, is Mrs. Ady's book on Botticelli,[1] an expansion of the study which she published a year or so ago. This clear narrative restates the results of modern research and gives a trustworthy account of the Florentine painter's career. What he owed to Savonarola and Dante is set forth in straightforward fashion, and his works are surveyed in chronological order, one by one, without audacious speculation or parade of science.

There is considerable parade of science in the monumental *Rubens*[2] of M. Max Rooses; but it is pardonable, if not altogether welcome. The devotion of the keeper of the Plantin-Moretus Museum in Antwerp to the famous artist of his native town has long been known. M. Émile Michel published some five years ago, in two handsome folios, the work on Rubens for which the world had been waiting, an authoritative critical biography, lavishly illustrated; but while, under ordinary circumstances, he might seem to have left little to be done with the subject, a place was bound to be kept open for M. Rooses. That gentleman has spent too many years of his life in the study of Rubens, has accumulated too many data relating to the painter, and has, as we have indicated, too deep a love for his hero, for any one to grudge him the demonstration he has longed to make. Moreover, now that he has made it, I confess that if he has not invalidated M. Michel he has certainly justified himself. His work is encyclopædic. He follows Rubens step by step from the cradle to the grave, and, in fact, I may note in passing, that before he does this he gives us the closest possible report of the painter's family, dwelling with meticulous attention upon the elder Rubens in his ill-starred amatory intrigue, and upon every other episode which might help us to realize what manner of folk Rubens sprang from. The diplomatic and social incidents in the life of Rubens are carefully narrated; and throughout, the man as well as the painter is vividly portrayed.

Where the works are concerned, M. Rooses shows the defects of his qualities. Nothing could be more luminous than his exposition of the painter's early indebtedness to Italy, for example, and the whole account of Rubens at Mantua is excellent. There are some good pages, too, on the visit to Spain. Unfortunately, the author seems never to see his subject as a whole. His generalizations are interpolated, as they are provoked, in a long-drawn-out narrative which becomes clogged with facts and so wearies the reader that he has to make strenuous efforts if he means to be enlightened. One cannot see the wood because of the trees. It would have been wiser if M. Rooses had divided his work into two parts, one bio-

[1] *The Life and Art of Sandro Botticelli.* By JULIA CARTWRIGHT (Mrs. Ady). New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904.

[2] *Rubens.* By MAX ROOSES. Two volumes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1904.

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graphical and the other critical. If this would not do, then at least he might have been briefer. Taking the book as it is, I find it one of those storehouses of information which neither the student nor the specialist could afford to be without, but not the classic of art history which I had all along hoped M. Rooses would produce. Loyalty to Rubens, an unwillingness to slight any phase of the painter's personality or career, has led him to put forth a book which one would like to be able to enjoy as much as one respects it. A word as to the illustrations. There are more than three hundred and fifty of them, photogravures, half-tones, and tinted reproductions of drawings. All of these are well made, but the drawings are especially gratifying.

The danger of becoming too much absorbed in a given painter or school is illustrated in various ways. With M. Rooses it does not mean any debasing of the critical standard. His opinions on Rubens are, indeed, as judicious as they are sympathetic. In his case it is merely the literary form given to his material that counts against him. One or two of the new books have not this venial demerit, but suffer from an incurable disposition in the authors to bestow unlimited praise where only the most discriminating appreciation is legitimate. I take up Miss Irene Langridge's *William Blake*,[1] and at the beginning of the first chapter read these amazing words: —

"The work of one of the greatest spirits that ever made Art his medium has yet its way to make among the general public. The world entertained the angel unawares, for three quarters of a century have passed since the death of William Blake, and still his name and his work are but indifferently known. Yet to those that know them, the designs from his pencil, and the poems from his pen, are among the most precious things that Art has bequeathed to us."

[1] *William Blake:* A Study of his Life and Art Work. By IRENE LANGRIDGE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

The entire volume is written in the same vein. It would hardly seem, therefore, that it ought to be grouped amongst the significant art books of the year, but it *is* significant, — of a curious eddy in contemporary criticism. Miss Langridge is not alone in thinking that William Blake was "one of the greatest spirits that ever made Art his medium." That strange man of genius, in his moments an exquisite poet, has been for years the object of a cult, and since writers themselves celebrated, like Swinburne, have paid him tribute, it has come about that in some quarters denial of his preëminence as an artist is regarded as sacrilege. It is, as a matter of fact, only common sense. Why the operation of the laws of art, which are pretty nearly as inexorable as the laws of nature, should be supposed to have been suspended for Blake's benefit, I have never been able to perceive. His imagination was chaotic. Occasionally it flashed forth in a beautiful design, like the famous fourteenth plate for the book of Job, the one illustrating the line, "When the morning Stars sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for joy." One, at least, of the drawings for Blair's *Grave*, the Death's Door, is a masterpiece. In many of his drawings Blake gives you vague hints of noble form, figures that suggest the creations of Michael Angelo, seen in a disordered dream. Finally, it may be admitted that Blake's conceptions were frequently grandiose, suggesting poetic feeling and an original, powerful mind. But in execution his designs are mostly deplorable, and not all the special pleading in the world can turn them into great works of art. Such works of art are built up on rational design, honest drawing, and harmonious color. You cannot ignore these things any more than you can ignore the everlasting hills. Blake's partisans ignore the principles that condemn the bulk of his work as an artist, and bravely acclaim him an immortal. It may be magnificent. It certainly is not criticism.

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Another blithe champion of an untenable theory is Mr. Wynford Dewhurst, who has written a work called *Impressionist Painting*,[1] in which he begins by declaring that "the Impressionistic idea is of English birth," and ends by bringing Max Liebermann into his book! He offers a beautiful example of the confusion of mind which ensues when a man has made up his mind to adopt and defend a certain creed. Mr. Dewhurst is all for impressionism and the world well lost. He is not content with praising the historic impressionists, Manet, Monet, Degas, and one or two others. He most enormously admires Whistler, Carriere, Pointelin, Besnard, Didier-Pouget, Alexander Harrison, and Max Liebermann; so he gathers them all in, throws up his cap, and declares that they, too, are impressionists. Meanwhile the bewildered layman might well ask what had become of impressionism. It remains, of course, undisturbed by Mr. Dewhurst's genial proceedings, an episode in modern French painting, the influence of which, though still felt, has so overlapped with other influences that its historic character must be isolated to be clearly understood. Manet and Monet and their group let the light of day flood their canvases and painted nature precisely as they saw it. Mr. Dewhurst is right in describing Jongkind, Boudin, and Cezanne as their forerunners in this regard, but they were the first men to do the thing that I have described with the thoroughness and force necessary to create a movement. Monet is still living, and if he cared enough to look at them, — which I doubt, — he would recognize in many of the pictures hanging in every Salon the influence of himself and Manet. But he would see also that impressionism, as he understood it when he was fighting its battles, has lost its integrity, and that the men who flaunt his banner are really eclectics who have taken a leaf out of his book, a leaf out of Corot's, and so on, through a long list. It is well to note their debt. It is a mistake to associate them with the pioneers, whose works have always an absolute unity. If we must classify, let us at any rate be accurate in our classification.

That is the belief of M. Dimier, whose *French Painting in the Sixteenth Century*,[2] in the series including the *Titian* and *Verrocchio* noticed above, is a distinctly controversial publication. He ascribes the first really French note in French art to the initiative of Francis I, who gave tremendous impetus to the decorative impulse which has been profoundly active in the country ever since. For my own part I think that he is right, and that those who would give precedence to the French Primitives in the matter have a terribly uphill task before them. The debate between the two schools of criticism began last summer, when a remarkable exhibition of paintings by Jean Fouquet, Jean Malouel, Jean Bourdichon, Enguerrand Charonton, Nicolas Froment, and divers others, was opened in the Pavillon de Marsan at the Louvre. On one side it was argued that these masters were thorough Frenchmen, expressing the genius of their race in their works. On the other, it was maintained that, whether born on French soil or not, they painted so much under the influence of the Flemish Primitives as to fall naturally into the same historical category with those famous craftsmen. The battle has been waging furiously in the weightier organs of art criticism, and, I may add, there have been no defections from either side. Though these pages are confined to criticism of art books published in English, I may venture to allude to an imposing work that lies before me as I write, *L'Exposition des Primitifs Français: La Peinture en France sous les Valois*, by M. Henri Bouchot, published by the Librairie Centrale des Beaux-Arts. It is a collection of one hundred magnificent plates,

[1] *Impressionist Painting:* its Genesis and Development. By Wynford Dewhurst. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

[2] *French Painting in the Sixteenth Century.* By L. Dimier. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

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reproducing the salient works shown at the Pavillon de Marsan. M. Bouchot's enthusiasm as shown in this work is delightful. He has all of the masters duly parceled out into schools. From this book one would judge that in the time of the Valois there were scattered over France any number of painters actively engaged in interpreting the ideas of their native land. But to the disinterested student Flemish influence is written so clearly across the face of every one of these pictures that to take them as purely French products seems an almost incredible assumption. The school was a school of echoes. It had gifted members, of that there can be no doubt. Some of the religious paintings reveal poignant feeling. Some of the portraits are superb. But in the main these Primitives suggest neither national temperament nor individual genius, and they are plainly deficient in mere beauty. If the reader questions M. Dimier's verdict against the Primitives as the first purely French painters, let him go carefully over M. Bouchot's plates, keeping the early Netherlandish masters constantly in mind. The odds are that he will adopt M. Dimier's hypothesis as conclusive.

THE VARIORUM LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

BY WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON

THE magnitude of the service which Dr. Furness is performing in the successive volumes of this monumental edition has long been enthusiastically acknowledged by all students of Shakespeare. The new volume[1] shows no abatement in thoroughness, conscientious zeal, or scholarly discrimination. As before, he supplies us with full apparatus for textual criticism and interpretation, a carefully condensed summary of previous scholarship in matters of date, sources, and the like, and the kernel of the contributions of all the more important æsthetic critics. In addition to all this he writes a preface bristling with stimulating and provocative suggestions, and forming an original contribution of serious importance for the history of Elizabethan literature.

The most startling feature of this preface is in connection with Euphuism. For generations the statement has been handed down from teacher to pupil, and from textbook to textbook, that the style of John Lyly's *Euphues* not only called forth literary imitations, but affected even the conversation of the courtiers of Elizabeth. No one seems to have questioned the belief. Sir Walter Scott held it, and on the basis of it made an unfortunate attempt to embody it in the character of Sir Piercie Shafton in *The Monastery*. Modern editors and students of Lyly, men like Mr. Bond and Professor Baker, Dr. Landmann and Professor C. G. Child, have committed themselves to it. And now, at this late date, Dr. Furness takes us all aback by telling us that he sees no good ground for believing it.

His method of attack is twofold. He exposes the weakness of the positive evidence, and produces negative evidence. The positive evidence consists solely, he holds, in the statement of a bookseller, Edward Blount, who issued in 1632 an edition of six of Lyly's comedies. In a prefixed address "To the Reader" Blount says: "Our nation are in Lyly's debt for a new English he taught them. *Euphues* and his *England* began first that language. All our ladies were then his scholars; and

[1] *Love's Labour's Lost.* The Variorum Edition. Edited by H. H. FURNESS. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1904.

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that beauty in Court, which could not parley Euphuism, was as little regarded as she which now there speaks not French." This statement, Dr. Furness points out, is really only part of an advertisement; it is accompanied by others the accuracy of which is doubtful; and it is not worthy of being taken as sufficient evidence of a state of society. "As well might the future historian promulgate as a fact that the universal greeting among citizens of all classes at the present day is an inquiry as to the soap which had assisted their morning ablutions; or that the earliest articulate cry of infancy is a petition for 'soothing syrup.'"

On the negative side he cites a "Prologue to the Reader," prefixed in 1560 by Thomas Wilson to his *Arte of Rhetorike*. Wilson, denouncing the use of "straunge ynkehorn terms" and other affectations, remarks that "the fine courtier will talk nothing but Chaucer." "To whom," asks Dr. Furness, "are we to give credence, Edward Blount, a bookseller, or Thomas Wilson, a courtier? Edward Blount, who wrote nigh thirty years after Elizabeth's court had ceased to be, or Thomas Wilson, who lived during its existence and was of it?"

The issue thus raised demands more careful consideration than it has been accustomed to receive. The negative argument, however, is easily disposed of. The period during which the Euphuistic vogue prevailed in literature, and is supposed to have affected conversation at court, was from 1580 till about 1590. The passage in Wilson was written at least twenty years before; and were he twenty times a courtier we should be compelled to set aside his evidence in favor of that of even a less trustworthy historian who writes after the event. Nor is Blount's testimony seriously weakened by his date. Though he published his Lyly in 1632, he was old enough in 1588 to be a freeman of the Stationers' Company, and so was an adult contemporary of the movement he professes to describe. The possible untrustworthiness of a statement made to help the sale of his wares is a more serious difficulty, and in the absence of corroboration might well make us chary of dogmatic assertion. Now, unambiguous testimony is harder to find than might be expected. Literal reports of actual conversations, especially of the small talk of the court, are not common. Euphuistic dialogue in works of fiction of the period in question is frequent enough; but it is open to the objector to say that these are merely parts of a literary tradition, not transcripts of fact. Further, evidence of a tendency to fantastic expression of various kinds is abundant; but of the prevalence in conversation of that exact species technically known as Euphuism it is harder to find proof. The presumption is in favor of it. The Elizabethan courtiers, even Dr. Furness would allow, were given to verbal affectations. *Euphues* was a highly popular book at court for a number of years; its style was a chief cause of its popularity, and called forth literary imitations. It is entirely plausible, then, that it should have affected speech also. But does any contemporary, save Blount, say it did?

Here is some evidence. Michael Drayton (1563–1631), writing a poetical epistle to Henry Reynolds, says of Sidney that he

> did first reduce
> Our tongue from Lilly's writing then in use;
> Talking of stones, stars, plants, of fishes, flies,
> Playing with words, and idle similes;
> As the English apes and very zanies be
> Of everything that they do hear and see,
> So imitating his ridiculous tricks,
> They speak and write all like mere lunatics.

Dekker (?1570–?1641) in *The Gull's Hornbook* thus ends his instructions for the conduct of a gallant at the theatre: "To conclude, hoard up the finest playscraps you can get, upon which your lean wit may most savourly feed for want of other stuff, when the Arcadian and Euphuized gentlewomen have their tongues sharpened to set upon you. That quality (next to your shuttlecock) is the only furniture to a courtier that's but a new

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beginner, and is but his A B C of compliment." In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Honest Man's Fortune*, it is said that the courtier

> Has nothing in him but a piece of Euphues,
> And twenty dozen of twelve-penny ribband all
> About him.

Sir Thomas Overbury, describing the character of "A Fine Gentleman," says he "speaks Euphues, not so gracefully as heartily. His discourse makes not his behaviour, but he buys it at court, as countrymen their clothes in Birchin Lane."

The list could doubtless be extended; but these quotations are enough to enable us to recover from the shock of Dr. Furness's attack, and to continue to picture the Elizabethan courtier of the second last decade of the sixteenth century ornamenting his discourse with the far-fetched figures, the alliteration, and the balanced antitheses, which characterized the style of John Lyly.

Dr. Furness's scepticism is not confined to the question of Euphuism at court. He has little sympathy with the attempts to identify the characters of *Love's Labour's Lost* with historical personages, as, for example, Holofernes with Florio. In this he will, we imagine, carry with him an increasing number of modern scholars. Less general assent will be won by his opposition to the view of Biron and Rosaline as the predecessors of Benedick and Beatrice. He admits that "Berowne and Benedick are in love against their will; Rosaline and Beatrice are irrepressibly fond of banter;" but he questions whether the resemblance goes farther. He makes an analysis of the two pairs of characters in order to emphasize the points of difference; and he unquestionably does service in indicating the limits of the parallelism. But he confuses the issue when he says: "Could we point to defects in the earlier character which are remedied in the later, then we might say that Berowne is Benedick's predecessor. But are there any such defects? Are they not essentially different?" It is not a question of better character, but of better characterization. Benedick and Beatrice may or may not be stronger characters than Berowne and Rosaline; it is certain that they are more vividly delineated. One may doubt, however, whether those numerous critics who have seen in the hero and heroine of *Love's Labour's Lost* the fore-runners of Benedick and Beatrice, have meant more than that in the earlier play there is the hint, later worked out, of the situation produced by two people who amuse us by the interchange of pointed and vigorous raillery, and by a reluctance, which we feel is destined to be vain, to acknowledge each other's charm.

To the more minute student of Shakespeare's text, Dr. Furness offers a special contribution in drawing attention to the evidence in this play in favor of the view that the Elizabethan compositors sometimes set up the copy to dictation. The importance of this is obvious when we consider that explanations of defects in the text are then to be looked for in mistakes of the ear as well as of the eye. But he goes too far in saying that if this surmise is correct "it is fatal to emendations founded on the *ductus litterarum*." He seems to forget that the compositor's reader, if not the compositor himself, must still have used his eye, and so must have been liable to the same kind of mistake as was made at times by the compositor when he set directly from written copy.

It is seldom that the veteran editor can let one of these volumes out of his hands without a yawning "cui bono?" Here it takes the form of a depreciation of all that kind of scholarship of which his edition is a compendium. "But, after all," he concludes, "is it of any moment whether Berowne preceded Benedick, or Rosaline Beatrice? All four of them fill our minds with measureless content; and if there be in them indications of the growth of Shakespeare's art, then these indications are never heeded when we see the living persons before us on the stage. What care

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we then for aught but what our eyes see and our ears hear? What to us then is the date when the play was written? Shall our ears at that moment be vexed with twice-told tales of the source of the plot? Be then and there the drowsy hum of commentators uncared for and unheard."

To this we attempt no reasoned reply, for it is impossible to believe that the writer takes seriously a view which implies that what to the rest of us is an achievement splendid alike in conception and execution is to its author merely love's labor lost.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

PRINCE RUPERT'S MERCY

THE friendly precincts of the Club afford no fitting field for the splintering of lances. Yet I am tempted to run a course against no less a champion than Goldwin Smith, who in his thoughtful and scholarly essay on *The Great Puritan* has cast a slur on the honor of Cromwell's chief antagonist, Prince Rupert. The accusation of barbarity against the valiant Royalist leader is one which has been heedlessly repeated by numberless historians, ever since it was first made in those Puritan pamphlets whose writers had seen the soldiers and standards of the "Cause" go down before Rupert's invincible charge. In them the injustice was perhaps pardonable. Bred in a land which had grown unused to the harsh exactions and extremities of war, they saw ruthless cruelty in the inevitable demands of the soldiery, and felt the hardships of the time as so many deliberate inflictions. Rupert, their arch terror, Rupert, the king's sword hand; he who had taught to English armies the secret of the charge with bare steel and who "put that spirit into the king's army that all men seemed resolved," — Rupert was naturally held accountable for every burned cottage, every wasted field, and for all those other more dreadful outrages which existed but in the frenzied imaginations of their narrators. Against the young foreign prince who had started up beside the Standard of King Charles like war incarnate were turned those pens which had been sharpened to vituperation in the Christian occupation of religious controversy. So much for those news-writers who sent out their fierce arraignments and warnings, while London citizens piled their earthworks in hourly expectation of Rupert's onset, and Milton affixed to his house door his proud appeal against the despoilment he dreaded.

Surely it should be the privilege of later writers, whose pulses are unstirred by panic or conflict, to disregard such clamorous and unproven accusations. In this age we may see something of Prince Rupert's very self, where his contemporaries saw often only the flash of his scarlet cloak, the whirl of dust about his horse's hoofs. It is with much surprise, therefore, and even more regret, that I find Goldwin Smith, whose wide thought and lucid style have won him a place of such authority, echoing the cry of those far-away pamphleteers. Doubtless in his preoccupation with the character of Cromwell, the author allowed himself a certain carelessness in his passing allusion to Cromwell's antagonist. Since the Protector, however, has the great voice of success to trumpet his virtues, and since the leader of the popular and progressive cause never lacks champions to acclaim him, it may not be amiss that here and there a voice should, with Whitman's, give

> " vivats to those who have failed,"

or should at the least accord them justice.

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Goldwin Smith points out, very reasonably, that the conditions of Ireland after the Rebellion there justified measures of great severity. He evidently regrets the stain cast on his hero's memory by the massacre of Drogheda, and in regard to Cromwell's share in it indulges in what, in an historian of less authority, might be criticised as special pleading: "Cromwell did not thank God for the massacre, as some who rave against him would have us think; he thanked God for the victory, and excused the slaughter on the ground of just retribution and necessary example." The distinction is a subtle one, but may pass. What cannot pass is the following statement: "Cromwell's proclamation on landing in Ireland, assuring all non-combatants of impunity and protection, was the first note of humanity heard in all those years. Its promise was strictly kept and sternly enforced against any attempt at outrage; whereas Rupert's Cavaliers marauded at their will and sacked a captured city."

Neither as history or logic is that passage quite worthy of its writer. It may be conceded that Cromwell was in the main a merciful man, though it needs a very stanch admirer to call on his Irish campaign as witness to the fact. The promise of impunity was scarcely kept to the priests at Drogheda or the Irish women at Wexford.

Putting aside that question, how can the proclamation which ushered in a campaign of uncommon harshness be regarded as the first note of humanity? From the beginning to the end of his English warfare, Rupert's generosity to his foes is apparent, not in words only, as in Cromwell's proclamation, but in deeds. In the fight of Powick Bridge, the first crossing of swords, in which Rupert's charge scattered a force far superior in arms and numbers, the fiery young leader paused in the flush of his triumphs, to see that tendance was given to the Parliamentarian Colonel Sandys, who lay dying on the field. His chivalrous forbearance toward Mistress Purefoy and her little garrison, who had broken all the rules of war by defending an untenable position and causing needless bloodshed; the courtesy with which he left the brave Castellane unmolested in the house he had captured, are among the most gracious episodes of the time. The only occasion on which Rupert, always "a prince religious of his word," failed to carry out a promise, was at the siege of Lichfield. The Parliamentarian soldiery had taken up a position in the close of the Cathedral, subjecting the noble building to much fanatical ill treatment; their commander had defied Prince Rupert in person, in terms unbefitting the courtesies of war; the garrison refused repeated summons, and ended by hanging one of the prince's men on the battlements. In his fierce anger Rupert vowed that not a life should be spared among the defenders; but when after a terrible conflict a breach had been made and entered, and the town was at his mercy, he respected the valor of his foes, admitted them to quarter, and suffered them to march out with the honors of war. It is the only time on record when Prince Rupert failed to make good his word. As concerns plunder, it is certain that the Puritans were held in hand better than the Royalists. "The power of discipline," it has been cynically said, "lies in the paymaster's chest." The Parliament held the wealth of London and the king's confiscated revenues. Prince Rupert had an army to support with few resources; he plundered accordingly, kept his men fed and armed, and himself went penniless from England. Yet his depredations have been exaggerated; he saved Bristol from being fired during the Royalist attack on the city, and rode sword in hand on his own men to prevent outrage after its capture. And his life affords few instances of sack so thorough and cold-blooded as that of Basing House, — "Loyalty House," over which Cromwell presided, Bible in hand.

The only occasion on which Prince Rupert practiced deliberate severity toward the defenseless was after Parliament

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had passed an ordinance condemning to death all Irish soldiers in arms for the king. Essex began hanging his prisoners, accordingly, and Rupert retaliated by hanging thirteen Parliamentarians. The action put a stop to massacring, and his letter to Essex — unfortunately too long for quotation — sounds the note of humanity long before Cromwell's equivocal Irish mercy. After demanding that "quarter and equall exchange" which he had always allowed to his prisoners, and threatening to exact life for life, the prince concludes: "And I do not in the least doubt but the bloud of those miserable men who shall so suffer by my Order, as well as those who shal be butchered by that Ordinance yòur Lordship mentions, shall be required at their hands who by their cruell examples impose a necessitie upon other men to observe the rules they lay down. And I cannot but expresse a great sense to your Lordship that by these prodigious resolutions expressed in your Lordship's letter, the warre is like to be so managed that the English nation is in danger of destroying one another, or (which is a kind of extirpation) of degenerating into such an animositie and cruelty that all Elements of charity, compassion and brotherly love shall be extinguished!"

Cromwell is praised, and rightfully praised, for having in the main exercised humanity in war, yet Cromwell was a man matured in peaceful days, unaccustomed to the horrors of strife, fighting against his own countrymen, his kindred and former friends. Prince Rupert, on the other hand, was a soldier from his fourteenth year, and grew to manhood in the Germany of the Thirty Years' War, where slaughter and pillage seared the senses into familiarity with horror. Even Professor Gardiner, a somewhat hostile critic, admits that the prince learned little of evil in that evil school. If we are all willing to respect the peacefully bred Englishman for forbearing harshness to neighbors and fellow countrymen, I for one am not less disposed to do honor to the foreign-bred soldier, confronting unknown opponents, in the first ardor of a fiery youth, who could yet justly claim, in the words of his "Declaration," that he had throughout his warfare been guilty of no act of needless harshness or of license, no act "which might not become one of my quality and the son of a king."

CONFESSIONS OF AN ANACHRONISM

There seems something ill starred — inept, as it were — about being thirty or thereabouts in the early nineteen hundreds. Not, of course, that it is a unique predicament; many of my best friends suffer the coincidence. It is the common plight that I deprecate.

Observe, it is not the trite inconveniences of being thirty in any year of our Lord that are here bewailed, — not the passing of the cherished ugly-duckling hypothesis, and the sheepish confession that this unimpressive personality, whose outlines are admissibly more goose than swan, is all we were so long a-making. Still less is it the quiet pangs of the bachelor woman, when she puts the little label "Strictly private" on certain of her dreams, and goes about her business. These things have their compensations. There are impersonal joys into which we sink now with a comfort as into hard-won Nirvana, — or into bath-gown and slippers. 'T is better as it is, and the less said the better.

No, the real rub is in getting all ready to live in the nineteenth century and then having to do one's living in the twentieth. Take my own case for example. Thanks to Education's curious habit of marching always some twenty years behind the rest of the world, the ideals that fed my youth were Early and Middle Victorian. Considering that every infant is bound to start a good deal behind his times at best, this habitual extra handicap has a look of malice, has it not?

Be that as it may, I started as I was bid. I loyally accepted the great new age

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of Science and Freedom. I faced the spectres of the mind. With Huxley and Arnold I fought the good fight of Evolution and Higher Criticism; I championed the Soul against blind materialism with Browning and Emerson. I expanded to take in the nebular hypothesis and the conservation of energy, in long breaths of Herbert Spencer. I loved my country with Lowell and Lincoln, — my reunited, Anglo-Saxon, church-going country of the Gettysburg Oration and the Harvard Ode. I stretched my broad sympathies to embrace California, Texas, and Boston as children of one eagle. I thrilled toward every other reunited advancing nation, — Italy. Greece, the Parliament of Man, — toward our whole pleasant, ripe, Caucasian world.

In short, I had become a progressive, emancipated mind, and the process had done me much inner good. But now I emerge in that character into the arena of adults, and lo, this is not my nineteenth century at all. This is the twentieth, and I am Middle Victorian. Here, I find, are divers profound and heathen creeds to be fraternally admitted to parliament. Here is Psychical Research and Maeterlinck and Revived Celts, and many kinds of Souls I am not used to. Here are various uncanny styles of radiant energy running around loose and knocking my old atoms and molecules from under foot. Here is quite a new country to love, — a new South, not healed and redeemed by the sacred magic of the ballot at all, but talking back and forgiving us, forsooth, that we knew not what we did; a new North, swarming with many-hyphenated, cosmopolitan tribes who need a broad-minded Sunday and excise and Ten Commandments of their own. And chiefest, here is a new world, a really round one, a globe as per Kipling, half brown men and yellow, who must be policed and industrially developed and amalgamated, and figure no longer as vague sheaves for missionaries, or decorative visions of

> "wild eyes that watch the wave
> In roarings round the coral reef."

And so a new ethics that smiles patiently when you mention the Declaration and the rights of man, and tells you of his duties, — and sanitation.

You see I understand it all, with my brain. I faithfully try to accept it all, in my chosen rôle of a progressive, emancipated mind. But I am not at home. It came over me one happy Sunday afternoon, spent over *In Memoriam*, as I felt the all but tearful relief of being once more among those familiar problems and wrestlings and emancipations, in my dear, native, English gentlemen's universe. Battles if you will, but neat, compact, uniformed battles by Meissonier, not your straggling, five-mile, Mauser-and-khaki affairs. These are all very well, but — "I was born to other things."

If the old doctrine were only true that a mind stretched on Greek and Latin grammar finds bookkeeping and housekeeping as child's play, I ought by analogy to embrace these new concepts with practiced ease, having embraced new ones before. But it is evidently not a safe analogy. This case must go on the other principle that "the heart that has truly loved never forgets," etc. My love was older than I thought, as other youth have found theirs.

Yes, I stretched my soul on the wrong things; that is all. It is not exactly a grievance, — rather a perversity of dates. The world goes so fast now with its telephones and railways (note my instinctively Victorian rhetoric), that the human organism cannot make the new schedule time. If I had taken these ideas first, I know I could have learned them just as well. If I had lived a life with my own in the old century, I should not trouble to learn these. As it is, I am an anachronism. And I am only thirty. It seems too bad.

THE POTENTIALITY OF THE OLD-TIME RAG-BAG

Thanks to the contributor who not long since sent the venerables of the Club

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trooping back to the breweries of sixty years ago after yeast for the Saturday baking, — a copper penny rattling in each pail, — the smell of malt in our nostrils! We had well-nigh forgotten that delightful common duty of our childhood, and recalling it has brought back much it is good to remember. How much that is inseparable from reminiscences of our childhood has no part in the experience of children to-day! They live in another world, seemingly, — nor is it a fairer and better than was ours. Now, going for yeast had a flavor of romance; but its potentiality for enjoyment was exceeded, in my case, by that which could be evolved only from the family rag-bag, — that now extinct feature of the old-time, well-regulated household. The family rag-bag of the old-time housekeeper was very different from anything seen to-day. An old bedtick was used oftentimes, — or a grain bag of sufficient capacity to hold the rapidly accumulating collection that in due season would be exchanged largely for tinware. When bright calico gowns (home-made) were good enough for Sunday best, and red flannel underwear (home-made) was universally worn, the contents of the family rag-bag did not lack in color at least. Permission to empty a full bag on the garret floor, with liberty to appropriate a reasonable amount of treasure, — what more could children ask when a rainy day shut them within doors? How greedily we delved into the mountain of rags, bringing forth such rare finds for our dolls' wardrobes, our patchwork, such fine stuff for horse-reins, and wealth of material for long, long gay kite-tails! How we bargained for exchange, pillaged each other's piles, played at snow storms with white clippings, and transformed blue jean aprons and ragged trousers into royal robes! There was nothing we could not become with those rags, — brides, "injuns," circus horses, clowns in motley, — anything. But best of all were the burials, after the difficulty of deciding which one of us should enjoy the bliss of burial had been finally settled. Such lovely graves could be fashioned from rags, — the mourners wailing, on one occasion I remember, the only thing they could wail together, — "twinkle, twinkle, little star." And through it all the droning whir of the spinning-wheel in the room below, with the steady patter of rain on the roof, the air filled with the fragrance of herbs hanging from the rafters. That sound of the spinning-wheel, that smell of dried herbs, ever comes back with the memory. Is there not always a sound and a fragrance interwoven with memories closest to the heart?

And the children of this generation? What of the sounds, alone, that will come back to them some day from the past? There will be the clanging roar of trolleys, of course, the panting cough of automobiles, the rag-time melodies of vaudeville matinées, and much else of the kind, — but never the creaking of a well windlass, nor the hoarse sawing of wood, nor the sharp regular fall of a woodcutter's axe, through some thrilling episode within the cross-roads schoolhouse on a winter's day, — say a spelling match, or an oratorical contest. . . . Long is the list of sounds interwoven with the childhood memories of the elderlys among us, — sounds and fragrance that were vividly recalled when we heard the copper pennies in the little tin pails once more, and caught the sniff of the foamy yeast.

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